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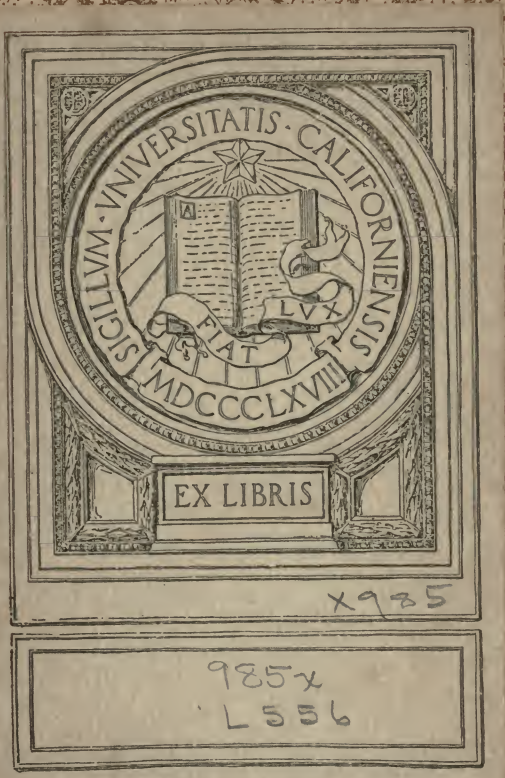


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Plays and Poems



DON MARK LEMON

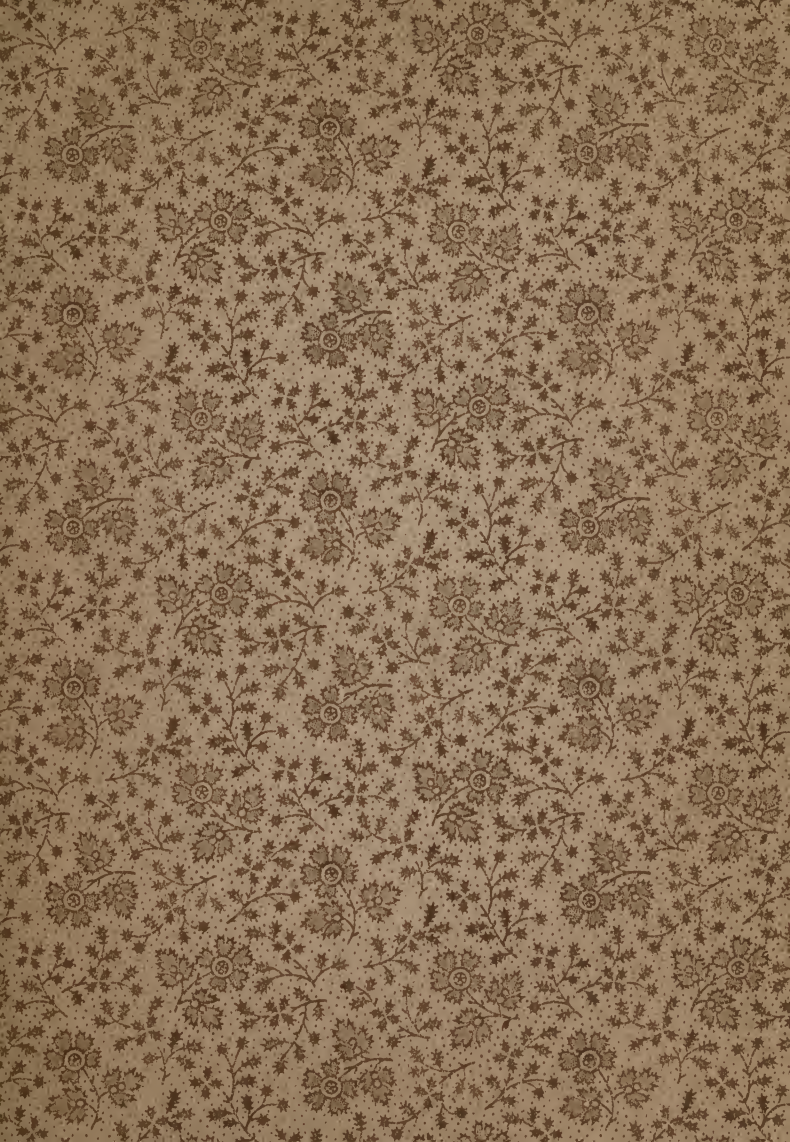


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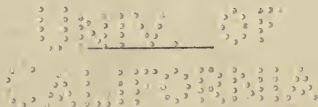




PLAYS AND POEMS

BY

99
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DON MARK LEMON.



SAN FRANCISCO:
LOUIS ROESCH CO., PRINTERS,
1899.

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BY
DON MARK LEMON.

THE
PUBLISHERS
OF
THE
LITTLE
REPUBLICAN
PAPER



What is liberty without printer's ink?





PREFACE.



THE work of a young man of one-and-twenty—indeed, HARRIET KENYON was written when I was barely twenty—I cannot hope that these PLAYS AND POEMS will greatly please or widely interest. However, I believe, the catholic reader will find the volume of such merit as will repay perusal.

No doubt the critical will censure me, and rightly, for the lax metre of certain parts of the PLAYS, yet I purposely (though I now believe, unwisely) wrote the PLAYS as they are published, and must be censured rather for perverted judgment than for any great lack of metrical skill. While either is to be condemned, the former may be corrected, but the latter, hardly.

The poem to the Flag is fashioned after Shelley's "SKYLARK."

D. M. L.



POEMS...





COLUMBIAN ODE.

I

Lo! within the West,
Like a sun ye burn,
In a splendor drest
That the blind discern.

The Fearful never were thy prophets, Columbia eterne.

Peace found thee among
States of Liberty;
War has left thee sung
By the guiltless free;
And triumph calls to triumph through all thy harps of
[melody.

Thou art free and strong,
And the Light is thine:
God has known thee long;
Man shall know thy shrine:
And where thy spirit is there is a better way divine.

Thou're a prophecy
Unto the belated;
Hymning Liberty
To the subjugated
Until the vasty deserts blossom for the Liberated.

On thy front sublime—
While the spheres are peeling
Down the sweep of time—
Like the dawn revealing,
Now flames that leavening light which through the ages
[has been stealing.

On the sacred shrine
Of thy sovereignty,
Fall that light divine,
Which may ever be,
That beats not on the throne but on the altars of Democ-
[racy.

Man's last work art thou,
Shaping to God's thought:
While the heavens bow,
Thou'll not come to naught,
For thou art builded of a prayer and wonderfully wrought.

II

Ye will teach the bound,
By thy history,
How the way is found
Out of tyranny,
Until their spirit is made one with the Spirit of Liberty.

(Hark! the winds that rock
Bring across the deep
Sound of Freedom's shock,
And the splendors leap
From fields where burning Patriots sow to fields where a
[People reap.]

Ye will ever cherish
Thy pure liberty,
That it shall not perish
From Man's history;
Still as a prophet free—and go forth freeing and to free.

Ye'll teach us to know
Peace the noblest art;
Yet, against thy foe,
None will stand apart,
With days and nights untroubled with the Nation's
[troubled heart.

Ye will weigh the Dead,
And the Unborn weigh ;
Hold the glory fled
Less than morning gray;
Nor will thy Thinkers hold the dawn shall stand against
[the day.

Ye'll press on the dawn,
In the vanguard still;
Nor put good in pawn
'Gainst the fear of ill;
And when Truth's lightning beckons ye'll respond from
[every hill.

(Still a glory swims
In the prophet's ken
With a light that dims
That which is on men:
Empires and Persuasions end, but God-like truths begin.)

Ye will shield the right
As ye did in youth:
Ye will love the light,
And will meet the truth:
Nor will ye raven down the darkness with the bigot's
[tooth.

Ye will look before:
Ye will look ahead:
Ye will weigh all lore,
All the Masters said:
Nor will thy Thinkers give a living issue to the Dead.

Ye will bruise the chain
Hedging Spirit in,—
Want and human pain,
Tyranny and sin—
Until the grave shall lie beyond the work that is within.

Know thy daughters are
Mothers of the Free;
Woman still thy star
And thy destiny;
And as her brow is wide or cramped so Heaven's face
[shall be.

Ye will cherish Art:
Music ye'll esteem:
Beauty and its part,
Ye will not misdeem;
But give thy youth to Spirit and bring forth the sacred
[dream.

Ye will greet the Bard,
That he hymn the State,
Or on pleasant sward
Pipe with heart elate,
Or trumpet through a clarion pen the roll-call of thy Great.

(Still Posterity
Sees through Poets' eyes:
Half of history
In the Poet dies:
Events pass by but music lingers, and a song is wise.)

III

Glory shall be thine
Stooping to the low;
Glory as divine
As from truth doth flow;
The glory that has found thee free and that shall keep
[thee so.

Empire shall be thine,
Empire to redeem;
That pure rule divine
That shall still beseem
The star of Empire hung aloft an Emancipator's dream.

Law shall spring of thee;
Law that educates,
Law that 's prophecy
Of the self-mandates:

Till honor through the law 's the crowning glory of thy
[States.

Love shall brood o'er thee
And all discord quell,
Pouring charity,
From a living well,

Upon the mountains and savannas where the Unfettered
[dwell.

Thine shall be the faith—
Light and Liberty;
And all thy Spirit saith
Shall shine outwardly,

Till dawns that day when men fulfill themselves fulfilling
[thee.

MY COUNTRY.

O, my Country,
Art thou strong?
Then I have need of thee:
O, my Country,
Art thou weak?
Then thou hast need of me.

Be my worship
And my work,
And thee I'll chief adore;
Not that I love
The nations less
But love my Country more.



“OLD GLORY.”

Hail to thee, “Old Glory”!
Yet banner never waved
Like to thee in story,
Nor never freemen saved
A nobler standard with the blood of heroes laved.

In the light of Mars,
The foemen’s flag thou nearest;
Towering with thy stars,
Still thou over-peerest,
And cheering still advance and advancing ever cheerest.

In the vanguard’s brightening
Where Victory commands,
Stormed by shell and lightning,
Thou clap thy mighty hands,
Like to a winged captain whom no foe withstands.

The battle’s rolling blast
Hides thy triplicity;
Like the sun o’ercast
Above a stormy sea
Thou art unseen, yet I see where heroes die for thee.

Again the battle rack
 With thy seven bars is bright,
As, when storm is black,
 Upon the fearful night
The crooked lightning breaks and heaven melts with light.

Where thou'll wave we dream not;
 What flag has waved like thee?
O'er the seas there stream not
 Such lights to Liberty
As from thy stars descend in burning prophecy.

Like the battle steed,
 With neck clothed in thunder,
Pawing at th' mighty lead
 And swallowing th' ground under;
Rejoicing to lead a People slavery's chains to sunder.

Like an eagle riding
 Upon the whirlwind blast,
In its strength abiding
 Until the storm is past,
And on the crags the thunder-bolts are chained at last.

Like the morning star,
 Aloft a promised land,
Streaming from afar
 Upon some earnest band,
And bringing with it airs by Freedom's hymn thrice fanned.

Like the sun at zenith
First seen by him born blind,
Grasping all it meaneth
Unto a soul confined
A lifetime from the common light of human kind.

Æolian organs making
New music in the hills,
Melodies awakening
Beneath harmonious quills,
The wind against thy folds ærial out-thrills.

Teach us, glorious birth,
The light which is on thee:
Nor upon the earth,
Nor yet within the sea,
Is else such living light and pure intensity.

The refulgent sun,
Or evening's silver car,
'Gainst thy unfurled legion,
Like empty glories are;
A splendor fit to move before a slave afar.

What fire is the fountain
Of thy prophetic light?
What star upon the mountain?
What morrow in midnight?
What secret writing in the face of heaven bright?

In thy awful glory
 A bondman cannot be:
 Ye have slaves in story,
 But not in prophecy:
The fathers ye enslaved have shrouded sons in thee.

Floating free or furled,
 In peace or fearful war,
 What promise for the world
 Still prophecy thou afar
In that high audience illustrious of the morning star?

In the lit serene,
 Seen at that starry height,
 Still thy memories glean
 Fraternity from might,
That when the inspired prophet bodes he bodes of light.

Emblem of the brave,
 Hung be the heavens with thee;
 While the hills concave
 Bruit chants to Liberty—
Our mightiest songs are those that hymn the Nation's free.

Wave, forever wave,
 Within the Master's sight,
 While the free and brave
 Hymn "God and Equal Right,"
And take those words like suns and live within their light.

SONNET.

Dishonored may he stand who shall delay
In his oppressed or tyrant-troubled land;
Who shall not, in her bondage, raise a hand
To strike her chains incarnadine away.
And thrice dishonored he who shall betray
His land's election to a venal band,
Or light in peace foul Discord's ready brand,
Flaming the State to war for Cæsar's pay.
Our Country's call is also Heaven's call,
When tyrants have abused her sacred right:
Her free election is the armature
Which God has given man against the might
And violence of that old feudal thrall:
Her peace is Heaven's peace when she is pure.

LIBERTY.

Republics do not freemen make,
Nor Despotisms slaves;
For they alone are free that forsake
The license which betrays.

But they who do subdue are free
The wildness of their will;
But he is the son of Liberty
That's Virtue's bondman still.

Yea, from within is liberty!
The which outlives the grave.
Thus Despotisms have their free,
Republics have their slave.



ODE TO ADMIRAL DEWEY.

O let his song be sung again,
His glorious song of victory ;
Sweetest in the ears of free-born men,
And all compact of liberty :
O sing it o'er, ye Muse, and sing it loftier for the Free.

Say how our Chieftain met the Foe,
Leading his brave, determined men ;
And how he dealt the open blow
Against the Spaniard there and then ;
And how he struck once for the sunken Maine nor struck
[again.

Say how he met the Spanish host,
There where a blow 'gainst tyranny
(Along that tyrant-governed coast)
Was twice a blow for liberty,
Dealt in that just and perfect cause that its own prayer
[could be.

The Enemy comes on, and lo !
Down from Olympia's conscious gun,
A cloud of fire leaps on that Foe,
That lifting, when the field is won,
Reveals a new and western nation lighted by Freedom's
[sun.

The Enemy comes on—to sink,
Or charge but once—and charge to fly :
He hangs on deep destruction's brink
And strikes at Freedom's star—to die ;
While Freedom's star, now large as a sun, flames in the
[morning sky.

The Foe strikes once for tyranny,
To falter then and bow him low ;
Our Chief strikes thrice for liberty,
Gathering strength from blow to blow ;
And from his Flag-ship's bridge he looks the last on
[Freedom's Foe.

Above her groans he hears the sorrow
Of Spain's ten million slaves that bleed :
He lays his ear unto the morrow
And hears the music of his deed,
Hears that deep burst triumphal and exalted chant of
[the Freed.

So falls the Foe for sins of State ;
His race is closed, Freedom's begun.
Making a way for equal fate,
Spain's mad and losing race is run
Even along that shore she galled, while sinks the
[darkened sun.

And now the victorious battle 's o'er ;
Heaven takes on its pristine blue,
The waves, untroubled, flood the shore,
The airs their purity renew ;
The splendid deed is done that no American would undo.

Then hail ! all hail our Chieftain there !
To whom duty and victory are one ;
All hail to Fame and Honor's heir !
Whose glory rose with the golden sun ;
The foremost spirit of the fields that Retribution won.

To poets, he's a song from the sea,
Whene'er their pulses with freedom throng ;
To freemen, one with Liberty ;
An upraised hand against the wrong ;
And we'll take Washington from our heart ere Dewey
[from our song.]

DIRGE.

Sailors lay me in my grave
When the moon is on the wave ;
Sea-weed for my winding sheet,
Coral at my head and feet,
Stars above their vigils keeping,
Pale moon-beams upon me sleeping,
Sea-bells o'er me tolling, tolling,
Waters 'round me rolling, rolling,
Rolling evermore.

THE BLOCKADE OF SANTIAGO.

Not a word was spoke but the brief command
Of the brave Lieutenant of the Merrimac ;
Not a hero among the little band
On the fading star of his hope looked back,

As swiftly the collier, into the mouth of hell,
The dauntless ministers of Liberty bore,
With Freedom and Hope behind them and fell
El Morro Castle and the Spaniards before.

“ Into the Channel and block up the port,
And the death will do us reverence ”—
But the distant guns of the enemy retort,
Clouding the fire of those lips intense.

Onward, yet onward, the Merrimac rides,
And the dunest thunders of Spain wrap it round ;
But his robes shall be robings of glory, who bides
Till the Channel is blocked to the bitter ground.

On, on, where a hero can let Destiny slip !
And the wave is white with the ghost of a shroud,
And the fires are trained in the hole of the ship,
And El Morro hangs o'er like a thunder cloud.

The fires are trained in the hole of the ship
Where the mines were laid with no thought of the
And the Eight have let their destiny slip [morrow ;
Under the walls of Castle El Morro.

Kissing its burial, the collier divides,
Yet proudly the flag of the Union waves o'er,
Till, fearing the fate of her soldiers, she hides
The stars of her victory 'neath the watery floor.

But safe from the Merrimac's thunder-lapped side,
On the flow of the shell-rent waters upborne,
Under truced El Morro the heroes ride
Who gave themselves up to glory that morn.

To glory and to the Castilians' bars,
Which have fallen like broken reeds away,
For what deed was done in the Antillian Wars
Like the fadeless deed of those Eight that day?

SONNET.

Columbia, from my true judgment's birth,
I loved thee ever and do love thee still ;
And something have recorded of thy worth,
Made musical what better minds made real.
Yet love for thee has still been qualified
With fearfulness that thou'rt imbued with wrong :
Nor, though I warmly sing, mayest be denied
An unrecorded pause behind the song.
For thou ignoble riches hast up-laid,
Which first He sends who would destroy, while Art
Hath scarce the worship of hypocrisy.
The music and the vision are betrayed—
No god leaps up within thy artist's heart
Creative through a nation's sympathy.

PEACE.

Peace counts her host beneath the morning star ;
Peace counts that host beneath the evening star :—
The battle Spirit—still invisible,
But filled with visible and fearful works—
Which darkness loosened, when that April morn
Sealed up its bloody edicts of revolt,
Has fled afar into the wilderness,
And Peace is come again, her fair large brow
Illustrious with those far-beaming lights
That play around the golden morning tops
Where spirits mild by spirits have been seen.
Phalanx and squadron and battalion fade,
Like some huge bulk seen distant in a dream
Before the bright approach of clement Morn :
The navies melt away and birds of calm,
O'er that chafed flood and chaos of their track,
Circle in ever-radiating light ;
The soldiers and the captains sleep the sleep,
No more a toy to war's calamity,
Who fell with light upon them from the Cause ;
The living soldier also has his rest,
With dreams of love and wakings of renown.
The larger hope is come ; the flowing arc
Of that still clouded circle grown apace
That alien lands have glimpses of the whole,
Whose fullness is the measure of our race :
The mantle o'er our growth is cast aside,
Which was in secret, as the larger growth

Was ever since that shapeless Chaos fell,
Flamed o'er by Light from out her silent morn,
And Titan of the elder world we spring
Perceived where seemed no puissance eterne.
State-called, the powers, potentates and thrones,
Out of the West, return into the East
Which gathered in their spirits astonied
When deep laid was the future's corner-stone
Blazoned with that one word, "Columbia,"
Whose shadow on the earth's high places falls :
While "Liberty" is written first o'er every State.

COLUMBIA AND THE PHILIPPINES.

The Lord who made thee strong had made thee free,
Upright, and unsexed that ye should flame
The sword of Heaven o'er Iberia's shame,
Till she die into light and liberty:
Nor armament nor wide expanse of sea
Didst stay thy chastising hand divine, nor tame
Thee, O Columbia, who, in His name,
Didst blot with thine own blood that history
Of sacrilege. But O, Right Hand of God,
Why tremblest thou to lead this lesser race
Out of its darkness! Wilt thou be His rod
And not His angel? Shall His patient face
Be veiled before a Nation that hath trod
But half the upward way which He did trace?

ODE.

Come, O come, bright Spirit,
Mellifluous son of light ;
Thou who shalt inherit,
With thy free birthright,
A starry crown of genius gloriously bright.

Come, thou Poet golden,
Nursling of the Nine,
Spirit un beholden,
Sire of mighty line,
Unborn, yet not unprophesied, come forth divine.

Thou to whom be given,
With immortal bays,
That last gift of heaven,
Which is chief always,
To love thy native land and sing its perfect days.

Come, thou Bard supreme,
Who shall hymn the Free ;
Thou whose chiefest theme
Shall be Liberty,
The Democracy that is and Brotherhood to be.

Lo ! an Epic splendid
Doth thy genius wait, —
The Heroes that defended
Liberty's young State ;
The unwritten Epic of the Constitution's Great.

Those immortal Founders
That have gone before ;
Those creant Expounders
Whom we do adore :
Those old heroic Dreamers who shall dream no more.

Lo ! a Drama stately
Waits thy Spirit afar,—
Civil strife that lately
Struck at Freedom's star ;
Fulfilling union thro' disunion, harmony through war.

That great War forerun
By the civic pen,
Which twice was fought and won
In the Master's ken,—
On the fields incarnadine and in the souls of men.

Lo ! a glorious Song
Waits thee on the height,—
Those sweet bursts, that throng
E'en the pulse of night,
Of Liberty rejoicing in the main of light.

That transcendent pæan
Pleasing unto Him,
Sweeter than the strain
Of vocal Seraphim ;
That gladness of the Free which is Columbia's hymn.

Come, O come, bright Spirit
To this pleasant sward ;
Thou who shalt inherit
Freedom's master chord :

Come thou in the poet's own good time, beloved Bard.

Come, thou Avatar,
Glorious Son of Song,
Thou whose golden star
Is o'er Olympus hung,

Where the sacred Nine are leading thee from the morning
[tops among.

SONNET.

The Poet stood upon the bivouacked fields of fear ;
(Where Death had reared his dark pavilion on the
[height
And looked out o'er a kingdom girt with lurid light,
Which War had made him heir to as his loved compeer.)
The morning star came down and, in the white dawn
Faded the starry constellations on his sight, [clear,
Even as past away in multitudinous flight
The spirits of those thousands slain in battle drear.
But, Lo ! another star is in the firmament—

The golden sun is bowing the blue East with light ;
And, in the sovereign morn, the Poet's heart is bent
To hymn a glorious resurrection ere the night
Of that great multitude which past before the spheres :
So hymns the Poet's heart divine with its stops of hu-
[man fears.



COLUMBIA.

She is sowing in her mighty youth
The first seeds of decay :
She has paid a guilty price in gold
That blood may not un-pay :
She has flamed the Orient to war
For imperial Cæsar's pay.

She is departing, departing,
Departing from the truth.

She has ta'en Jehovah's name in vain
With the name of Destiny :
Her free-born People runneth back
The path of Liberty,
And bring again the lightless age
Of human tyranny.

She is departing, departing,
Departing from the truth.

She is summoning Oppression's Host
By the bell on Liberty Hall :
And the starry flowers of Liberty
Are dead and withering all
Wherever the ironed and bloody tread
Of ignoble Empire doth fall.

She is departing, departing,
Departing from the truth.

She is teaching Liberty's first lesson
Shall be Oppression's war :
While Liberty the hills among
Where rose her morning star,
Long lingering, looks her last upon
The white-domed Capitol afar.

She is departing, departing,
Departing from the truth.

Lighted by the restless planet Mars,
Her drama doth unfold ;
Freedom is widowed of her sons,
While Honor groweth cold,
And like unto a scroll played out
The Constitution 's uprolled.

She is departing, departing,
Departing from the truth.

THE POLITICIANS.

Look on this politician, then on this,
As like as Judas' to Iscariot's kiss.
“ Which is the greater knave ? ” men ask in vain,
Since both are damned and will be damned again.
And when, in opposition, they fight for pelf
The Devil seems divided 'gainst himself.





ODE TO PAULINE.

I.

Thou art not dead, Pauline, nor I despair :
Thy spirit was not given to the urn.
Cold was thy body, cold thy forehead fair,
And in thine eyes no more the light did burn ;—
Emptied of life—all but thy golden hair,
Where death was softened till it seemed as sleep—
Thou lay in pallid robes on rigid bier :
Yet thine immortal spirit was not there ;
'Twas but its vesture o'er which we did keep
A blinded watch through all the darkness drear.

II.

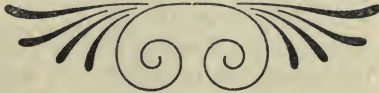
Thou art not dead, Pauline ; 'tis Death that's dead.
Within yon marble vault, thy sweet form lies,
But thine immortal spirit has long fled
Unto that nearer Land than those dim skies.
Faith was not shaken by thy father's tears—
Tears ! these upon our bridal morn he shed,
Yet we did not eternal farewell take.
Nay, Love, my heart is empty of all fears ;
He wept that thou wast a bride again—not dead—
The bride of Death that would in Heaven wake.

III.

Thou visit me in other ways than dreams :
Spirit to Spirit sometimes do we meet ;
And oft thy face, in visionary gleams,
Looks out upon me from thy hidden seat.
Thy very portrait is alive to me,
Soft breathing words of tenderness and love.
I cannot stir abroad amid the flowers
But that the risen lark sings hymns of thee,
As he doth soar in golden light above
And pour one spirit through the vernal hours.

IV.

Nearer than earth the heavens are to me—
One who has never lost in mortal night
The sweet ideal of immortality,
That star that dawns upon our being's height—
And, Love, the air more blessed grows and clear
As I draw nearer to thy dwelling bright,
And to the shore of that immortal sea :
And soon, Pauline, without a doubt or fear,
I'll come and dwell amid the fields of light,
And ever know that ye shall ever be.



ODE TO THE SPIRIT OF MAY.

Child of Light, awake to love
'Neath the bloomy almond grove:
Half in shadow half in light
Hope, in azure robes bedight,
Whispers that the springs are thawed:
Fancy, star-eyed, peeps abroad,
Casting buds of white and gold
On the waters from the wold:
While the white swan, with his dove,
Stately turns to lakes above.

Dropping languor from the South,
Drowsy airs of dewy drouth
Stir the verdure o'er the lea
Now a sea of melody:
And the painted butterfly,
With enchanted curtained eye,
Rideth on the golden swell
Of the tinted asphodel;
And in its winged haunted view
Morn is flowers and sweet dew.

Now the mountain lake has got
Crystal old romance has not,
Where the ousel tunes his call
To the swaying waterfall:
And the poet on the mount
Breathes the evening's starry count,
When the crystal spheres of night
Lap themselves in golden light,
And teach new heavens how to glow
Upon the path of Love below.

Child of Light, awake to love
Him who wanders through the grove,
While the heavens far and true
Take a tender' rarer blue.
He has waited long for thee
At the gates of melody:
He has sung with faithful breath
That there is no dream but death:
He has sung ye would arise
With the day-spring in thine eyes.

Now, his heart a casket is,
And a poet's gifts are his;
Clustered verse and linked rhyme,—
Sorrows pearls in golden time—
Tears that never more are tears,
Fears that never more are fears,
But have suffered change divine,
In the poet's melodious line,
And are gems of vocal fire
Such as hung on Apollo's lyre.

Awake, arise, and haste all lone
Where the fountains make sweet moan,
Quired by spirits of the vale
Wandering on the vernal gale.
Long thy poet stays for thee
With his gifts of melody;
And will woo thee in the light
Of the morn or noon-day bright,
Or by some liquid twilight fount,
Or Dian on a silver mount.

AN INVITATION.

Come away, sweet maiden,
To a brighter clime,
Where the air is laden
With the dewy thyme ;
Where olives scent the orange, the orange the golden lime.

Where a light of flowers
Leads the spirit on
Of the golden hours,
And from lawn to lawn
Exhales all night in musk that overbrims the dawn.

Where the stars are golden,
And the moments seem
Brighter than the olden
Times by Eden's stream ;
And love is but awakening to a sweeter dream.

Where at dawn up-springest
Birds of Paradise,
Which the deep blue wingest
Till bright Venus rise
And Philomel scales in song the pure cerulean skies.

Never harm befall thee
In that valley blest :
Never aught shall gall thee,
Loveliest and Best ;
The conscious rose shall shed its dews upon thy breast.

Spirits shall adore thee
From their hidden seat :
Spirits go before thee,
While their blessings sweet,
As thick as pond-sown lilies, troop around thy feet.

In the dewy morning,
Love shall kneel by thee,
Thy bright hair adorning
With all rarity
Of leaf and blossom from the bloomy almond tree.

In the golden even,
Love shall join thy song,
Till the airs of heaven
With sweet cadence throng ;
While mocking-birds that waking joyance shall prolong.

Hasten then, sweet maiden,
To that happy land :
By this heart, love-laden,
By that melting hand,
I'll make thee queen of all bright April's bow hath
[spanned.



VIRGINIA.

Her look is like the light that comes and goes
On golden mists that blind a summer moon:
Her eyes are tender as the fond twilight
That in the east opes wide a vesper casement
And hangs enamoured o'er the whispering sea:
Her smile is fresher than the April bow
New bent in heaven o'er the faery land:
Her step is a new song before my door.

I walk alone beneath the twilight palms
Hesperus hung, and aye she haunts my side
With absence sweeter than an angel's presence;
While, from yon moon-gilded magnolia,
The mocking-bird out poureth his full heart
To Dian swooned upon a silver sea.

AN EXHORTATION.

O! be swift, my soul, to enter through the portals of the
[dawn,
Where but God has gone before and with His hands the
[bolts withdrawn.

O! my Spirit's ears, awaken to the music of the spheres:
O! mine eyes, look unto God for God through all the
[coming years.

O! be jubilant, my feet, to tread the dark uneven path
Where He's sowing men to reap the Angel in the after-
[math.

O! my heart, think not the leaven and the light divine
[are vain,

That the better moment is a lie and man is dust again;

But, my spirit, be persuaded thou mayest triumph over
[dust,

That the heavens look upon a swift re-union of the Just.

O! my soul, whate'er ye make your doubts or from what
[faith ye turn,

See ye make thy brother and integrity thy deep concern.

Tender bend the heavens o'er him and the grave is sweet
[beneath

Who hath labored still for others and hath worn a spotless
[wreath.

And if ye shall find no new truth let thy strength sustain
[an old,

Till thy shield is taken from thee and thy sword rusts in
[the mold.

O! my spirit, labor jointly in that battle 'gainst the wrong,
Loosening down the sweep of time an avalanche of light
[and song,

While the works that make men free are leading Earth
[into His dawn,

And the Worker's hand is touching robes of glory He
[hath on.



THE IDLE AND DISSOLUTE RICH MAN.

He toils not, neither does he rest,
Nor blesses others, nor is blest :
 Most heavy 'tis to see,
 More grievous yet to be.

Each morn the golden sun returns,
But not his simple task that earns
 Both bread and appetite,
 As with a double might.

His pleasures are of Fever's train,
And leave his heart forespent with pain :
 His griefs have left him wrought,
 That patience should have taught.

He palter in Ambition's name ;
Had lost his blush ere found his fame :
 And honor 's oft o'er-leaped
 For gains as lightly kept.

Yet soon to him 'tis evidenced
That honest toil, unrecompensed,
 Is more, an hundred fold,
 Than guilty works with gold.

He neither tills nor sows the land ;
And first ashamed of his own hand
 In labor, next enroll—
 Ashamed of his own soul.

His hands are gloved and soft and white,
Nor yet have toiled or day or night ;
 But hands of soft repose
 Shall sow no fragrant rose.

Shall raise no temple stones to God,
Nor strike the rock with Plenty's rod ;
 Shall build no ship of steel
 To guard his Country's weal.

The Spring, with all her star-linked days,
Those golden keys to fertile ways,
 Shall never, from the loam,
 Unlock his harvest home.

For he has never tilled the sod,
Nor been joint-laborer with God
 In bringing harvest time,
 When earth is sweet with thyme.

No birds of eve or dawning sing
In trees whose seeds his hands did bring.
 Shall spring no grassy beds
 In that long way he treads.

With all his wealth he shall be poor,
For Home, that haven something more
 Than Country and but less
 Than Heaven, shall not bless.

And Health shall have, on every hour,
An unfurled wing, and fly his power ;
 Nor scarce shall be a hope
 Though doctors hourly cope.

Nor shall he leave his children wealth,
Who shall not leave them hardy health :
 'Tis an empty testament
 If parent health is spent.

Nor he is blest who leaves behind
The honor of a gifted mind,
 Yet leaves a feeble child
 To mourn its birth un mild.

And what is life to live and know
Man's better thoughts, that burn and glow,
 Condemn that false estate
 On which his soul doth wait.

THE IDLE RICH MAN WHO DWELLS IN A CITY.

He shall not know how near unto the Poor,
 That labor in the fields, the Father is ;
Nor rest at even by his cottage door
 And feel God's providence is also his.

The dew shall fall, but not upon his field :
 The night shall come, nor lull his fold to rest :
The rain descend, and all its sweetness yield,
 Nor glisten on his meadow's silver vest.

He shall not know the Seasons of the year ;
 The tender Spring-time hath no blade for him,
Within the Summer is no rip'ning ear,
 The Autumn hath no sheaf with golden rim.

For him the fold's dumb lips shall never move ;
Nor, in the Autumn, shall the birds with song
Follow God's providence from grove to grove,
As they fly Southward where the sunbeams throng.

Above no fields he sowed with golden grain,
In hope of harvest, shall the bow be bent,
A covenant that there is cease of rain
In heaven and the golden sun is sent.

To him the dew, the sunlight, and the rain,
Shall seem no Father's gift unto his child,
To ripen all his fields of tender grain,
And fill his trees with fruit and foliage mild.

The Evening Star shall never light him home
And enter through his door a Presence bright :
Nor shall the Morning Star, from heaven's dome,
Be unto him a herald and a light.

He shall not dwell within his father's cot,
But ever journey from his father's grave :
To wander o'er the earth shall be his lot,
For Home is that sweet gift which Labor gave.

THEODOSIA.

Thou wast the light behind
My countenance ;
Thou wast the music
In my soul.

I had been dwelling in
Thy radiance—
Now the dim waters
O'er thee roll.

SONNETS.

Hazel Viola, five sweet years and thee

Didst tread those banks of asphodels that bring
The little maiden, 'neath seraphic wing
Shielded, to earthly cot; and thy wild glee
That leaps the hours through all moody-free,
Thine eyes of soft accent, and locks that fling
A charm upon a charm, and hands that cling,
Thou stole from cherubim. So when on thee
Mine eyes, that to the heart are melted through,
In tender lingerance rest, I fondly write—

This is a bud that springs from Paradise,
Fed on its light and sweet untroubled dew
That it shall never fade from loving sight,
But dwell in guarded ways 'neath perfect skies.

O, heart o' mine, hast all thy love decayed,

Untimely fallen in sweet Summer's front!
Thy love, Beloved, which Autumn needst arrayed
In purple sheaf and made its special vaunt?
Hast all my gold been sunset without morn?

Love's balmy flower but the rose of Faith?
Hath Cupid's fields been sown to Dian's thorn?
And Love's sweet body changed to misty wraith?

O then, Beloved, thou loved too well to last;
This wild-fire love has burned thy heart away:
Thou should have loved less madly in the past,
So hadst thou loved me, dear my Love, for aye.
Then, sweet, take heed; and when thou love again
O love me temperately, or love in vain.

O rare those melodies heard in a dream,
Which move the wakened brain again to sleep,
Dreaming in music's undefiled stream
Once more the all-delighted spirit to steep :
O rare the stirrings in the secret pipe
Of him who makes new music in the land :
O rare the nightingale when lips are ripe :
O rare the morn which thrice the lark hath fanned :
But, Love, thy dulcet breath makes sweeter maze,
Which, like a golden star low hung o'er thee,
Searches thee out by many winding ways ;
And passion, answering thy melodious glee,
Lo, even from the west to east shall beat
Immortal music 'gainst thy agate seat.

O weary, way-worn pilgrim of this star,
Forever seeking rest forever lost,
Like some gray billow beating on that bar
Whose magic sands no toiling tide e'er crost ;
O ye who turn to dust as to a couch
Which loving hands have spread in toil's respite,
And, drawing 'round the marble curtain, crouch
In dark Oblivion's immemorial night ;
Ye still have been a dusty prophecy
And image of my life when Hope is fled :
Nor shall the thunders of that farther sea
Rive the eternal privilege of the dead
Should not the twain infinities hold fast
That virgin glory which from earth hath past.

Lo, on thy quiet breast and rigid bier,
Bedewed, bedight in pallid purity,
And drowned in flood of weeping ecstasy,
Faint lilies have been strewed in wreathed tier
With spray of greenest ivy never sere;
And, gathered to thy couch, all rarity
Of bloomy Summer's sweet posterity
Odorous memories breathe of old times dear.
Ah, well we knew the parting ere you died,
That all our prayers did less than peace behove;
And fearfully was this wedded spirit tried
To look with thee upon the flowers, Love,
And know my hand must brush away their dew
And bring them, heavily, thy grave to strew.

O Love! O Life! O Death! yield up thy deeps
And quench this immemorial thirst in me,
Even as the root is quenched when Winter steps
In ever-pelting rain the hungered tree:
O give my spirit drink till I am filled
Of those dim waters which we call unto,
Aloud and in secret, and will not be stilled
Till we may drink as grasses drink the dew.
I thirst, I fail, I fall, on deserts idle;
My soul is faint with calling on the sea,
Aloud and in secret, for the living well
To quench this immemorial thirst in me;
My soul is faint with calling for that draught
Whose wells were choked ere yet their dews were
[sought.

Be Genius to my mind, thou evening sea,
Which has been quietless since a power came
And dwelt within as an abiding flame,
Which makes the spirit something kin to thee—
Inviolate, and as thy waters free
That all the pride of empire cannot tame;
(Bulwark, as in thy sands a fleeting name
When thou roll in the thunders of thy glee.)
Truth shall possess me, and my spirit be
The mirror of the golden firmament;
Beauty shall move upon me like the night
Orion hung; grace shall abide with me;
Immortal music shall be mine; and light
Tender as twilight with clear waters blent.

Lo, o'er the keys the blind Musician bends ;
Hath passed away a glory from his face,
And darkness all his lashes interlace:
To him no more the morn a herald sends
Of golden season, nor the noonday lends
Art to uplift his brow to nature's race
And search the tides of flooding day, or trace
Man or the sweet Companion him attends.
Yet unto him beatitudes remain;
A soul removed not dimmed, and art divine
To search harmonious keys, though light shall fail,
In home, in temple, or in sacred fane,
And wake aloft the organ's yearning trine
To those concordant sounds that lift the Veil.

Shakespeare, it is the chiefest praise of thine
Thou'rt so commingled with our blood and brain
We reckon not a time before thy strain
Had filled the world with melody divine;
For thou art even as the warm sunshine,
Or as the dew or ever-falling rain,
Which as a common part with life are ta'en,
Without beginning—and without decline.
But yet there was a time thy strain was not,
When through the wide world it was unadored,—
Ere earth was tender and thou wast begot;
And, since there was a time before thou soared,
Shall not a poet-lover dream a new dream
What time shall hail thy heir from some melodious
[stream.

Ah, ah, Paulina ! my elected love,
I cannot think thee false and angels true,
For thou art one with that bright race above,
And in thy hair yet trembles Heaven's blue.
Around thy feet the asphodels still cling ;
The rose of Paradise is at thy breast ;
And oft thou smilest as thou still heard sing
The angels, audibly, among the Blest.
Then come thee down, Beloved, unto the sea
At even when the West is hung with gold :
Music shall breathe, and when that music cease
Thyself be sweeter music unto me.
O come thee down, Beloved, and let me hold
Thy heart again and know again that perfect peace.

Ah, well I know that hollow words will live
When noble deeds are fallen by the way,
And all that oft nobility may give
Is but a lustre to a fleeting day;
That fulsome volumes in skilled charact'ry
Outlive a hero linked to radiant light;
And deeds that knock at Heaven's gate may be
Of dull oblivion ere the angels write.
Yet rest I in a Providence divine
To glorify the secret ways He trod
When rotted is that pageantry of thine;
And, when thy charact'ry with age is dim,
His melting race will be a glorious hymn
Written in spirit and published in God.

Of immortality, which is the chief
Of human hopes,—above all hopes how high—
The greatest faith has moments which deny,
The greatest doubt has moments of belief,
Since none are certain whether life is brief,
As oft it seems, or whether they who die
An immortality doth glorify,
Making our lamentation waste of grief.
Yet still, despite the heavy doubts which crush,
Despite no evidence which all men trust,
Hope has a voice the ages cannot hush,
Whispering this irrecoverable dust
Doth close around a heavenly denizen :
And he lives best who lives to live again.

The gods chalk out the way when wise men run,
For Seraphim can be no more than wise
And love that mortal in whom wisdom lies.
Who turns his back to night will face the sun ;
And courage sees the honors to be won,
While fear sees but the evils which arise.
To work is to be free ; and with who plies
A noble work eternity is begun.
Then search out wisdom though it lead from wealth,
For riches oft to madness are allied,
While wisdom knows the secret place of health :
Have courage, and all pains are qualified :
Fear not, nor cease to plough life's stubborn sod,
And at the furrow's end thou wilt see God.

There is no future but the past—eternity
Is still before, not after : none are free—not one :
Ages before Man was, his puppet race was run :
Greece rose in glory ere her own divinity,
And Rome declined ere waked the Nilus hierarchy :
Laughter and tears from the infinite fiat are won—
The play was played before the mighty stage begun :
Belief in human freedom is an old decree.
So shall we live in this predestined world destined
To be its glory or its honor or its shame,
To wage a destined war against a destined wrong,
To champion human freedom to the destined mind,
Or lend to Fate addition of a fated name,
A puppet in the multitudinous puppet throng.

THE PESSIMIST.

“ Though Heaven is o’ercast, it not recedes :”

So spoke the Voice to him who had withdrawn
His face from men’s, as one who inward bleeds,
Nor yet had turned to God ; but in the dawn
He past unto the desert by the sea

And made the mists his tent. His heart was dead :
Dead was the hope and the divinity :

Far off the music and the dream had fled.

Unto the stars he is become a voice

That crieth up at night of emptiness,—
The utter emptiness of human choice ;

Of blessings dubitable that do not bless ;
Of love, where nothing sweet is long drawn out ;
Of learning, seeking for all truths to find a doubt.

SONNET TO WHISKY.

Ye spirit of the Autumn’s ripened grain,
Ye liquid fruitfulness of wheat and rye,
Ye pleasant runnings tinct with amber dye,
Ye honey of the golden dew and rain,
Ye sunshine which in Summer was up lain
In oaten chalice ’gainst a lightless sky,
Give me to drink that I may justify
The estimation and the poets’ strain.
Ye malted stuff out of which fools are made,
Whoso shall drink of thee may enter in
The land dolorous by a sudden way ;
All Hell lies there before, and gathering shade
Is calling unto shade—What now will stay ?
Here shall the man leave off and drink begin.

INVOCATION FOR A LINCOLN EPIC.

Descend, ye sacred Nine, whose sweet influence,
From forth blue Olympus, harmonious numbers move.
Ye who whilom inspired the Ionian Bard
Who breathed the morning star o'er early Greece
And gave to poetry the eternal years,
Descend, and teach this steadfast mind and free
To be a prophet with a backward eye ;
To voice a love long lasting as the world ;
To throne upon the tides of deathless song
The foremost figure of the larger faith,—
Him, whose all-gentle deed was without peer,
Whose meaning was the greatest amongst these ;
Descend, and teach the child of his great works,
Within the diapason of a hymn,
To limn his spirit on eternity
Forever living for his fellow men,
Forever laboring for his fellow men,
Forever suffering for his fellow men,
Forever dying for his fellow men.
Genius of Poetry, dwell in this heart
Where his large utterances are the pulse ;
Make me a voice unto his living voice
Which has become the gentleness of law ;
To his intemporal deeds, make me the word
Intemporal. And thou, O Spirit of love,
That didst in him look upward to thy fount,
Make me not less in love and charity,
Not less in that large utterance of love,
That I may speak from out his heart of heart,
Who made the rod to blossom with his tears,
And link Time unto Time with simple faith.

LOVE AT THE UNIVERSITY.

From the surf, where mermen sing,
Cupid comes, all-armed, a-wing,
Flying o'er the classic green,
Where the Sophomore is seen
Blowing smoke-wreaths light as air
In the heavy eyes of Care ;
Where sweet bachelors of science
By their converse bid defiance
To that Godhead hovering o'er
Whom the lover doth adore.

Lo, the Blind God purposeth,
With his bow and balmy breath,
To o'erthrow the classics true
Through the amorous rule of two ;
(Yet to do his enmity
With the wings of courtesy).
Purposeth to move each youth
With a strange mysterious ruth,
Kill his sleep and fill his eye
With a lover's fantasy ;
Haunt the grove with lovers' eyes
Lit to grief by pale fire-flies ;
Make each lovely bachelor sigh
For the bachelor of her eye :
Purposeth to do each deed
On which amorous poets feed.
Nor a lover of delay
Straight he takes the instant way.

—O ye Muses nine that mount
Guard o'er fancy's classic fount,
And ye patron spirits of science,
Quickly meet in firm alliance
And transform this perjured God,
By the virtue of thy rod,
To a rose on weeping brier
Blushing deep as painted fire,
Or to drops of morning dew
Trembling guiltily through and through.

Lo, a Summer's day entranced,
'Neath a Merlin oak, deep-branched,
One, a Junior of thy halls,
Readeth of dim waterfalls
Where o'er all and woven through
Faeryland's most mystic hue
Runneth to love's purple lights,
Linking youth to fresh delights :
Readeth of that golden morn
When the God of Love was born :
Readeth of that golden eve
When the God of Love did leave
The first poet and lover sweet
With the champak at his feet.
—O revenge has drank deep
Of Lethe, whose waters steep
Thee in all forgetfulness,
Or this sight would be distress
Past endurance. But, O see !
Who can span thy misery?—

Here 's a virgin sick to death
With the ruth of Cupid's breath,
While Hypatia 's all forgot
For the cup of Juliet's lot.

Fancy hath no sweeter child
Than yon youth with forehead mild :
He can see the stars at noon ;
By the light of yon pale moon
He hath read sweet Nature's book
Opening at a running brook.
But, alas ! that book is closed
Where his eyes so long reposed
For a maiden's curl a-gold
Has left Nature's volume cold.

O, ye Helicon, make moan
For the Blind God 's on thy throne :
Science, Science, tremble through,
Love, to youth, is all that 's true.
—Day and night and night and day
Love is finding out a way :
When to do some daring feat
Sophomores and Freshmen meet,
Breaking forth in classic cry
Startling midnight stealing by,
Love is weaving memory's charms—
(In the midst of stern alarms).
When the owl in mist is lapped
And the Senior's heart is wrapped
In deep philosophic gloom,
Love is trembling into bloom.

When the Venus of the sky
Streams from heaven gloriously,
And sweet Dian bathes her side
Where the rushes cleave the tide
With the starlight on their blade,
Love 's about his snares well-laid.
In the first bright pearl of day
Of the sapphire crowned mid-May
Love is tilting without ruth
'Gainst the citadel of youth.
When the campus dust is laid
And the leathern ball is bayed,—
(Now the gods, at festal mirth,
Ask what triumph is on earth)
And victorious curls are shook
Which to tender maidens look
Like the Nemean lion's mane
When the thunders 'gin complain,
Love assails each citadel
Built where virgin breasts out-swell.
Yea, from January's snows,
When god Zephyr rudely blows,
Till the world is turned to gold
And the Indian mists unfold,
Love is pledged in dewy wine,
Love triumphant and divine.

O, ye Helicon, make moan
For the Blind God 's on thy throne :
Science, Science, tremble through,
Love, to youth, is all that 's true.

LISSOME MAY.

O lissome May,
My white dove
'Neath falling spray,
Know thy Love;—
All in the dewy morn
The rose late sprang in thy way,
The rose of May:
I take the rose,
I take the way,
And all love-lorn
Come to thy gate at morn,
Lissome May.

SONG.

My Love is not with me to-day,
For we fell out at morn:
(O heigh ho, my silly lay,
Heigh ho, my Love forlorn.)

But I would love my Love again,
And I would hear him speak:
(O heigh ho, the gentle swain,
Heigh ho, his eyes of leek.)

Then, sweet my shepherd, pipe thee down,
And I will pipe to thee:
(O heigh ho, the piping down,
Heigh ho, the love that's free.)

THE MASCOT.

Hark, they come !
Fife and drum
Marshalling them into the heart :
Soldiers these
From o'er seas
Where Old Glory plays its part.

Long they fought,
Long they wrought ;
Now they rest while others dare.
Cheer the while
Rank and file,
As the rockets burst in air.

But, O see !
Who is he
With a dove within his hand ;
That sweet boy,
Red for joy,
Marching with the soldier band ?

Ay, I know :
Needs be so ;
That 's the mascot of the First.
Heart o' mine,
In his eyne
There is luck against the worst.

Tell me true,
Friend in blue,
Am I right, or am I wrong.
“ It is so :
Thought you'd know :
That 's our mascot marching along.’”

“ Out at sea
Forth came he,
When we sailed unto the war :
Stowaway
Half a day ;
Hid somewhere behind a spar.’”

“ Then the men
Took him in:
Made him mascot of the First.
And the while
He did smile
As his little heart would burst.’”

“ Shot and shell
Round him fell;
Still he cheered and led our line.
When athirst
He was first
With his canteen full of wine.’”

“ When we bled,
At our head,
Pointed honor's path to Home.
When we died,
Soft he cried
Plucking violets from the loam.’”

Yet 'tis queer,
Now he 's near,
That I see a quiver there.
And those things
Can't be wings
Trembling on his shoulders fair?

O, the sweet!
O, the cheat!
Now I know whom I knew before:
It is Love
With his dove;
And he laugheth more and more.

Have with you,
Love in blue,
Whom all know and who know all.
By this day,
Well ye play
Mascot to those soldiers tall.

Have with you,
Love in blue:
While the maidens, low and high,
Light the miles
With sweet smiles
As Love and Youth go marching by.



CAIN.

The moon arises pale and wan
And glides upon its flight ;
It seems the spirit of the sun
Haunting the night.

A bloody star doth minister
Within its tranced sphere ;
A still small voice goeth before
Filling with fear.

A corpse lies in the wilderness
With dabbled skull a-gape :
A white-haired Cain is gibbering there
Changed to an ape.

THE PLAGUE.

With heart as sad as tolls the midnight bell,
That hath no faith, above the plague on men,
Once more, within this pestilential fen,
I lay my head beside a dried-up well.
Far down the shadows tolls the parting knell
And, hushed beneath the stars, yet once again
A funeral train winds on the tearless ken,
And lips without a meaning beat "farewell."
O God ! when will this aimless breathing cease,
This dark chimera empty as the grave,
This dreaming which by dreamers is called "life" ?
When will thy wide creation have release ?
The dreaming end ? the dreamer cease to rave ?
And all things pass away of peace and strife ?

THINK YE?

Think ye that Lincoln wrought and died
Than man enslave his kind?
That thou a brother's hands hath tied
And made his soul thy hind.

Think ye that Shakespeare loved and sang
That language be to curse?
That thou thy tongue with ribaldry fang
Whene'er thou dost converse.

Think ye that Darwin lived and thought
That man to brute return?
That thou should deem thy manhood naught
And make of no concern.

Think ye that Christ was crucified
A modern oath to make?
That thou should act as though He died
But for a foul oath's sake.

Think ye thy spirit hath been made
In image of the Lord?
That thou thy soul with sin degrade
E'en with thy soul's accord.





PLAYS...



FRANCES BELMONT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BELMONT.....
GARLAND.....
COLVIN.....
HALE.....
MAURICE, nephew to Colvin
KIRKWOOD, son to Belmont.....
LAMBERT
FAIRFIELD.....
FOOTE...
A Lieutenant.....
A German.....
A Conductor of the Cotillon.....
A Lawyer.....
A Reporter
A Clerk.....
ERASMUS, a negro youth.....
MILDRED, sister to Garland
FRANCES, daughter to Belmont.....
BERNICE, ward to Garland
LAURA, fiance to Maurice.....
EDITH.....
LUCRETIA, a negro girl in Belmont's employ.....

Members of Destiny League, Dancers, Servants, &c.

Scene—SAN FRANCISCO.



FRANCES BELMONT.

A COMEDY.

ACT I.

Scene 1.—A lawn before Belmont's house.

Enter Frances.

FRANCES. — (*Sings*)

Sail, O sail, ye ship enthroned
In the moon's inverted horn ;
And ye stars, with mist enzoned,
Lend thy guiding light till morn :
For my Love is on the deep, on the deep,
And his path is dark and steep, dark and steep.

Enter Edith.

O, dear heart, give me some comfort ; my brother is coming from the wars and there is storm at sea.

EDITH.—A soldier must be content.

FRANCES.—You were not born for pity, yet cannot you lay this storm, you who go into convention quarterly with the millennium in your portfolio?

EDITH.—Have you concluded to become a member of the reform league?

FRANCES.—What, to kill love and reform men! Why, look you, what an illogical thing you go about to make your friends; you would have us kill love and reform men. What's that good for? why should we reform men if it be not to love them more; to make them more worthy, that we love them more? No, as the attainment is better than the wish, so the love of men is better than their reformation.

EDITH.—Well, if you have a stomach for the milk of love, I will not feed you on the meat of a congress.

FRANCES.—I tell you what, Edith, you may feed us on the meat of a dozen congresses, yet a woman's a romantic animal for a' that, and when a soldier steps out of her ideal—a soldier, I say—his eyes like two Epicureans at Beauty's banquet, will she sigh him off? No, not Frances Belmont.

EDITH.—Fie, fie, fie!

FRANCES.—Ah me, Edith, this old fashioned love, this love of Jack for Jill and Jill for Jack, what a consummate working basis it is.

EDITH.—You would have more cause to mock me did some man anticipate to support me on my dower.

FRANCES.—Get you a lover, Edith, get you a lover. Not one of these who is fallen into the after years when love is friendship and friendship's sweet, but a bachelor

on the better side of five and thirty; a soldier who will lead you a forlorn hope 'gainst bachelorhood.

EDITH.—And when I have him shall I give him to you?

FRANCES.—Why, there you have the whole philosophy of reformation in a courtesy; when you go about to better others you but undo yourself. O abjure it, abjure it. Besides, it confesses an overweening presumption to run hither and thither to reform the world, to make your likes and dislikes the true level. No, no, I thank God my study does not open on the millennium; yet, I am sure, I am as gentle and cherishing as most.

EDITH.—I may yet find a use for you.

FRANCES.—Why so bitter? defense is not adherence. You know that I am as contrary as God makes 'em, that my heart is with you though my tongue is not. You know, none so well as you, that I am pledged to kill love and reform men; and that I may better accomplish my pledge, look you, I have gotten me a lover to kill love in. I am the last woman in the world to deal with an abstraction, but the first to cherish a working basis.

EDITH.—I will avoid you until you recover the consistency of your virtues. [Exit.

FRANCES.—Ah, nature's bosom is broad, and there is room for those who would to lie back and rest. If I must edify the universe, "rest" shall be my tenet and I will edify by example—thus, thus. (*Reclines on the lawn*). Now, come, disciples.

Enter Belmont.

BELMONT.—Frances, what profit you here? idle, idle, idle.

FRANCES.—Sir, I am here like Liberty, enlightening the world. Rest is the new enlightenment; not that perfect rest of the angels, but that rest of these who are heirs-presumptive to the angelhood; and when all rest, can aught of evil be astir?

BELMONT.—I gather your drift from the company you keep. Attend, your brother returns to-morrow and I will throw our home open to his officers. The time is brief, yet they shall be welcomed. I doubt not you can find employment. [Exit.]

FRANCES.—

O brave, my soldier's coming from the wars;
Yet one more day and on the western flood
His ship is limned against the golden sun,
That like a burnished shield rests on the sea,
And, though the way be rough and overcast,
When home is near can joy be far behind? [Exit.]

Scene 2.—A room in Garland's house.

Enter Garland.

GARLAND.—

Now has the plan of things a relish in it.
Calamity has been a second mother
And set her naked, mewling, in the lap
Of evil time, a babe to influence.
She spurned me in her fortune; in her ruin
I doubt not that by pressure indirect
Or direct I can kill this green romance,
Discovering an attentive ear in her
To give my solicitations precedence
Over that young braggadocio from the wars.

I'll break with her either to be my wife
Or my waged clerk, and take the immediate hour
That she shall come to some decisive terms
Ere this green sickness is arrived in port
To blast the issue.

Enter Bernice.

Stay, Miss Hunter, stay.
The minutes of my wardship are most told,
But not that over-wardship of my pains
Which as instruction goes along with you
Unto the end.

BERNICE.— I thank you for your pains:
Nor this green heart brooding on what 's to come
Has put your kindnesses from me.

GARLAND.— 'Tis well.
Your father died and left his child to me
And to my sister: we have done our best.
Had he but left this lost estate to me,
You had no cause to weep his death again
For with your fortune dies your father twice.
But it is gone: his credit slept in him
Who was administrator, and 'tis trite
When credit sleeps some never wake.

BERNICE.— Ah, sir,
Of recovery I entertain no hope.

GARLAND.—
Through his affairs ran the estates of many.
Will you not raze the period of your wardship
And seat perpetuity there?

BERNICE.— The truth is cruel—
I weep my father twice. Yet I have strength,
Schooling I have; yet schooling of the rich
Whose text is never “bread.”

GARLAND.— Ay, 'tis well said.

BERNICE.—
Yet I will learn my place in lowliness.
Sir, for that love my father bore to you,
And for that love you bear unto his name,
Find me an humble place among your clerks,
Or make me governess unto a friend—
Employment which I can the better fill—
And I will honor you as him I mourn.

GARLAND.—
I am right loath the daughter of my friend,
Nurtured for all becomes a woman most,
Should taste the brazen dugs of charity.

BERNICE.—The poor must labor for their daily bread.

GARLAND.—Give ear unto my suit ; I'll cherish you—
My honored wife.

BERNICE.— O spare me this distress !

GARLAND.—My waged clerk.

BERNICE.— Accept my humble thanks.

GARLAND.—
You know not what you do, yet it is sealed.
Your thanks shall open on another world
Where what is dear is cheap, what 's cheap is dear.
[Exit.]

BERNICE.—

O me! I do not well know what that means ;
Yet it is cruel, for 'tis poverty,
And what is poverty but woman knows
Since she has not the liberty of men.
But yesterday I might have blest the poor
By what I gave to see their miseries
Idly rehearsed upon the stage ; to-day
I kneel to them for place to lay my head. [*Exit.*

Scene 3.—A lawn before Belmont's house.

Enter Kirkwood.

KIRKWOOD.—This is a great thrusting on of honor, an illustrious home-coming! I am neither Lieutenant nor Captain, Major nor Colonel, Brigadier nor General; a simple private in the service of Washington and my Country; yet I no sooner set foot on the mainland but I am dubbed "Colonel." For a taste of coming honors, the water-front calls me "Colonel"; I drink off a toast, and there is "Colonel" at the bottom; I call for my change, and they ring up "Colonel"; I walk along the street, and the boys shout "Colonel," while the band plays "God save the Colonels"; the very dogs bark "Colonel," and the kittens mew "Colonel." Sure, I was born an American, but I shall die a "Colonel."

Enter a Reporter.

REPORTER.—Well, Colonel, I hear your company is returned from the war.

KIRKWOOD.—Will you do it, sir, after all I have failed to express on the matter?

REPORTER.—Which, Colonel?

KIRKWOOD.—By that note book and pencil in your hand, and that mild yet steadfast eye, I take it, sir, that you are a reporter.

REPORTER.—Faith, you must give me some notes on the war from a private's point of view. I have interviewed your Captain.

KIRKWOOD.—What, you have interviewed my Captain?

REPORTER.—Ay, and his first and second Lieutenants.

KIRKWOOD.—Have you the interview about you?

REPORTER.—I have.

KIRKWOOD.—Well, sir, a private's point of view is his captain's point of view, with the oaths filled in. Do you make a note of it?

REPORTER.—Ha! ha! ha! But come, just a head or two; I'll do the rest.

KIRKWOOD.—Why, you unmitigated rascal, have you no conscience? have you no feelings? Here I am returned from the war after a dooms-day service, and have not yet seen my own sweetheart, and you get between me and the blessed sun that is shining on her and will have an interview. Go to, you ass; do you take me for that hitching post you've been hunting? [Exit.

REPORTER.—Good, good; I will do the rest. [Exit.

Enter Belmont, Hale, Maurice, Frances and Laura.

BELMONT.—

Be as my sons and the immediate guests
Of my revokeless hospitality,
Made welcome through your services abroad.
I thought to entertain your sum thrice o'er,
But this brave company is broken up
To honor other hearths made wide withal
To cherish our thrice-honored volunteers
Who helped to make beseiged Manila stuff
For history.

HALE.— History entertains events ;
You fought at Gettysburg, we before the guns
Of Dewey at Manila.

BELMONT.— The State that finds him gray
Shall never find him sleeping, be it said.
At Gettysburg! ay, and in the Wilderness :
From that first trump to Lee at Appomatox,
When God saw the Union one and men saw 't twain.
But you are travel-worn ; come in and rest.
What I shall lack in hospitality
Make that my oversight.

MAURICE.— For my own part
I rather tarry on this pleasant lawn.

BELMONT.—But what o' the "open door" ?

FRANCES.— Patience, good host,
We'll have that too.

BELMONT.— Well, tarry here awhile.
At least I'll serve a small collation 'round
Which is no schism to discuss. How now,
My son is stolen hence.

FRANCES.— He is within.

BELMONT.—

I'll set him in my eye. Now, by my soul,
I hold that blood weaker than water far
That cannot climb unto its head and source.
I rallied thrice at Bull Run, and this lad—
What says his Captain? what his brave Lieutenant?
Has he not the hand behind his father's sword?

HALE.—

The bravest of his years. I know not why,
Yet he did laugh through Aguinaldo's wars
As though he caught from Death an unstaled jest
And gave it back unto the mirthful gods
From ribs of steel.

BELMONT.— I see him in his copes.

How! you amaze me: I will question him,
And even when I find this shrewd conceit
I'll break to him brave news. Stay for my pains.

[Exit.

FRANCES.—Was it such brave laughter, Captain Hale?
Surely, my brother must have studied your tactics against
that politic Aguinaldo, and endeavored to laugh all the
lines of your retreat into his face.

HALE.—If your brother has got any lines of my retreat
into his face, his face is a very honorable map of the field
before Manila, for my retreat was forward on the enemy.
And do you still make a study of tactics, Miss Belmont?

FRANCES.—I do sometimes affect tactics, for it argues
there is a captain at my heels.

MAURICE.—(*Saluting Hale*)— Can you storm that
trench, Captain?

HALE.—Faith, I can do it—alone.

FRANCES.—It is better you attempt it alone than in the presence of others, for others will see the shame of your defeat; there being no shame in you when alone.

HALE.—There you do me wrong: I have been ashamed alone in your company more times than it were good to publish.

FRANCES.—Ay, I am sure I have made you ashamed before.

MAURICE.—(*Saluting Hale*)—Have a care of the out-posts, Captain.

HALE.—Tut, Lieutenant, these outposts are all there is of some enemies; there 's nothing behind.

FRANCES.—True, there is nothing behind. You had better give in your epaulet; you cannot occupy nothing.

HALE.—Well, I have my welcome and I know how to take it.

Enter Servants, etc.: a collation served upon the lawn.

FRANCES.—Sir, know your welcome.

HALE.—This, I take it, is my welcome, as though I am sensible only in the palate.

FRANCES.—I am sure you are sensible elsewhere, for I have made you ache elsewhere than in the palate.

LAURA.—This is a very ungentle way to receive an old friend. I thought better of you, Frances.

HALE.—Do not misjudge her, Miss Osborne; a woman always commits the unexpected.

FRANCES.—Does she so? And what does a man commit?

HALE.—The expected, I presume.

FRANCES.—Right: now we shall hear some fantastical bragging from Captain Hale.

MAURICE.—I advise you to withdraw into your appetite, Philip. Do you not often come to the end of your wit, Miss Belmont?

FRANCES.—I grant you my slings are as brief as this war—the enemy is soon used up.

MAURICE.—I will hold amity with you until we come to a balance of wit.

FRANCES.—You do well, sir, you do well.

Enter Belmont.

Father, can you draw out these gentlemen to some report of their valor, some hint of hardihood? Is it not written against the soldier, “he came, he spoke, he overcame”? yet here we have a pair of them who bear about their honors like a clasped book wherein none may have a look.

BELMONT.—Perhaps what is written therein is too painful for your perusal: war is not writ in water.

FRANCES.—I have read the book of the Civil War by the light of a veteran’s eyes: I am sure the book of Captain Hale’s honor will be a b c to me; a kind of picture book.

BELMONT.—True, to each man there is a subject that always finds him young and half a braggart, and I have, gentlemen, I confess, spoke more of war to my daughter than I should, but age having not the privilege of action falls back on speech, like a stricken soldier taken from the field to guard a garrison.

FRANCES.—This garrison will never lack soldiers.

BELMONT.—Does she welcome you thus, gentlemen?

HALE.—She has discussed me like a new dish.

FRANCES.—You must pardon me, gentlemen; I do but endeavor to entertain, and what is entertainment but communion, and communion must be passing witty, and wit cannot but find its billet. You are not women that I may entertain you with my clothes; you are men; I must entertain with my tongue. But, I pray you, tell me of your skirmishes—how many honorable scars do you bear between you?

LAURA.—Lieutenant Colvin was wounded three times.

FRANCES.—Why, I am sorry for the gentleman.

LAURA.—And Captain Hale was twice severely wounded.

FRANCES.—O Lord, the gentleman has been laboring in his vocation. Of course you suffered a day or two, Captain Hale?

HALE.—The fever is the worst part of a wound near the Line, Miss Belmont.

FRANCES.—A fever! why, this is slightly interesting. But, I dare say, you had some one to nurse you?

HALE.—I was even so fortunate, Miss Belmont; a field nurse to whom I am greatly beholden. O, the most patient, the most cherishing, the sweetest spirit that ever ministered to the stricken.

FRANCES.—And was this field nurse a man or a woman?

BELMONT.—Such was your mother, Frances; and the face of her child is still turned to the field. You have her look and her courage, but whence you got that bitter tongue I am to learn. You did not get it of your mother,

neither of your father; it may be you got it of your father's father.

FRANCES.—I can well believe that, sir; 'tis said the good things of inheritance always jump a generation.

BELMONT.—Go to, go to: take them in, and let Miss Osborne do the talking henceforth, whom you have scandalized into dumbness. Hither comes my son: I will break some welcome news to him and be with you straight. Take them in.

FRANCES.—Then come, gentlemen; you are to tarry under my father's roof as his guests and I am called upon to make you welcome. I say you are welcome, but, our home being in a city and not in the country, I may not say welcome to Laurelhill, or Elmwood, or Cottage Grove, or some like familiar yet delightful name: I must welcome you to a vile number on such and such a street. Nevertheless, God made the city last, and in that philosophy we will take his works. *[Exeunt all but Belmont.]*

Enter Kirkwood.

BELMONT.—

Stay, sir, I have some welcome news to break,
With which congratulation goes along;
Yet oft we see congratulations have
A soul of unkindness.

KIRKWOOD.— Yet let me hear.

BELMONT.—

Your aunt, whom you have never looked upon
With that discerning eye of interest
When kindred looks on kindred,—why, she 's dead.

KIRKWOOD.—I'm grieved to hear it, sir.

BELMONT.— I'm glad of that;

Great heirs are not deep mourners.

KIRKWOOD.— What, her heir ?

BELMONT.—

The moiety of her estate is yours:

Frances inherits in equality.

I would a wife had been conjointal here.

KIRKWOOD.—I'll think o' that.

BELMONT.— This counsel goes along:

Have solicitude your fortune is your fortune

And not your misfortune. Still use it well;

Its largeness lies in you not in itself:

Speak for yourself, your fortune not for you:

Where you would not be seen let it not go,

And go before, the master not the man:

Make it your glasses, not your eyes: in brief,

Though it may feed you make it not your flesh,

And if increased let no man be the poorer.

This is the word; the spirit lies with you;

If joined you have a fortune indeed, if not

Naught will suffice and poverty will grow

With increase of gold.

KIRKWOOD.— Sir, I will do my best.

BELMONT.—Take heed of that.

[*Exit.*

KIRKWOOD.— I need to work no more,

So think how much it is I now can do.

[*Exit.*

Scene 4.—A lawn before Garland's house.

Enter Garland and Mildred.

MILDRED.—

Yet, brother, bear in mind your heavy debt

Unto her father: let your gratitude

To him who was the founder of your wealth
Drop blessings on his child, his cherished child.
You have a face in heaven; let it shine
With gentle deeds.

GARLAND.— Still contending there
Where concurrence and respect would earlier win
The good of your endeavor. She is poor,
And poverty 's abiding in the sex
When beauty has not gone along with grace:
And you, who cannot reason, should obey.
He best serves poverty who makes a way
For labor followed by due recompense;—
I give her tools and you would blunt their edge
With idleness begot of dreams and hopes.
The poor cannot afford to look before
Nor after; there 's no bread in retrospection,
Nor can this poverty feed on its hopes,
But rather lets the little fall in reach
At fleeting largeness, like the crystal merchant
Who breaks his vases spurning from his dream
At lowliness.

MILDRED.— 'Tis a debt of sympathy
To set aside some portion of your wealth
For your sweet ward: a gentle spirit who
Has husbanded much above needs little here.

GARLAND.—
I'm blunt, yet in my bluntness is this soul
Of truth: who gives a woman tools and work
Most cherishes her honor.

MILDRED.— Yet I do fear
You lead your ward upon this stony field,
Not to enharden her against a worse
But that she bleed and yield her freedom up
Into your unwished keeping, making your knowledge
Of the world's inhumanity a knowledge of sin.
If you will know the world demoralized—
For so you still assert it in your speech—
The world will end by knowing you of shame;
For those who know the world is wholly bad
Still end by making it excuse for sin.
Yet I do think their hearts are half corrupt
And cannot see the good, and being bad
Do fall in their own evil.

GARLAND.— I'm not cruel,
I herein do but reason differently;
And though we change our reasons oft again
'Tis reason still, swaying for good or bad.
I must act by reason.

MILDRED.— Our charities cherish us
When our reasons prove ineffectual.

GARLAND.—I cannot set aside reason that it may prove
impotent in the end. I say I must act by reason and
train my ward to be able to contend against the world
that she not come to misfortune. A woman choosing be-
tween two misfortunes is a woman choosing between
two sins, for if honor contend with bread, bread will be
victorious. If I build without nature I build without
God. I battle under the same shield as you; this is the
other side. Bernice must to work. [Exit.

MILDRED.—I fear he carries the fire of knowledge but
to burn himself in the end. [Exit.

Enter Kirkwood and Bernice.

KIRKWOOD.—But, dear heart, do not harp on the loss of your estate; you are twice dowered, dowered in your love and your misfortune.

BERNICE.—Yet I fear, since I am thrown on charity, you cannot win your father's approval to our marriage.

KIRKWOOD.—Am I not come of age? am I not independent? Faith, my father's approval is now a jewel more of grace than of necessity. Besides, he wished a wife was conjointal with this inheritance from my aunt, and, by my honor, dear heart, when I remember all his kindnesses to me, I cannot find it in my heart to disappoint him.

BERNICE.—I will not estrange your father from you. Let me go my way: I will learn to labor and my labor will teach me to forget.

KIRKWOOD.—Let me not break this gall beneath my tongue. I will kiss you. Love is fairer than he is painted: I will paint him again; he shall have your eyes; he shall have my heart. A plague upon your guardian: I will charter a launch and our Gretna Green shall be upon the sea.

BERNICE.—If you love me still, I will patiently wait until I come of age and can honorably marry.

KIRKWOOD.—O do not pause: if your guardian say aught against our marriage, get you a new guardian.

BERNICE.—For the love I bear his sister, who has been as a mother to me, I will not dishonor him; rather wisely endure his lease.

KIRKWOOD.—Seven months! Where can I find patience? not in your company, surely; not out of your

company, surely: there is no third way. Yet, for your sake, I will cherish the delay with a brave heart, and in the interim labor to approve that flaw in your nativity. You seem to me just the right age to marry, and I have an excellent hymeneal judgment.

BERNICE.—I would not labor in the hint; you will vex my guardian.

KIRKWOOD.—If your guardian has confounded your age with that of your dead sister, and you are the eldest, I would like nothing better. I will secretly unfold the matter to my lawyer, and though he seize on my inheritance for recompense, he is a good hearted fellow and I have no doubt will pension me when I am married.

BERNICE.—I will leave you now that I do not offend my guardian, although your presence is very dear to me.

[*Exit.*]

KIRKWOOD.—I would she were not so proud; she has given her very jewels to satisfy her creditors and will suffer no aid from her friends and least from me. Yet for a' that I must be politic and shield her from the offices of her guardian: business is a dog in association. I ha't: this war with Spain and our flag in the orient will bring the West in touch with the East and open that old and eternal question of destiny, that question whether a man must needs be what he is, or something else, or no such thing: I will found a fin-de-siecle destiny league, and secretly, on my inheritance, have Bernice appointed its salaried secretary for seven months and a day. Yet how is it possible I found a destiny league, well knowing I am too liberal to found a liberalist league? But what o' that; courage: did not Archimedes the Greek, that old man

analytic, ask for a woman that he move creation? and if I cannot found a fin-de-siecle destiny league with the aid of Edith Prescott, why then I'm something else. [*Exit.*

Scene 5.—A room.

Enter Colvin and Maurice.

COLVIN.—

I shall return within these seven days:
I tarry but some moments for my train.
You are a guest—to whom?

MAURICE.— General Belmont.

COLVIN.—

Belmont! that name is very full to me,
A date whereon still hangs my wildest year.
Is he of Richmond in Virginia?

MAURICE.—I know not, sir: I can enquire so far.

COLVIN.—What is his given name?

MAURICE.— Nor know I that.

COLVIN.—How old is he?

MAURICE.— Some sixty years, I judge.

Gray eyes, steep forehead; has the roman nose.
But yet a face is but a face to me,
Unless it be a woman's worth the mark.

COLVIN.—

I would be certain ere I speak with him.
Look in this album; mark this daguerreotype:

(Opening an album on table)

This was a Belmont forty years ago.
I quarrelled with him before the Civil War
Upon the issue, and in heated blood,

When wild offense had passed upon both sides
Disrupting our endeared companionship,
I challenged him upon the heated field.
He leaped upon me, and my weapon drawn
Exploded, piercing me unto the brain.
The day before he boasted in my fall,
And, thinking I was killed, he fled the State,
Pursued for murder, which was thrust on him
By my companion : yet I did not die ;
And deeds of darkness work out deeds of light :
I cleared my honor growing rank with weeds ;
But he, poor friend, was never heard of more,
And lives, perhaps, to look behind at death
And forward to some dread decree of law.

MAURICE.—I never knew of this.

COLVIN.— You know it now
In that you make discovery of him,
Since naught 's impossible that 's reasonable.
Learn what you can against my coming home.
I would have pardon for the wrong I did,
And pardon him for his enlarged offense.
Evil still falls so thick when 't can be razed
I would not pause.

MAURICE.— Perhaps he learned by mail
Or by some paper that you did not die.

COLVIN.—
I did make good his innocence abroad,
And yet he left a fair estate behind
That came into the treasury of the State,
Which makes me doubt.

MAURICE.— I'll do my best in this,
Though 'tis unreasonable this thing should be.

COLVIN.—

Thanks, Maurice, thanks; yet till you are assured
Speak nothing. Take my hand in your return:
The war is over and I have you back.
My time is not my own or it were yours.
Farewell.

MAURICE.— Be generous to yourself; adieu.
If there is aught in this heredity— [*Exit Colvin.*
And he who doubts that doubts his very doubts—
This picture should be Belmont's: 'tis so like Kirk.
I will discover if he is the man
Then wait upon my uncle with the proofs.
Meantime I'll return into his daughter's sight
And mark her voice i' the dark, her smile i' the light.
[*Exit.*



ACT II.

Scene 1.—A lawn before Belmont's house.

Enter Hale, Maurice, Frances and Kirkwood.

FRANCES.—Indeed, Lieutenant Colvin, I wonder you do not weary of questioning me of my father in the Civil War : yet I would not wonder should your questions be in the mouth of Captain Hale.

MAURICE.—Do my questions weary you? I was born to do offense.

FRANCES.—O, no, no, no : I mean your questions would more become Captain Hale.

HALE.—How may that be, Miss Belmont? I am curious to discover.

FRANCES.—Why, sir, should you question me of the Civil War, I would think you were eager to learn what a war is like.

HALE.—This! when I have not yet shaken the dust of active service from me.

FRANCES.—Ay, for a dusty captain, God warrant; there is no quiet breathing in your presence.

HALE.—I will retire for a smoke; 'tis health and society to me.

FRANCES.—Do not, I beg you. I know many could abide my conversation were it not for my words : yet do not retire ; I have a favor to ask.

HALE.—What, will you have me to laugh when you are witty?

FRANCES.—No, thanks : I know when I am witty by your writhing. Will you not fetch me from the library my album of the Rebellion.

HALE.—I will take it upon me only that I may get my pipe. [Exit.

FRANCES.—From our conversation, you must presume, Lieutenant, that Captain Hale and I are old friends?

KIRKWOOD.—A stranger might presume from your conversation that you are older enemies.

FRANCES.—Do not think that. I will tell you why I am so filled with him. I did once say I had a good wit: "True," said he, "and like the good it will die early." "No," said I, "it will flourish like the wicked." "Right," said he, "till it is as dry as summer dust." "Ay," said I, "and you will lay that summer dust with your tears." And I took it upon me to make that good, and have—

MAURICE.—Succeeded.

FRANCES.—You are dry, sir, you are dry. Is my wit as "dry as summer dust"?

MAURICE.—I see you can lead me whither you choose.

FRANCES.—I yet will lead you to no confusion. Here he comes: you shall mark the daguerreotype of my father: you are a good judge; when he was my brother's age he was very like Kirk.

Re-enter Hale (with album).

HALE.—What have I for my pains, Miss Belmont?

FRANCES.—Your pipe, sir, your pipe. This is the daguerreotype, Lieutenant.

MAURICE.—This?

FRANCES.—Even this.

MAURICE.—Let me see.

FRANCES.—Is it not like my brother?

MAURICE.—The very same.

KIRKWOOD.—Yes, my father bears a strong resemblance to me.

MAURICE.—(*Aside.*) 'Tis so: this is the Belmont who wounded my uncle.

FRANCES.—If, by his matured features, you can tell how my father looked as a youth, perchance, Lieutenant, by my salad days, you can tell how I will look when a grand-dame?

MAURICE.—I cannot tell, Miss Belmont.

HALE.—Colvin, remember our appointment: there 's no grace but disgrace. Miss Belmont, adieu.

MAURICE.—I attend, Miss Belmont, good day.

FRANCES.—Gentlemen, I release you.

MAURICE.—(*Aside.*)

When we shall meet again, one meets to sin:

My thoughts have crossed, my spirit enters in.

[*Exeunt Hale and Maurice.*]

KIRKWOOD.—

Frances, are you aware you are beloved

By one whom Fortune has gone far to find,

And found him in the services of Honor?

FRANCES.—And who is this?

KIRKWOOD.— Why, Philip Hale.

FRANCES.—Is 't possible?

KIRKWOOD.—

If you should love the gentleman, in truth,

Cherish your silence and your sweet reserve;

Make not familiarity the rift

Within the lute where harmony would swell:

Rather smile at others than make others smile,

For men still mark the witty of the sex
But sue the reserved: and, if you should love,
Think not proposal lies within the man,
For maidens woo even as roses woo—
But let the bud be sweet and men will smell.

FRANCES.—

What philosophy have you dreamed to wake so wise
What rose have you just smelt that was so sweet?
What lute have you been playing in the dark?
Away, I'll show a lover but the bad—
A maid can do on that until she 's wed—
And then the good is nothing flat nor stale:
Which is my project though my project fail.

Enter Belmont.

BELMONT.—Know you Lieut. Colvin's place of birth?

FRANCES.—I know not, sir. He sought to know of
[yours.

BELMONT.—He did?

FRANCES.— Indeed, he fought your battles o'er.

KIRKWOOD.—

He has a gift peculiar: mark you, sir:
He said about my age you had my look—
For he has made a study of these things—
The forehead and the eyes and in the chin,
Although your beard might well confuse that last;
All which this daguerreotype does well approve.
Yet how he shrunk your face to twenty-three
And got the likeness I am still to learn.

BELMONT.—What, has he seen this daguerreotype?

KIRKWOOD.— He has.

BELMONT.—How did he come by it?

FRANCES.— He would approve
His judgment, and in issue begged of me
Some likeness of your youth. 'Tis all we have.

KIRKWOOD.—Why do you ask?

BELMONT.— Attend, and know so far.
His name is troubled waters still to me,
Which I have yet to cross, or do I dream?
My past is filled with regret yet not with sin,
Sin more than anger at my dearest friend.
I loved my country more than brotherhood,—
Or did I make my country but my pride
And love my pride? was I not still the fool
Of patriotism that I suffered thus?
Yet know, my anger crossed with circumstance
Did hedge me in with the condemning law,
And should Lieutenant Colvin be of kin
To him 'gainst whom I scorned, and know my past
In its inversion, then, should he but act,
Though innocent, in the great hand of law I stand
To render an account for the thoughts of men.

FRANCES.—Alas, what have I done!

BELMONT.— No harm, no harm.
This cruel wound cannot live after me
And bleed within my issue. Call 't a dream
Until we wake; yet heedful in our dream
Give waking no offense. Then come your ways.

[*Exeunt,*

Scene 2.—The same.

Enter Lucretia and Erasmus.

LUCRETIA.—Do you specify that as a holiday when the nebulous star has passed the meridian? That should be designated as a semi-holiday.

ERASMUS.—You know too much for a colored orphan.

LUCRETIA.—If my progenitors are demised, your progenitor is no better than a medicine bottle: and if I walk out of service, sir, it will be on lexicons and books and not on gin flasks.

ERASMUS.—Who is that white soldier I saw you kissing his picture in the pantry?

LUCRETIA.—That is my paramour.

ERASMUS.—Has he ever seen your face?

LUCRETIA.—He has seen my mind.

ERASMUS.—Does he know you are black?

LUCRETIA.—Love is blind.

ERASMUS.—Did he answer that love-letter you tucked in that jelly you sent the volunteers at the Philippines?

LUCRETIA.—Go off: leave me to consider the lilies.

[Exit Erasmus. Lucretia retires to the summer house on the lawn.]

Enter Kirkwood and Lambert severally.

KIRKWOOD.—O Lord, here comes Lambert who made me laugh myself into a fever at Negros.

LAMBERT.—Did you hand Lucretia that box of chocolates, Kirk?

KIRKWOOD.—I did.

LAMBERT.—And the lilies and the violets?

KIRKWOOD.—Ay.

LAMBERT.—And the letter ?

KIRKWOOD.—True.

LAMBERT.—How did she take the letter ?

KIRKWOOD.—Why, man, if her eyes danced at the superscription, doubt not that her heart danced at the context.

LAMBERT.—I must see her face. She has never sent me her photograph, though I have begged her to do so, and have sent her a dozen of mine. Is she as ravishing as you say? What, is she at home now? give me a secret glimpse of her.

KIRKWOOD.—Hush, speak low. Do you mark you little full-blooded negro wench in the summer house?

LAMBERT.—Ay.

KIRKWOOD.—She 's as bright as a dollar in ebony and tattles. If she should hear you or you should make her a go-between between Lucretia and yourself, you will lose your hopes, for she will tattle to Lucretia's guardian, who, as I said, is our housekeeper.

LAMBERT.—Mum.

KIRKWOOD.—You must not meet Lucretia yet; you are too lean. You must get in flesh: a week and you are all peach and cream. Yet I will give you a moonlit balcony view of Lucretia, an' you will.

LAMBERT.—A moonlit balcony, smothered in roses and jasmine! Can a man be heir to such joy!

KIRKWOOD.—But, Lambert, Lambert, she will converse with you, too, and sing you some marvelous rich words of love.

LAMBERT.—Jove, I will elope with her from the balcony.

KIRKWOOD.—Not till the second night: we must be sly, peculiarly sly. Away! keep to your rooms: I will come to you this evening with some exquisite love speeches. Away!

LAMBERT.—I will wear a uniform: I will have my mustache waxed: I will bring violets to cast at her feet. Tell her I send her a hundred kisses.

KIRKWOOD.—Away!

LAMBERT.—If you love me, don't disappoint me, Kirk.
[Exit.]

KIRKWOOD.—I fear you, Lambert: for all your sentiments, I fear you would play this trusting lady false, and therefore I will not unveil Lucretia to you until I have made an example of you—and an ass. Come hither, Lucretia.

Lucretia comes forward.

Do you know, Lucretia, when I was in camp on the Philippine Island, that many of the soldiers received love-letters in their Christmas parcels from young ladies to whom they were strangers? that some of these soldiers corresponded and received letters of love in return? that since my company has got its discharge, several of these same soldiers have searched out their fair correspondent, still blushing through their love missiles, and that tonight I attend the nuptial of one of these fortunate fellows with his sweet correspondent?

LUCRETIA.—La, how romantic.

KIRKWOOD.—Did you mark the soldier with whom I have been conversing?

LUCRETIA.—Is he the gentleman?

KIRKWOOD.—No, not exactly, Lucretia. But do you know he received a letter with the rest and corresponded, receiving many letters of love and esteem but never a photograph of his lady-love, although he sent her a lover's dozen of his own? that he has come to see his love and claim her if she is fair? that she lives here, even here? that her name is Lucretia Floyd?

LUCRETIA.—I never did it, sir; I never did it.

KIRKWOOD.—Why look you, Miss Lucretia Floyd, we know your hand, we know your wit, we know your learning. Can a light be hid in darkness? No, it but streams the brighter.

LUCRETIA.—I am ashamed you should fib so, la.

KIRKWOOD.—I will be your friend, Lucretia: you shall woo him to-night from your window balcony amidst the roses and jasmine; and that he be not prejudiced against your race-color, the first night you shall make love in a veil the color of his race; the second night the veil shall be a shade darker; and in seven nights, by this sweet declension, he shall come to look on you, unveiled, as the heart of the twilight.

LUCRETIA.—But can it be done, sir?

KIRKWOOD.—In faith, I think so. I will hasten and purchase the veils: meanwhile, Lucretia, make me a wood fire in the library: I will search through the poets for some pretty speeches for the balcony, with a love song to make them the more gracious. Stay, Lucretia, you are forgetting something.

LUCRETIA.—(*Courtesying*) Thank you, sir.

KIRKWOOD.—No, Lucretia, I do not mean that: I mean your lover has made me executor of a poor hundred kisses. What shall I do with 'em? (*Aside*) Now I stagger in my trust.

LUCRETIA.—La, Mr. Belmont, I cannot choose but laugh. [*Exit.*]

KIRKWOOD.—Why, I must have care: if I begin by making love to her for another man, I'll end by making love to her for myself. [*Exit.*]

Scene 3.—The same.

Enter Frances and Edith.

FRANCES.—Now, Edith, I have you where I have wished you these many days; where you can neither take offense nor give offense. I would I had all reformers even so.

EDITH.—You cannot part true reformation from offense.

FRANCES.—I hasten to believe, I beg to agree. I mean since you are to found a destiny league you cannot chide me if I do not approve, for that is my fate; neither can I take offense at your solicitations, for that is your fate. Ah! what a comfortable doctrine it is.

EDITH.—We were not born to be comfortable: do you realize that?

FRANCES.—You are wrapt, you are wrapt; else you would smile at that saying. How, not born to be comfortable lounging in pleasant hammock in pleasant shade? Leave me: I have known the fullness of life; I have laughed, I have loved. Now let the Sphinx speak.

EDITH.—You will not aid me in founding this destiny league?

FRANCES.—I will not lend you a suitor, lest you make too free with his destiny: away. But, Edith, Edith, make the league simple, for amusements are simple or nothing.

EDITH.—What do you read? I will lend you a book.

FRANCES.—Does not the cover proclaim a modern book though the title confesses nothing? In the beginning the villain looks about to big-blue-eyed-sorrow and divine Providence in doubt; but a benign author has conclusion, and the golden waters of patience flow to paradise. Yet, indeed, I do not greatly care to read such books; I rather re-read 'em.

EDITH.—You would be more edified with this volume.

FRANCES.—Lend not me that book; it has a black purgatorial binding. I am sure 'tis like the catacombs, all bones and skulls; a sea of unrest in duodecimo; a shadow in buckram. By my faith, I can hear it groan. What melancholy malcontent o' the paper age talked into that paper phonograph?

EDITH.—This is wit, not logic.

FRANCES.—An' I have the wit, I care not who has the logic. O 'tis so easy to be miserable and write miserable books, that were I this author I would mend my style and let my joy confess my labor.

EDITH.—Do you know I would found this destiny league but to make Bernice Hunter secretary, that she support herself in some comfort and labor in mind rather than in body?

FRANCES.—Now you have a trick of realism. I will do anything inoffensive to relieve our most unfortunate

friend. I will lend you for membership seven suitors at any notice, and more to follow. What, I will make love for charity! and no sooner shall a gentleman enter the list but I will hand him over to destiny and dues. Confessed we do not believe in destiny, yet is not charity as brave as destiny? and though we call it a destiny league, is not the spirit the language? and is not charity the spirit? Therefore we are not hypocrites. No, I cannot abide an hypocrite.

EDITH.—I can rely on you that Bernice will never learn this league is founded for her benefit?

FRANCES.—You can: and, as my brother says, this will be a fin-de-siecle destiny league, for we do not believe in destiny, and our knowledge of destiny, no doubt, is less than our belief.

EDITH.—There may be considerable truth in this destiny question, which we will labor to discover when the league is organized. I will call again this evening. Adieu. [Exit.

FRANCES.—Here 's a woman who will kill systems, philosophies, charities, and other abstractions, like geese—two at a cast.

Enter Hale.

Here comes a fatalist. Good morning, have you read Brahma?

HALE.—Brahma; critic or novelist?

FRANCES.—Neither: the great abstraction. What pipe have you been smoking?

HALE.—Ha, the Vedas! Why, yes, I am familiar with these teachings.

FRANCES.—I dare say you have them in the original.
Do you believe in destiny?

HALE.—Destiny? the word is more inclusive than conclusive. But do you get this "destiny" from the Vedas, Miss Belmont?

FRANCES.—Do not smile: I grant you that somewhere in the haze of my mind the Vedas are grouped with the Kisnet of Mohammed and the three Fates in art. But do you?

HALE.—Destiny? 'tis an old word with a new significance; but if you mean plain fatality, no, Miss Belmont.

FRANCES.—You will do, sir, you will do. You must join this fin-de-siecle destiny league which I am founding with our philanthropic friend Edith Prescott.

HALE.—And what are the privileges?

FRANCES.—You meet weekly and pay your dues.

HALE.—Is this the new enlightenment?

FRANCES.—Ay, a candle in the new enlightenment. But we shall also issue a periodical, and our motto shall be, "Let us remember we are destined." Will you subscribe your name to this new enlightenment?

HALE.—If you are a founder, I will take it on me sans heresy.

FRANCES.—Did you subscribe that you might make that pretty speech?

HALE.—Give me this rose i' your hair.

FRANCES.— Look where you stand:

Off from my shadow, sir.

HALE.— I have the leaf.

I'll not return unkindness for unkindness

But will reproach you with large charity,

Saying that since your hand has touched this leaf
It is a flower, which I'll wear as my life—
Though one see nothing worth another may.
Frances, do you recall when first we met,
Even beneath these trees? Think on that time
And on the long interim to this hour;
Look forward from that day I cherish still
When, passing through formalities into friendship,
You came into my life unto this hour
When I would gather you unto my heart,
And know my love long lasting as these years.
I love you, Frances, with that dear regard
That cherishes the cherisher not more,
And come to ask unending fellowship.
Let not my suit prove profitless and void,
Nor judge my heart by these weak words in me :
I have no eloquence that may express
The love sincere I bear or show your choice
Shall be my pathos and my destiny,
And words seem cold ; yet know around you blow
The authentic airs wherein I move and breathe
And cannot live without.

FRANCES.— So far you speak,
I look into my heart and see how cramped
It still has been to entertain as guest
So true a gentleman. Yet let me pause,
Not, sir, that I esteem another more,
But that I am not mistress of my choice
To give a perfect answer to your words
Until some later time. Yet, in so far

As to cherish your regard, I'll break reserve,
Which still in me, I find, has been to love
A second nature, and confess this much—
If I should ever give my heart and hand
Into the keeping of a gentleman,
You shall not lose your hopes.

HALE.— I thank you, Frances.
That I may hope to win you as my wife
Gives me that patience to endure the pause.
I will intrude no longer on your book :
Adieu. [Exit.

FRANCES.— That I were free to speak my heart,
Showing my tongue has been to hide my heart.
Yet when my father spoke about his past,
I knew I could not honorably consent
Unless this history should stand confessed.
My father must discover all to me
That I may know how goes the light and dream.

Enter Maurice.

MAURICE.—
Since I am not your guest, I may presume
To be your visitor ?

FRANCES.— You 're welcome still.

MAURICE.—And yet 'tis said a book 's the dearest
[friend.

FRANCES.—You doubt your welcome, then ?

MAURICE.— I would excuse
Intrusion on your quiet.

FRANCES.— Yet do not so;
My leisure 's ample both for friend and book.

MAURICE.—

If I am welcome with a noble book
I am twice welcome, and my friendship builds
On base enduring.

FRANCES.— It was shrewdly said,
He flatters best who flatters what we read,
For reading still presumes the heart and mind.
Yet, sir, make not my book my flattery;
A green romance unseasoned by that light
That beats upon the critic's throne; its name
Is scarcely dry within the catalogue;
Yet gentle prose it is and sweet withal.

MAURICE.—

Our friend Fairfield has told me of a tale
With a divided plot, and both must fall
Unless he mend the plot.

FRANCES.— Yet time is art.

MAURICE.—

Still must a woman comprehend a woman:
I will unfold this plot and let you judge
The heroine's decision.

FRANCES.— Ay, do so.

I fain would see this ear within the blade
And learn what cankers may beset it there.

MAURICE.—

A little while before the Civil War
Two friends did quarrel: the younger of these two
Boasted the elder's fall, and in return
The elder challenged him with weapon drawn;

Then did this younger friend leap on the elder
And, in the act, the weapon was discharged,
Killing the challenger by accident.
The only witness—yet I know not why—
Thrust murder on this younger friend, who fled;
Beyond the call of angel or of man
Should he be taken by mistaken law.
Long afterwards, within this west of wests,
This refugee, now in decline of life,
By a descendant of that fallen friend,
Is recognized. Now mark the dilemma :
This refugee a lovely daughter has
Whose hand this same descendant will possess
Or else he will expose this refugee
Unto the law, dishonoring his age ;
And what is more, exposing him to death,
Or life-long durance, which is worse than both.
Which will the daughter do : be sacrificed
To pillar her father's honor and decline,
Consenting to be the wife of this descendant ?
Or leave that father to the course of law,
Wedding his age unto a wilderness ?

FRANCES.—

If she should choose the last, this book to me
Would be a battle from cover unto cover :
I could not choose but scorn her selfishness.
No ; let this same descendant gain the daughter—
'Tis pity men set books so bad example—
As terms of silence ; and so let it wear
In shadow to the shadow of the altar,
And then—

MAURICE.— Why do you pause?

FRANCES.— Is 't possible

Such is his plot?

MAURICE.— No, this is not his plot.

FRANCES.—Whose, then?

MAURICE.— 'Tis mine.

FRANCES.— Your plot: do you write this?

MAURICE.—No: I would learn your heart in such an

FRANCES.—Why would you learn? [issue.

MAURICE.— You are to act this part.

FRANCES.—I?

MAURICE.— Even you. Your father's this refugee,
And I am this descendant.

FRANCES.— O what is this!

MAURICE.—You must endure.

FRANCES.— Ah, you but jest to me.

MAURICE.—

If I do jest I do not jest in vain.

Briefly this is no tale, it is the truth

Which Fairfield dreams not of; no man but I.

And for this truth you must become my wife.

Since I have looked upon your face I see

I have a devil in my heart.

FRANCES.— O me,

He has a fever.

MAURICE.— I can well think that.

FRANCES.—

Sir, sir, my father is no refugee:—

From whence?

MAURICE.— From Richmond in Virginia.

FRANCES.—

Richmond, Virginia! 'tis no such thing.
My father came from England to this State,
And knows no other State. Virginia!
Why, sir, my father is an Englishman.

MAURICE.—An Englishman!

FRANCES.— An Englishman, I swear it.

MAURICE.—

And yet I know he is American—
That you have grasped enough to build defense.
His name is Robert Belmont: he who killed
A Colvin in Virginia. I've proof
Which naught can shake. Come, will you be my wife,
And save your father from condemning law?

FRANCES.—

You know this history and speak but thus
To grace some better news?

MAURICE.— No, never think

I prologue sweet with gall or good with ill.
I grace no better news.

FRANCES.— Then this is truth?

MAURICE.—It is.

FRANCES.— O, God defend me!

MAURICE.— This is so:

Do you consent?

FRANCES.— It is the truth I grasp:

You would betray my father in his age;
You that he cherished even as his son,
You that but yesterday he called his guest,
You that the time named friend.

MAURICE.— Ay, even I.

FRANCES.—Touch him and you touch law.

MAURICE.— Do you consent?

FRANCES.—

I see ; run through and through with evil times.
Yet do your worst ; you shall not wrong his age ;
The world is wide to honest men ; somewhere
His innocence is free.

MAURICE.— His honored name
Is here within my mouth that spitting I
Can vilely mix it with the dust.

FRANCES.— And yet
You said it was an accident.

MAURICE.— I did.
It may or may not be.

FRANCES.— Does he know this ?

MAURICE.—
That rests with you : you can discover this.
My suit is with yourself. Do you consent ?

FRANCES.—
Stay, give me time to know you as you are.
Let me but comprehend that when I speak
I speak not to a man : so, even so.
Now to your suit : I must consent to be—
Your wife.

MAURICE.— If I could have won you honorably
I had been near the angels ; else decreed,
I see I'm near the fiends.

FRANCES.— I must take thought.
If I should stay I'll swoon ; let me go in :
My brain is wrought.

MAURICE.— Take thought and let me know.
This seems unnatural but it is so. [*Exeunt.*

Scene 4.—A public vestibule.

Enter Garland and Bernice.

BERNICE.—

Since Providence does send misfortune oft
To make us strong,—

GARLAND.— Do not believe 'tis so.

Misfortune is not shaped by Providence:
He gave us minds to take the larger choice,
To make the best of our calamities,
Which, to the wise, oft prove advantageous,
And there 's an end. Is this the larger choice,
This secretaryship?

BERNICE.— I think so, sir.

GARLAND.—

Well, you have my consent; and yet I fear
You make this occupation but these months
Until you come of age, and then you look
To marriage for release. Take heed of that:
If you do look to marriage for a trade
You'll wake to find this marriage a poor trade.

BERNICE.—I try to act with wisdom in all things.

GARLAND.—

Wisdom lives not alone in willing, but
In every truth o' the mind: then bear with me
When I give counsel; I speak for the world.
(*Aside.*) Yet I will join this league and bear it down,
Discovering the frailty of support,
That you may yet consent to be my wife. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Kirkwood and Fairfield.

KIRKWOOD.—Is not this a brave destiny league? have we not succeeded? do we not prosper? are we not a light in the land? We make, we unmake; we say ‘write this’, and it is written; we say ‘read this’, and it is read; we say ‘believe this’, and it is believed. This is the fine art of destiny.

FAIRFIELD.—Ha! what a consummate free lance our official organ will make.

KIRKWOOD.—Do you mark that? You will now get the public ear.

FAIRFIELD.—O could I once get the public ear.

KIRKWOOD.—Come, what will you do with the public ear when you have it?

FAIRFIELD.—Zounds, I will twist it.

KIRKWOOD.—You must get out a work on destiny: the mere project will bind this league together for seven months; and then I care not.

FAIRFIELD.—A word to an Irishman—

KIRKWOOD.—Is two. Now I am nearer heaven or hell by a book.

FAIRFIELD.—Have you heard that Garland is to join the league? It will never do; I hear he believes in destiny; think o’ that.

KIRKWOOD.—What, the Secretary’s guardian?

FAIRFIELD.—Yes.

KIRKWOOD.—O I will make an ass of him. I will call a special meeting and have passed a form of initiation that if Garland join he will be compelled to run the pricks of ceremony with yourself as master of ceremony—

for he would never join with me as master of ceremony—and you shall beat him like an old carpet, all pattern and no texture. He imagines himself a philosopher, and it is the quintessence of revenge to make an ass of a philosopher. The faithful can do no wrong.

FAIRFIELD.—All is fate.

[*Exit.*

Enter Lawyer.

KIRKWOOD.—Here comes my strong man of the law who can break a bond with one hand behind him. Well, sir, how goes my suit?

LAWYER.—If I can locate an old nurse of this Hunter family, I believe, on good ground, I can prove that this young woman is come of age.

KIRKWOOD.—Proof: what 's in proof? Sir, law is lawyers: you make the jury laugh, you have the evidence; you make the jury weep, you have the law. This is the law and the evidence.

LAWYER.—This the law?

KIRKWOOD.—The law manifest.

LAWYER.—Come, your suit 's as good as won: a word or two with you.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene 5.—A pathway.

Enter Maurice and Laura.

LAURA.—

You do not greet me with that fond regard
That you were wont. I have not lost my heart
That you should greet a blank.

MAURICE.— I greet a blank!

I am misjudged.

LAURA.— O may I root this out
Before it prove a cancer on my faith.
I keep not so much of this constant heart
To chide inconstancy, and yet your love
Is no more to be found. Where is it gone?

MAURICE.—
I have done wisely in thus seeming cold,
Yet such a kind of wisdom as lacks for words.

LAURA.—
O I do fear what cannot be explained ;
The worser half is woman.

MAURICE.— Think not that,
Lest I should grow unkind.

LAURA.— Have I wronged you?
Then give to me my sins ; they are my own.
Wherein stand I condemned ?

MAURICE.— In speaking thus.
My whole estate is toppling to its base,
And I would root out love within your heart
Who cannot cherish it with luxury.
Upon a word, I am a beggar.

LAURA.— This !
O pardon me that I did doubt your love.
You're ruined ?

MAURICE.— Virtually: let us take separate ways.

LAURA.—
Divided ! never: poverty has riches;
And I have that which shall suffice for both.
If my estate can aid you in this hour—
As I have heard that credit 's behind gold—
Use all, and give me words affectionate.

MAURICE.—

Come in the shade; I have a fever here.

(*Aside.*) Now have I forged the strongest link in love
While I did think to rid this thwarting chain.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene 6.—A room in Belmont's house.

Enter Belmont and Frances.

BELMONT.—

Now do you know my early history,
A tragedy extant in human sorrow.
It is the dregs of anger which I drink;
And you, my child, have tasted of this cup
Since, as you say, without the whole event
You cannot honorably consider marriage
When one shall ask your heart in fellowship:—
And I have told you all:—your mother knew.
What insubstantial thing may break life's thread,
But who can kill a deed.

FRANCES.— Alas, 'tis true.

Your innocence should have cried from your pure
youth.

BELMONT.—

All things are pure until they have been stained—
This is the world's decree; and my good name
Was overmastered by the circumstance.

FRANCES.—

Why, some are angry every day they live
Yet suffer not like this.

BELMONT.—

My teachings should have checked my heated pride,
Which led me to abuse my dearest friend
And put me from the fullness of the law;
Yet nature, by no scope of cold respect,
Will be the handmaid of philosophy;
We feel the native touch and, in the bias
Of flesh and blood, we pluck our borrowings off
And prove the primal stock. Be comforted;
I doubt it not that this shall die in me
And be forgot: and when you are beloved,
If you are deeply loved, this will not stand
Against your name, for nature, wise as love,
Decrees the one we love shall have no past;
And by your husband I am soon forgot.

FRANCES.—

I'll none of such light-hearted breed: Adieu.
[Exit Belmont.]
I cannot find the heart to speak the truth,
For rather than I sacrifice myself
Unto this traitor, whom he still calls "friend,"
He would discover all unto the law;
His voice of character cries 'gainst the deed.
I know not how to act nor where to turn;
By my own light I cannot but succumb,
And Heaven has but one mouth and that is dumb.
[Exit.]

Scene 7.—Beside Belmont's house.

Lucretia discovered above on balcony, veiled in white, and partly screened from below by vines and trellis; Kirkwood and Lambert discovered beneath the balcony.

LAMBERT.—O that I might see her features.

KIRKWOOD.—Hark, the heavens open.

LUCRETIA.—(*Sings*).

Bloom, bloom, ye laurel trees,
And cast your timely crown ;
Wake, wake, ye symphonies,
And hymn a new renown :
O the stars that ride
On a golden tide
Have lighted my soldier to me ;
And his hawking eye,
When his Love is by,
Is kindled like Mars in the sea.

LAMBERT.—Jove, a sweet voice.

KIRKWOOD.—Dulcet, dulcet. Now speak the speech.

LAMBERT.—

The twilight drinks the lips of parting day,—
A cup to thee, my Queen, 'neath starlit spray,—
While Love is sporting in the Summer gauze,
Caught up to heaven in a budding cause:
The West is warm with Phœbus' golden flight,
And Dian is unmasked unto the night.
In such a night young Love might see again,
With eyes like stars new lit in Darien.

KIRKWOOD.—Courage, man; another speech like that
and she will bring along our best silver spoons. Hush!

LUCRETIA.—

Far through a golden mist I may espy
A classic temple shining gloriously,
Where morn and noon and tender eve above
Are but the pathos and the smile of love:
Thither I flee across the glowing dew,
Warm as Cressida but as 'Thisbe true.

KIRKWOOD.—“Warm as Cressida”! There 's salad.

LAMBERT.—Will she come down now, or must I mount?

KIRKWOOD.—Stand to. When thou art not beside me—

LAMBERT.—

When thou art not beside me, O my Queen,
Nor up the pleasant valley mayest be seen,
Then all the glowing air is overcast,
And Summer's chaplets bend before the blast;
And, Love, I wander all bereft of light
And moan for Spring from out unending night.

Give us leave to talk, Kirk.

KIRKWOOD.—Why, are you not talking? Did ever
lovers talk like you two lovers talk?

LAMBERT.—She is all mine?

KIRKWOOD.—All. Hush!

LUCRETIA.—

Thou'rt in the sap and rose of lustihood,
And I will flee with thee into the wood.
When June in beauty walks through glen and glade,
I'll sport with thee amid the flowery shade;
Tangling thy crooked curls I'll make sweet moan
And hymn of one love and that love our own.

LAMBERT.—Jove, she has some salad in her for all her holding back. Do I sigh now?

KIRKWOOD.—Ay, heave a sigh as if your heart would crack. Another, man, another; louder. Courage; she has given you sigh for sigh.

LAMBERT.—There 's life in it.

KIRKWOOD.—Ethereal eighteen.

LAMBERT.—I'll have her. I love you, Kirk.

KIRKWOOD.—That voice again!—

LAMBERT.—

That voice again! how low, how sweet, how clear;
Filling the enamoured hollow of the ear
Like twilight harps upon a Summer strand
Or chimes from temples gold in faery land.

KIRKWOOD.—You have subdued her, you have subdued her. But you must feed her on these speeches a night or two that she grow plump with love. Rein your impatience: remember all things come to those who wait.

LAMBERT.—Why the devil does she keep behind those jasmines? I want to see her features. She looks white as a lily.

KIRKWOOD.—Don't mar the romance: I promise you a view of her the next night. She is ravishing. Is she still there? why doesn't she answer? I cannot see anything smothered in these vines.

LAMBERT.—Still there. Is my title certain? a lover's heart, you know, is fearful.

KIRKWOOD.—What, will she not elope?

LAMBERT.—Hark! she is going to speak.

LUCRETIA.—

O crown my Love while heaven witnesseth
His Queen has called him lord with perfect breath:
Crown him while swims the moon in golden mist
And golden stars crowd eagerly to list
The music of our bridal heard alone
Within a wood where late the queen moon shone.

KIRKWOOD.—If this is not constancy, then I never loved.

LAMBERT.—But what does she mean by harping on the “woods”? Sure, she must be “in the woods” herself.

KIRKWOOD.—Have you no understanding of the fineness of romance? I despise you: let me make love awhile.

LAMBERT.—Get in there, or I will choke you. She is mine.

KIRKWOOD.—Hush! don’t discover me; you will frighten her black and blue. Take your fingers out of my hair. O come away—

LAMBERT.—

O come away, my Love, into the gold,
To dales more fair than ever poet told;
Where valleys woo the hills, the hills the sky,
The sky the valley that beneath dost lie:
Where hushed groves have found their throats again
And take the south with their melodious strain.
Bright orient birds, with upward wing and glad,
Will lift thy drooping locks when thou art sad,
And wandering waters hide their crystal flow
To rise more sweet against thy lips’ warm glow.
Where every shadow of the leaf has got
A perfume which the morning rose has not.

But, Kirk, this isn't an apology of making love: I want to get my arms around her.

KIRKWOOD.—Why, you coarse-grained, unsentimental fellow, you deserve no better than to make love to that little black wench who sometimes kills rose bugs on your balcony, or is serenaded by lovers of Ham.

LUCRETIA.—

O Love, I dream my Love dreams of my love,
And in that dream of love which my Love dreams
My Love dreams that I dream of his sweet love;
And all night long we dream the others dreams.

LAMBERT.—This is rather tangled love.

KIRKWOOD.—Hush! speak the invitation; but if she is coy, have done. Take the banjo and thrum.

LAMBERT.—This may fetch her.

O, Love, list to my lovely invitation,
Hymning thy beauty's height in invocation,
In throbbing, pleading, yearning invocation.

(Plays on banjo)

Star of love and light,
Streaming from thy sphere
Far through golden night
Till the dawn is near,
Then fading to the passion flower's splendid tear:

Rose of summer dusk,
Stirred by dulcet sound
Till thy balmy musk
All the air hath drowned,
And poets dream the Thought within the rose is found:

Lily of the vale,
Sprung in golden light
With a splendor pale
As the Queen of night
Fading into her mansion on the western height :

Bird of tropic fire,
In pomegranate tree,
Flooding with sweet quire
All the canopy,
Until new heavens tremble to thy melody :

Come, O come away
Past the starlit wold,
Past the valleys gray,
Past the billows rolled,
Beyond the mountains blue into the farther gold.

What do I mean, Kirk ?

KIRKWOOD.—Why, Lucretia 's the star and the rose,
the lily and the tropic bird. This is a poetical invitation,
meaning—Come out, sweet, and take a stroll.

LAMBERT.—Jove, how wonderfully and fearfully poetry
is made.

KIRKWOOD.—Poetry is talking 'round a corner.

LAMBERT.—But will Lucretia talk 'round a corner with
me? that would be poetry.

KIRKWOOD.—What, did I not tell you she is romantic,
and will not show her features till you love her ; for sure,
she said, we must love the angels before we see them, and
love for Lucretia shall be as man's love for the angels.

LAMBERT.—But I love her passionately.

KIRKWOOD.—Hark !

LUCRETIA.—Adieu, my Love ; my only love, adieu.

LAMBERT.—O come across the dew, the glowing dew.

LUCRETIA.—O not to-night, my Love ; O not to-night.

LAMBERT.—Ah yes to-night, my Love ; ah yes to-night.

LUCRETIA.—Good night, my king ; good night, good night, good night.

LAMBERT.—Good night, my queen ; good night, good night, good night, good night.

LUCRETIA.—My love.

LAMBERT.— My soul.

O, well of Lucretia, I will draw back

Lest I should come unto some sudden confusion

In the deep wonder of young Love's illusion.

KIRKWOOD.—Now man, to bed and to dreams.

[*Exeunt.*



ACT III.

Scene 1.—A lawn before Belmont's house.

Enter Belmont and Garland.

GARLAND.—Until my ward comes of age, it is my express wish there be no communication between her and your son: as a father I am responsible for her deeds, yet, like many fathers, my responsibility has no head and carriage in 't. If your authority can reach your son, I request you to break this intercourse between them, the end whereof is marriage.

BELMONT.—His years have dissolved my authority, but his age approves my wisdom.

GARLAND.—He is thrice fortunate, and therein my anxiety suffers great abatement. It is well you join to this the loss of her estate,—my ward is not so dear to me but I would be grieved to see your son make so destitute connection.

BELMONT.—I shall do so.

GARLAND.—Ay. As it were—'tis a hard word against one I have cherished.

BELMONT.—Destitution?

GARLAND.—No: unchastity.

BELMONT.—So!

GARLAND.—Enough: I have said. I dissolve my relations with my ward to-day. [Exit.

Enter Kirkwood.

BELMONT.—Is that you, my boy?

KIRKWOOD.—It is.

BELMONT.—Mr. Garland has been speaking with me.

KIRKWOOD.—He 's not blind, yet has a dog for guide.

BELMONT.—Sir, sir, what do you mean ?

KIRKWOOD.—I was in the summer house, and by accident overheard what he said of his ward.

BELMONT.—This saves me painful explanation.

KIRKWOOD.—Do not believe it, sir.

BELMONT.—I would not credit it on other authority. You must not allow your judgment to be seduced ; you are young.

KIRKWOOD.—I grant I am young, yet not too young to make this lady my wife.

BELMONT.—Her guardian has cast her off.

KIRKWOOD.—Sir, she is come of age. He mistook her dead sister's age for hers,—I have the proofs—and his authority gone from him he will slander her to estrange us that he himself, through her destitution, may force her to be his wife. The lady is innocent, and I will make her my wife to-morrow to shield her from further insult. Sir, give me your approval.

BELMONT.—Under the circumstances, I withhold it. If you desire my love you must forget her.

KIRKWOOD.—I am deeply grieved, sir, that your commendation goes not along ; nevertheless, I will make Miss Hunter my wife, and, sir, she will do you honor. [*Exit.*]

Enter Frances.

BELMONT.—Come hither, Frances. What do you know of Mr. Garland's ward ; I mean her character.

FRANCES.—She is the incarnation of all that is gentle and noble.

BELMONT.—Do you know her well?

FRANCES.—As few sisters know their sisters.

BELMONT.—That is all.

[*Exit.*

FRANCES.—

The gentleness of woman's in his heart,
Yet, should I discover how I am beset
By this false traitorous friend, what profit it?
I dare do naught but suffer; endure alone
What passes woman's strength. O misery,
What answer I shall make I do not know:
I cannot live and see my father dishonored,
I cannot live and be this traitor's wife.

Enter Edith.

Edith you are welcome.

EDITH.—I trust so.

FRANCES.—Do you bring a membership blank of that league for reforming men?

EDITH.—I do not. Why do you ask?

FRANCES.—To any pledge for reforming men, I will subscribe my name and thank heaven for the privilege.

EDITH.—A marked change; a change to ink.

FRANCES.—That ink may not be so black but the reason is blacker. I have sometimes thought I could paint the heavens more fair; now I see I am destined to paint the world more foul.

EDITH.—You have been wronged.

FRANCES.—Heigh-ho! how do you like my new dress: does it not become me? am I not enhanced in't? When woman admires woman—is not that triumph?

EDITH.—Is woman no more than an institution of clothes?

FRANCES.—I care not; there's nothing serious. Let's believe and part: you that way; I this way; and a fig for the rest.

EDITH.—'Tis evident you have been wronged. I have certain work to do; I will not allow myself to be incapacitated through you grieving me; neither will I allow you to wrong your friend. Good day. [Exit.

Enter Hale and Maurice.

FRANCES.—Gentlemen, you must entertain me. What, did I startle you, Lieutenant? Nay, sit down, sit down. Captain Hale, take this magazine and look at the pictures: I will converse with Lieutenant Colvin; God made him. Will you believe, Lieutenant, that but this moment Edith Prescott asked me to join a league founded for the purpose of reforming men? Would you not put her down, and that right suddenly? or will you join, Lieutenant?

HALE.—If your friend will cease an hour to discover our faults, she may grow to some acquaintance with our virtues.

FRANCES.—Will you speak for the Lieutenant? Nay, you as well propose to suffice for his honor as his voice. Is not your soldier's honor your most cherished possession, Lieutenant Colvin?

MAURICE.—I have my discharge, Miss Belmont; I am no longer a soldier.

FRANCES.—O you must say “honorable discharge,” lest those who know you not be left in doubt. Let me instruct you.

HALE.—You do it masterly.

FRANCES.—Nay, if a soldier has not his honor, he has nothing handsome about him. The Lieutenant will support me.

HALE.—We, then, Miss Belmont, have something handsome about us?

FRANCES.—O, sir, when you have nothing witty to say, read the advertisements.

HALE.—Good; I will. (*Affecting to read*) Wanted; a good angel.

FRANCES.—Hush! hush! read no further, read no further: “a good angel”; I want a “good angel,” gentlemen.

HALE.—Allow me to be your “good angel,” Miss Belmont?

FRANCES.—No, Lieutenant Colvin will be my “good angel”: will you not, Lieutenant?

MAURICE.—In all things, Miss Belmont.

FRANCES.—So kind, so kind. Nay, do not go, Lieutenant: I am sure you have leisure. Am I not right, Captain Hale; has he not leisure?

HALE.—If I am not mistaken, he has some two hours of leisure; but few have leisure to be miserable.

FRANCES.—What, two hours of leisure, two hours! and yet will leave me with the ennui, the quintessence of all ills. Ah, Lieutenant, if you have any consideration

for my feelings, I pray you stay. Take this magazine and fan me; while Captain Hale at my feet looks on and approves. Now we are contented.

HALE.—Exceedingly.

FRANCES.—Heigh-ho! I would Edith were here; we might then discourse of—botany.

HALE.—What, has the lady ever seen a rose?

FRANCES.—And why not, sir?

HALE.—I had thought she could not see a rose for the canker: and yet the canker may smell as sweet to her as the rose.

FRANCES.—Is 't possible wit is catching, that you at my feet have caught my wit? Yet that cannot be, for Lieutenant Colvin, at my head, is as silent as the lost. But, indeed, you do the lady wrong: I cannot but remember she labors to reform men.

HALE.—O let her reform her reformation.

FRANCES.—I will not believe that there is any man who is wholly bad. Did you ever know an unprincipled, deliberate scoundrel, Lieutenant Colvin?

MAURICE.—I may have, Miss Belmont.

HALE.—Colvin will tell you a story of such an one, if you will but attend.

FRANCES.—What, Lieutenant, will you? or perhaps you have already told me of this ruffian?

MAURICE.—I know not of whom he speaks.

HALE.—I will take it upon myself. When we were in service, Miss Belmont, a certain ex-athlete insulted an American lady, and Colvin and I summoned him before a committee of two, and all that followed followed that.

FRANCES.—Did you so? Lieutenant, will you be so kind as to break me two rose-buds from that bush? and many thanks. Captain Hale, I pin this rose on you: know that it is for chivalry. Lieutenant Colvin, I pin the mate on you: know that it is for chivalry. You are my two chivalrous cavaliers and, as you are true gentlemen, you will never conflict the rose.

HALE.—By this light, I will cherish it.

FRANCES.—And what says Lieutenant Colvin?

MAURICE.—The rose is given.

FRANCES.—Ah! “the rose is given”.

HALE.—Doubt him not, Miss Belmont; how goes the proverb—Few words and many deeds. A homely phrase, but the homelier the wiser. Is it not so, Colvin?

MAURICE.—It is said to be so.

FRANCES.—O I am weary: I marvel you will spin such home-spun phrases.

HALE.—My distaff’s broken; I spin nothing.

FRANCES.—Is that “distaff” the Greek of your wit for woman? Then it is true your distaff is broken, for I am your distaff and I am broken. Pity me, gentlemen.

HALE.—No, we will not. If any here has broken you once, you have broken him an hundred times: if any here has mocked you once, you have mocked him past all count but the count of the recording angel. The sum of scorn is a double sum; one taken and one given.

FRANCES.—In the magazine Lieutenant Colvin is fanning me with, there is a story of a traitor on the field. What do they do with a traitor on the field, Captain Hale,—as it is written?

HALE.—As it is written, if it is written wisely.

FRANCES.—Was there any traitor in your regiment?

HALE.—One, Miss Belmont.

FRANCES.—That must be ; a war without a traitor is too good to be true. Yet is a traitor on the field blacker than a traitor to humanity that, in the tale, the traitor to his country dies, but the traitor to humanity, his officer, prospers ?

HALE.—'Tis an incomplete tale.

FRANCES.—I will believe it is—that Justice is the true and eternal finis.

Enter a Servant.

SERVANT.—Miss Frances, your father would speak with you.

FRANCES.—I thank you : I will attend. [*Exit Servant.*]

Gentlemen, I will not invite you in ; no, you were too willing to take your leave. I say I will not invite you to come into the house, but here bid you good day.

HALE.—We were even now taking our leave ; then there is no offense. Good day, Miss Belmont. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene 2.—A walk before Garland's house.

Enter Garland and Kirkwood.

KIRKWOOD.—

That you shall prosper in this perjury,
The devil therein must use his own too well
To credit the belief.

GARLAND.— Out of my sight.

KIRKWOOD.—

It is a devil's office and a devil fills it.
Slander your ward who looked to you for shield !
If she had had a dog he had bit you.
What, slander the defenseless with foul lips,
Befouled with kissing sin !

GARLAND.— Out of my sight,
Or I will make you rue 't.

KIRKWOOD.— There is a tongue
In every inch a coward and you, sir,
Shall cry to heaven that this is a lie,
A slanderous lie.

GARLAND.— You are a puppy snarling,
And I will muzzle you.

KIRKWOOD.— When you play the dog,
You do 't with experience.

GARLAND.—I'll ha' the law.

KIRKWOOD.— You do mistake the law:
It is a halter swinging.

GARLAND.— Will you be gone?

KIRKWOOD.—
Not till I tell what devils think of you.
The devil himself but naming you a friend
Does therein fall again.

GARLAND.— Respect my age.

KIRKWOOD.—
Respect the devil for antiquity.
O that I knew that word in twenty tongues
To lash you with 'em all.

GARLAND.— You puppy there,
Have I not been a father to this girl?
Have I not stood aside when she would run?
Have I not made my heaviest hour a toy
For her to cast away? Have I not been
A father in all things but in command?
Which turns against me now. Yet there you stand,
And call my work in question like a dog
In which the power of language has been thrust.

KIRKWOOD.—

O give the devil words and he is risen;
And there's no sin but where no word may reach.
You made her but your chattel till of late,
When her appraisement suffered sudden change
In her maturity; and with this change
You torment her with marriage till she's sick.
Ha! I have wondered for these seven years
If that a dog could speak what he would say;
But since you spoke behind that summer house,
Outrageously slandering your helpless ward,
I have not wondered more; with that I knew.

[Exit Garland.]

How wise I grow in his company.

Enter Bernice.

BERNICE.—Alas! you have been quarrelling with Mr. Garland: I overheard passionate words pass between you.

KIRKWOOD.—No, sweet, believe me, we have not been quarrelling, not exactly quarrelling. It was this way: your ex-guardian was endeavoring to tell me what he is

with my tongue. It was a compromise, Bernice; he brought the subject, I brought the language; for what says the adage—Let us help one another.

BERNICE.—For shame, Kirk, for shame.

KIRKWOOD.—(*Kissing her*) Ruminare on that. We are to be married to-morrow: you shall stay at Edith Prescott's home to-night.

BERNICE.—Have you your father's approval?

KIRKWOOD.—Why, with this little axe behind me, I cannot tell a lie. No, Bernice: I have not as yet my father's approval, for he, poor gentleman, is laboring under a mistake.

BERNICE.—I will never add to discord: you must gain your father's approval. He was ever gentle to me: I will be considerate to him.

KIRKWOOD.—We are like two parallel lines in love—never to meet. I have performed the labor of Hercules, yet I am not to enjoy the reward of Ajax. Is 't possible you love me, Bernice, when you have remaining so much heart for others? For your sake I'd be sorely tempted to do all things and would do most things. Come, sweet, tell me how much you love me.

BERNICE.—So deeply, Kirk, I would be nothing ignoble.

KIRKWOOD.—But, dear heart, you must no longer abide beneath yon roof; you are unhappy there. In faith, I plucked you for a red rose, but I am like to wear you for a white one. You must accept Edith Prescott's invitation and live at her home till I remove these pillars of Hercules, I mean the mistake my father is laboring under.

BERNICE.—It is my intention, now I am come of age.
Will you walk in and see Mildred?

KIRKWOOD.—Since that same griffin-guardian is not
within, I will enter the castle; and the word is—

Open gates,
A soldier waits. [*Exeunt.*

Scene 3.—A lawn before Belmont's house.

Enter Hale and Frances.

HALE.—

Miss Belmont, pardon me; nor be distressed
That I thus follow on my recent speech
And sweet response. Go to your memory,
And know you promised at some future time
To satisfy this doubt as whether you
Will be my wife or no. Is that time come?—
Since I know not the tenure of this bond—
Or may I hope to know or soon or late?
Or have my hopes gone by upon the night?

FRANCES.—

O pardon me; I am subdued to doubt
And may not speak. A little longer pause,
And then the bond is broken.

HALE.— You speak from grief,
Veiling a sorrow in hushed courtesy;
Then, dearest lady, let me not intrude.

FRANCES.—Another's sorrow is another's still.

HALE.—I make your griefs my own.

FRANCES.— Yet leave me now;
I am not well.

HALE.— Then I am poor indeed
 In having health yet having not the power
 To use it as I would.

FRANCES.— A dream sticks at my heart
 And will not off.

HALE.— What is 't you dream of grief?
 I would not have you grieve within a dream.

FRANCES.—
 It is not what I dream but what I live.
 I'd rather live a dream, an hideous dream,
 Than dream of what I live. I speak too far.
 Indeed, I do but dream; yet can each day
 Banish what the night has feared?

HALE.— Tell me your dream,
 And I'll interpret it full fair.

FRANCES.— O, Daniel,
 Beware interpreting another's dream
 Lest you interpret your own. But look you, sir,
 Do I not smile you off?

HALE.— A subdued smile.

FRANCES.—
 In truth, that smile 's a book : read it who can.
 If grief inscribed the text, let sorrow read it,
 If joy inscribed the text, let gladness read it.
 O take my words but as a woman's words,
 Spoken that more may follow ; even thus.
 I am disconsolate : I know not why ;
 There is no reason that I should be so.
 I am not merry, yet I know not why ;
 There is no reason that I should be so.
 Touching that consubstantial suit of yours,
 Have patience, sir.

HALE.— So, I must be content?

FRANCES.—Content with patience?

HALE.— No, with that sad smile.

FRANCES.—What, will you have me smile again?

HALE.— I mean

I must be ignorant of your distress—

Content with ignorance.

FRANCES.— Adieu, adieu.

HALE.—

Miss Osborn is addressed; she takes my place.

I would have eyes to see what is behind

And meet it with my strength, but I'm dismissed.

[Exit.]

Enter Laura.

LAURA.—Frances, my truest friend.

FRANCES.— Laura, is 't you?

How is 't with you?

LAURA.— Most kind.

FRANCES.— 'Tis well, 'tis well.

O when shall you be married, tell me that.

LAURA.—I cannot say. Is Maurice at your home?

FRANCES.—You know he's not.

LAURA.— How do I know he's not?

My knowledge questions this.

FRANCES.— How may that be?

He's not my father's guest of late.

LAURA.— Indeed!

Perchance he's yours?

FRANCES.— Laura, what do you mean?

LAURA.—

O I mistook you for that false coquette
Whose features and whose manner different
Have stolen Maurice's love. O pardon me,
I took you for that Frances.

FRANCES.— Alas, what 's this !

LAURA.—A woman wronged !

FRANCES.— O, Laura, Laura, Laura !

LAURA.—

What has he seen in that false face of yours ?
What does the fly see in the spider's eye ?
How have you rooted out his constancy ?
'This constancy I still believed my own—
But this was 'fore I knew my friend.

FRANCES.— O me,

Where now is that sweet faith and sisterhood,
That love that did not weary. O, sweet friend,
Lay not this deed to me. I am so grieved
I cannot make defense.

LAURA.— My ears are stopped.

Have I not seen this most ingenuous shame,
Foul treason, ripening without a blush ?
He hastens from my side to come to you,
And siren-like you draw him hour by hour
While I am left to know. Take up your shame,
I've nursed it till it stings. [Exit.

FRANCES.— Poor unschooled heart.

Enter Maurice.

MAURICE.—

Shall I be answered in my grounded suit?
Or shall the tale be told? Deny that suit,
'Tis not alone the law condemns your father
But society dishonors you.

FRANCES.— Then it is true

I must forget my hopes. Have you no fear?
No pity? no friendship?

MAURICE.— Pity I've not,

Unless I have your heart to pity with :
Your beauty has killed most of that in me
And I have killed the rest. Fear I have not ;
Nor know I what 'tis like. Friendship I 've not,
For this I have foregone for deeper stuff :
When first I looked on you and heard your voice
I fell into an adoration, thence
Into a longing, thence into a fever,
Thence to a scheming, and by this declension
Into this sin wherein you find me still.
Nor think because I call it sin I pause :
Sin is become a word to me, no more ;
A syllable from some fast-fading dream
Caught up to be rejected without sense
Or meaning in this world wherein I act.

FRANCES.—

Is then the conscience dead, and stand I here
Envroned by your person and your speech?
Most bitter and most cruel.

MAURICE.— Come, answer me :

To be my wife or give your father up
To the condemning law? that breath to sow
Dishonor in the general ear.

FRANCES.— O shame!

Turn from the deed and profit like a man
May profit every day—by being a man.
Sell not your honor for this paltry sum :
Make not the sacred altar but a block :
Stain not that awful fabric of your soul ;
The finer spirit dare the least offend
Being more variously touched.

MAURICE.— This is the truth
And is not you : I am not here for truth
Only for you.

FRANCES.— Lose not that finer part
That makes division 'tween me and the less:
Sell not your judgment for the thing that's judged;
The genius for the painting. O be kind,
And kindness shall suffice.

MAURICE.— Let it suffice
When I am kind.

FRANCES.— O look beyond the deed:
If beauty be the price set on your truth,
Know that you sell your truth for that base clod
That lies beneath your feet ; so shall I be
Ere you can cleanse your heart.

MAURICE.— This will suffice:
Your father falls.

FRANCES.— O I do part believe
An honored name will prove a slanderer's bane.

MAURICE.—
Humanity down, perjury becomes its truth
And truth its perjury ; an angel's evidence

Is discredited, but calumny in the lowest
Can bring it lower. Doubt not this is so,
The truth as experience has writ it down.

FRANCES.—To suffer all things is to believe all things.

MAURICE.—

Think that I sought you in the better way
As men seek what they love: fortune I have
Of no unworthy rate: station I have:
Accomplishments as bounteous as the schools:
Intelligence, refinement, gentle blood:
An honor tainted only in my love—
One who is fallen as your father fell,
Repenting ere the injury was done,
Remorseful in the deed, stricken when past;
But pushed by that necessity of sin
Which makes us all offending; that first sin
That 's less a sin than an experience
And birth of our remorse.

FRANCES.— Brave sin economist.

O spare not sin that it beget remorse
And works of repentance.

MAURICE.— Choose, and so end.

FRANCES.—You know my answer.

MAURICE.— You will be my wife?

FRANCES.—No: never, never, never!

MAURICE.— Then 'tis done:

Your father shall be ruined, your name dishonored.

FRANCES.—

O when you stand beyond this evil deed
Remember that an angel stood by you

Upon the better side and bid you pause,
The conscience and the human heart divine.

Enter Belmont at a distance.

MAURICE.—Look where your father is. I go my way.

FRANCES.—Stay, do not go.

MAURICE.— Why should I longer pause?

FRANCES.—I do consent. [*Exit Belmont.*]

MAURICE.— You are apparelled ; come.

FRANCES.—

With due ceremony let the deed be done :
Let Heaven be offended, but not men,
For there is light and here it is all dark,
And human judgment is a woman's life.
A little longer pause that we may cast
The mantle of ceremony o'er that block
Where women still are sold to slavery
As base as ever known, and make the church
The whited sepulcher so fair without
But foul as death within. Go, learn your trade.

[*Exit Maurice.*]

My beauty comes between me and the light.

I cannot doubt it now ; and once 'tis stript

He will no longer press this heavy suit :

And when I am deformed he will be dumb,

Since I can hold dishonor 'gainst dishonor,

Against my father's ruin set this shame

Of seeking me in marriage thus most foul ;

While fear of honor will o'ersway revenge.

My beauty is a prison which once down

My father is released. O, cruel bars,

I'll break you one by one: beauty, begone,
You that was still a household word to me—
And yet I saw no serpent in that word—
Begone I say. If vitriol has that power
To kill you in the flower, I 've that will
To root you out and this cruel serpent kill. [*Exit.*]

Scene 4.—A street.

Enter Fairfield and Foote.

FAIRFIELD.—Stand aside, Foote, and give me room to laugh.

FOOTE.—Why, what 's the matter now? I thought you were up at the hall initiating a new member into our destiny league.

FAIRFIELD.—Faith, no; young Belmont has slipped into my mask and he 's initiating Garland now, beating him like an old carpet.

FOOTE.—I had a box of cigars from Kirkwood for voting for that initiation bill. What was the bug in 't?

FAIRFIELD.—There 's a tale's tale. Do you think this destiny league was founded to convict the public?

FOOTE.—Why, so it has the better part: that official organ of ours is in the seventh edition. 'Tis the emancipation of destiny.

FAIRFIELD.—By this time Garland should be riding the ram of Atropos in the sign of Lachesis. That 's the twenty-fourth degree: eight more degrees to follow and a warm evening.

FOOTE.—This is destiny and to boot.

FAIRFIELD.—Tut, we have the law and the laugh on our side; may the good work go on.

FOOTE.—All is fate. Come up. [Exeunt.]

Scene 5.—A lawn before Belmont's house.

Enter Lambert.

LAMBERT.—Now was that Lucretia or Belmont's sister I passed at the gate? Hair o' gold, violet eyes: why, she exceeds conjecture. But Lucretia is ethereal eighteen, while this young lady must be some older. However, I'm no judge of a woman's age under forty-five, and then it goes hard if she keeps her bust.

Enter Lucretia.

LUCRETIA.—(*Aside*) La, here is my paramour.

LAMBERT.—Is Miss Lucretia Floyd within the house, Miss?

LUCRETIA.—No, sir: that lady just stepped out of the premises.

LAMBERT.—(*Aside*) Jove, it was Lucretia I saw at the gate: what a lucky fellow I am. When Miss Lucretia Floyd returns will you oblige me by giving her these flowers and this box of confectionery? and here's a dollar for you, Miss, for yellow ribbons or hosiery.

LUCRETIA.—Sir, retain your advances for the retinue. I will accept the flowers and confectionery: when Miss Lucretia Floyd returns she shall possess them and render her compliments.

LAMBERT.—(*Aside*) Sure the Belmonts must pay their servants in dictionaries; or else she gets this of Lucretia, for her letters are passion in six syllables.

LUCRETIA.—May this confectionery be chocolate creams?

LAMBERT.—Yes, Miss, chocolate creams.

LUCRETIA.—La, the lady is so fond of chocolate creams; the darkest chocolate cream has a white heart. These particular flowers, sir, have an exquisite aroma: I am so fond of violets and lilies of the valley.

LAMBERT.—(*Aside*) Why, she has actually smelt them! She will be eating the chocolates next and calling me "Lamb". But, Miss, will you not take them in and put them in a vase of water? I would not have them fade before the lady has them for a pearl of Ind.

LUCRETIA.—La, how romantic you talk. Do you reciprocate the lady so passionately?

LAMBERT.—(*Aside*) I must not offend her or she will put me out with Lucretia's guardian. Here, Miss, is a pretty ring I brought from the war: let me put it on your hand. You will be my friend? (*Puts the ring on Lucretia's finger*).

LUCRETIA.—La, sir, you have placed it on my nuptial finger.

LAMBERT.—(*Aside*) Her nuptial thumb. What next? Do we agree now, Miss?

LUCRETIA.—"Till death do us part."

LAMBERT.—Why, what the devil—

Enter Kirkwood.

O, get into the house! here is Kirk! get in! Jove!

[*Exit Lucretia.*]

KIRKWOOD.—O, Lambert, Lambert, I tremble for you.

LAMBERT.—No, believe me, Kirk, I didn't take her in my confidence: I was "sly," as you say; "peculiarly sly."

KIRKWOOD.—Will you do it, really?

LAMBERT.—No, Kirk, as you love me, believe me. I asked her if she knew her mother, I mean her grandmother, I mean—O, the devil, can't you give a lover a little rope? I mean liberty, Kirk, liberty.

KIRKWOOD.—And did she show you the picture of Lucretia?

LAMBERT.—No: but she showed me something better; the sweet original.

KIRKWOOD.—No.

LAMBERT.—Yes.

KIRKWOOD.—No, I say.

LAMBERT.—I say, she did.

KIRKWOOD.—Well: and what do you think of the sweet original?

LAMBERT.—Ravishing! hair o' gold, violet eyes. Why, man, she exceeds conjecture.

KIRKWOOD.—(*Aside*) Frances.

LAMBERT.—But, my good fellow, tell me this: why did you not keep Lucretia for yourself?

KIRKWOOD.—Zounds, sir, I'm a man of honor. But how came this little wench to show Lucretia to you?

LAMBERT.—Why, to be precise, she did not; she merely sustained me in a lover's intuition. I passed an angel at the gate, and when I asked this little wench if Miss Lucretia Floyd was in, she said that Lucretia had but

that moment quit the house, and then I knew this angel at the gate was Lucretia herself.

KIRKWOOD.—So it was in this manner you first saw your angel. Let me congratulate you, Lambert, in the love of Miss Lucretia Floyd.

LAMBERT.—I accept your congratulations. May she have a twin sister who shall become your bride.

KIRKWOOD.—Thanks, Lambert, thanks. But hold, I have something for you: I brought it down to your room but you were out. Here, take it, take it; cherish it, cherish it. (*Gives Lambert a small parcel.*)

LAMBERT.—In tissue! What is 't, a jewel?

KIRKWOOD.—Ay, ay, Lucretia's garter.

LAMBERT.—Lucretia's garter!

KIRKWOOD.—Now, Lambert, you are a knight of the garter and *Honi soit qui mal y pense*; which, translated from the vulgar, means, "Shame to him who evil thinks."

LAMBERT.—I take it with protestation.

KIRKWOOD.—You take this with protestation, yet take the lady and the mate without protestation? Be easy.

LAMBERT.—I'll wear it over my heart. But, Kirk, cannot you find some finer speeches for Lucretia than those cheap things I spoke last time? and something in prose; poetry is hell.

KIRKWOOD.—I will, Lambert, I will. Give me your hand: I will be both good angel and godfather to you.

LAMBERT.—Godfather! Have you no sentiment? no delicacy of feeling?

KIRKWOOD.—Tut, do not fall back on forgotten sentiment. Why, yes, I will be faithful even in twins.

LAMBERT.—Twins!

KIRKWOOD.—Why, man, there 's no more harm in triplets than in three white roses on one stem. What

teapot have you been sailing to get this queasy stomach? All is nature; a sextuple itself is nature, for what says the adage, Nature is nature in maximum and minimum and suffers no detriment by nature. Go, write that golden phrase over the nursery: Nature is nature in maximum and minimum and suffers no detriment by nature.

LAMBERT.—Jove, Kirk, you 're the better part brain and, if it's a boy, I'll name him after you.

KIRKWOOD.—I call this a burthen of gratitude. But say no more, Lambert, say no more. Come up to my room: I have some speeches for you to memorize. You speak them to-morrow night beneath Lucretia's window, and then elope. The spirit is willing and the flesh is waiting. [*Exeunt.*



ACT IV.

Scene 1.—A ballroom.

Belmont, Colvin, Hale, Maurice, a German, a Lieutenant, Frances, Laura, Conductor and Ladies and Gentlemen in Cotillion, and others, discovered.

COLVIN.—Maurice, a word before the next dance.

MAURICE.—Uncle, is 't you? How, I did not know you had returned.

COLVIN.—But an hour since, and hearing you had attended this dance—

MAURICE.—How long have you been here?

COLVIN.—A few moments.

MAURICE.—Then, sir, you have not yet met General Belmont?

COLVIN.—No: but for that purpose I am here. Which is he?

MAURICE.—(*Aside*) If he meet Belmont, I am ruined. I must deceive him.

COLVIN.—He is present, I understand.

MAURICE.—Present? yes, yes. Yonder he stands beside the evergreen.

COLVIN.—How, the gentleman with the eyeglasses?

MAURICE.—So. But do not ask for an introduction to-night: I must get my place. You shall meet him later.

COLVIN.—Assuredly this is not my old schoolfellow. His stature alone discredits it.

MAURICE.—Do you stay? I am called.

COLVIN.—No: I will take my leave. Good night, Maurice.

MAURICE.—Good night, sir.

[*Exit Colvin.*]

(*Aside*) 'Twill serve, 'twill serve. I must marry the daughter before he meets the father.

[*Retires.*]

(*A Figure and Waltz: music.*)

BELMONT.—(*Advances*) Why, sir, do you not join in the waltz; cannot you find a partner? Engage a lady. What, a soldier and a wall-flower?

LIEUTENANT.—Sir, had I been told at one-and-twenty I should be a Lieutenant at six-and-twenty, I would have learned to lead a cotillion. As it is, I know not the steps.

BELMONT.—For a soldier to dance is high policy in army polity.

LIEUTENANT.—Have you a daughter here, may I ask?

BELMONT.—Ay, one daughter.

LIEUTENANT.—Sir, though she 's as fair as the Three Graces, there is present a fairer lady.

BELMONT.—Which is she, Lieutenant?

LIEUTENANT.—Why, the Conductor's partner; Miss Belmont, daughter of General Belmont.

BELMONT.—As I am an old soldier, she is a fair lady. Can you point me out General Belmont himself, Lieutenant? I would meet the General: I have a son of three-and-twenty; I would have such a sweet lady for daughter.

Enter Colvin.

LIEUTENANT.—Yonder he stands behind Mr. Colvin, the gentleman who just entered: him with the eye-glasses. I overheard Lieutenant Colvin recognize him as General Belmont. I will mark the waltz.

BELMONT.—Stay: is that elderly gentleman kin to Lieutenant Colvin?

LIEUTENANT.—An uncle to Lieutenant Colvin.

BELMONT.—Are you positive?

LIEUTENANT.—I am.

BELMONT.—Perhaps you overheard some one designate him as a Colvin and an uncle to Lieutenant Colvin, and are mistaken?

LIEUTENANT.—No, sir, I have known him several years. Excuse me, I will mark the dance. [*Retires.*]

BELMONT.—(*Aside*) How like this Colvin is to that Colvin who held me guilty of his son's death. It is surely the brother of Richard Colvin, and, if I am discovered

by him, he will charge me with his brother's death, dishonoring my children. O man's mistaking of man!

[*Exit.*

COLVIN.—(*Advances*) (*Aside*) I will speak with this Belmont and ascertain his place of birth. I may be mistaken in his stature. Here he comes.

GERMAN.—(*Advances*) Can you tell me, sir, who is the Leader's lady? she queens it visibly.

COLVIN.—I am in ignorance. Go to the young men for the name of the fairest.

GERMAN.—'Tis well led, 'tis well led: but the cotillion is conducted some different on the Continent.

COLVIN.—Do you come from the Continent, may I ask?

GERMAN.—I am a German. Pardon me, I will speak with my daughter.

[*Retires.*

COLVIN.—(*Aside*) A German! Then Maurice is right; this is not Robert Belmont, my old schoolfellow. I wonder if he lives and still believes the world holds him guilty of my death. It seems I shall never know. [*Exit.*

[*Enter an attendant with flags and gives them to the Conductor.*

FRANCES.—(*Advances with Conductor*) Are we to have the flag figure?

CONDUCTOR.—What, are we not soldiers and the lovers of soldiers?

FRANCES.—I grant these are soldiers, if the officers can be called soldiers, and lovers of soldiers; but the ladies, sir, are not the lovers.

CONDUCTOR.—Which, then, are the lovers?

FRANCES.—Why, the soldiers; do they not love themselves?

CONDUCTOR.—You are bitter to-night. Has the arrangement of the figures displeased you?

FRANCES.—No, truly, 'tis I am weary.

CONDUCTOR.—Can triumph weary?

FRANCES.—Ay, I am crowned, but what of these un-crowned.

CONDUCTOR.—You acknowledge the triumph?

FRANCES.—No, I acknowledge the victory.

[*Hale advances.*

CONDUCTOR.—I must instruct the inexperienced and distribute my flags. You shall distribute yours when you are rested. Till then I leave you with Captain Hale.

[*Retires.*

FRANCES.—Sir, he has left me with you. Will you oblige a disease by catching it?

HALE.—Are beauty and triumph ever bitter?

FRANCES.—Are the foolish ever wise?

HALE.—Even a fool can admire.

FRANCES.—I will listen for that. Come, tell me of my beauty; no one overhears: nothing but "beauty" to-night. Come, speak; if you ever flattered, flatter now.

HALE.—Cannot beauty see itself with eyes that are its soul?

FRANCES.—Can the eye see the eye?

HALE.—Yet beauty can see its image though the eye cannot see the eye, for beauty lies in the judgment of others, and the mirror of beauty is compliment.

FRANCES.—Then, though I lose my beauty, I shall be fair while men praise?

HALE.—The memory of your beauty will exceed the beauty of others. The hushed lark is sweeter than the singing linnet.

FRANCES.—Now is the rose of compliment full blown ; and even now it 'gins to wither.

HALE.—There is a budding rose in the canker ; as my compliment withers my love buds.

FRANCES.—Is it only budding ? I will have love full blown. Speak figures, for here is the thief of love.

MAURICE.—(*Advances*) The military flag march follows, Miss Belmont.

FRANCES.—And then the crow Night shall feed her ravens. Is not that a hungry figure ?

HALE.—This hungry figure shall follow the flag march.

FRANCES.—No, no ; it is written, "On with the dance." Which shall it be, Lieutenant ?

MAURICE.—As it is written.

FRANCES.—Then, on with the dance. O my eyes ache counting the wall-flowers. Since Hannibal's cavaliers cooled their dancing heels in the Alps, I know of no war in which so few of the soldiers could dance. I will open a dancing school and instruct these mock cavaliers, or may never morrow dawn on my beauty.

CONDUCTOR.—(*Advances*) Miss Belmont, you will please distribute these duplicate flags to the gentlemen. (*Gives Frances flags*).

FRANCES.—Treason, sir, treason ! here is the flag of Spain against the Stars and Stripes.

CONDUCTOR.—Ho ! let the Arnold be searched out.

FRANCES.—Hush! hush! on with the dance. Captain Hale, take Old Glory under which you fought so gallantly. (*Gives Hale an American flag*). Lieutenant Colvin, to you the flag of Spain; dance under that. (*Gives Maurice a Spanish flag*). To the rest as it please a woman. [*Retires.*]

HALE.—You have it full, Colvin: can you bear it out?

MAURICE.—Let the period attest.

[*Music; military flag march; then dance, etc.*]

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—(*Advances with Second Gentleman*) A patriotic march that.

SECOND GENTLEMAN.—A politic dance of nations—each with itself. Did you mark how they put Lieutenant Colvin under the flag of Spain?

FIRST GENTLEMAN.—A grim honor i' the eye o' the time. Come, the dance is ended.

[*Then retire.*]

FRANCES (*Advances with Hale*) Cannot you find my father?

HALE.— He is gone;
But I will be your cavalier to-night
And see you to your rest.

FRANCES.— The first in praise
Seize on my hand.

HALE.— Am I not first in praise,
And first in love?

FRANCES.— And first in jealousy.

HALE.—
Let me not praise you as we praise a star
In the immeasurable heavens, too far to hear;

But even as the wind may praise a shell
Which makes that praise its music.

FRANCES.— This is sweet,
But is it love platonic?

HALE.— Love platonic!
In your fair eyes the ineffectual fire
Of his ideal 'gins to pale for death:
Before your lightest breath his works are chaff.
Plato makes not a letter in your name.
A living woman for a dead philosopher
Is the new enlightenment, to whose articles
I am subscribed.

FRANCES.— Indeed! you are forsworn.
You swore our love should be platonic love:
The oath is not yet cold.

HALE.— The oath was love's:
To please the one I love I forswore love;
And love forsworn for love 's a triple bond
Of love, of kindness, and of charity.

FRANCES.—
Now night has snuffed the wick of all pastime
And leaves us darkling: ended is the dance,
Ended the music and the passioned maze,
Ended the compliment and triumph sweet.
Good night, good night.

HALE.— Bid good morrow to pleasure.

FRANCES.—
It is the heart that makes occasions deep:
To these this is a dance and nothing more,
An occupation for a skipping toe;
But I have tasted that within the wine
Of which the heart drinks deep.

HALE.— Give it a name.

FRANCES.—Not "love".

HALE.— Not "love"?

FRANCES.— Perchance "platonic love".

Once more search for my father while I wait.

HALE.—Now I am humble yet I dare obey. [*Retires.*]

FRANCES.—(*Aside*)

Then farewell beauty, farewell compliment;

And you, too, chivalry, and you, triumph:

To-morrow I must wake with face deformed

To shield my father from this traitor friend,

For what is noble that I think is true,

And what is noble that I mean to do.

HALE.—(*Advances.*) I'm told your father's gone.

FRANCES.— Serve in his stead

And see me home.

HALE.— A crown to pleasure's crown.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene 2.—A hall.

*Garland, Fairfield, Kirkwood, Foote, Bernice, Edith, and
Members of Destiny League discovered.*

MEMBER.—Why did Garland take the floor? no one heeds him.

FOOTE.—He always addresses himself; 'tis no matter. The politicians call him Old Prolixity.

MEMBER.—Look you, the playful Belmont has taken the floor.

FOOTE.—He will keep it; there's no appeal from the Chair.

MEMBER.—What 's that good for? all is fate. This Belmont takes the floor like an Apache—for a scalp.

FOOTE.—But Garland takes the floor like Father Time—till doomsday.

MEMBER.—If it be to damn, he comes prepared.

FOOTE.—Sure, Kirkwood is going to damn some one—the hour sits so easy on him. Mark you, he will take nothing serious in the argument that his opponent shall not be taken serious.

KIRKWOOD.—Ladies and Gentlemen of the League, Nebuchadnezzar, king of Babylon, in the fulness of his wisdom, said, Grass is where you get it: I say, Truth is where you find it.

FOOTE.—That 's well balanced.

KIRKWOOD.—A John is not so young but his words should be digested, nor a Machiavel so old but his argument should be resolved. There is a motion before the committee as to whether it is not wiser this league discontinue its official organ; a motion proposed by that honorable member, Mr. Garland. Ladies and Gentlemen of the league, any fool can be a martyr, and I will not be a martyr in reputation to this motion to discontinue our official organ, yet neither will I be like that blind man lost in a fog, who vilified the fog.

GARLAND.—Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order.

FAIRFIELD.—Please state the point of order.

GARLAND.—The speaker is wandering from his subject.

FAIRFIELD.—Point not well taken: the greatest distance from any point in argument is there where we approach it.

KIRKWOOD.—Ladies and Gentlemen of the league, there is a point in every stick; the whittling 's the thing. Allow me to whittle. (*Laughter.*) History is not the laughing philosopher that we should so lightly set aside the history of leagues without an official organ. The illustrious academy of Athens had no official organ: where is that classic league to-night? what eye has seen its advertisement? what ear has heard its gavel?

MEMBER.—Do you mark Garland?

FOOTE.—He has found his blush.

KIRKWOOD.—Each office has its mischief, and the editor of our official organ—the editor 's to blame—with whom it has still been, Me and the gods, and not that reverential, 'The gods and me, has abused his sacred trust, showing no more conscience in that exalted position than a certain other historic figure, I mean the Cock Lane ghost in the Psalms. (*Laughter.*) Why do you laugh? are we gathered here to laugh while the stars of liberty are falling! for what is our official organ but our liberty: are we gathered here to dream while calamity is awakening—while the sacred rights of public discussion are assailed! for what privilege have we to public discussion but the privilege of our official organ. Ladies and Gentlemen of the league, what is destiny without liberty! what is liberty without ink!

FOOTE.—Printers' ink forever!

KIRKWOOD.—Gentlemen, remember we all are candidates for editor, and to him who can keep his mouth closed all ways shall lie open, even dinner ways. (*Laughter.*)

FAIRFIELD.—Order, order: let the speaker proceed.

EDITH.—A very informal speech, I think.

KIRKWOOD.—Coroners and undertakers are human, so are editors: we must not confound principles with flesh; we must not confound the principles of our league with the flesh of our editor. Flesh is grass; principle is dawn: grass can be mowed down; who can bind the dawn?

MEMBER.—Bravo! bravo!

KIRKWOOD.—Ladies and Gentlemen of the league, we shall always have the fools with us, and a fool and his pen is riding the neck of this league like the ‘Old Man of the Sea’, who was an editor’s son. What grapes shall we crush to cast him off? what, but the rich cluster of our ballot.

MEMBER.—Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order.

FAIRFIELD.—Please state the point of order.

MEMBER.—The speaker is dealing in personal abuse.

FAIRFIELD.—Point not well taken.

KIRKWOOD.—Who can deal with abuse and not be personal? Does that member think the Elements of Euclid has disgraced this league? Is that member so blind as to believe Archimede’s screw is editing our official organ, that I should not be personal in speaking of abuse? No, Ladies and Gentlemen of the league, let us be one with the politician, let us not believe all we say. (*Laughter.*)

FAIRFIELD.—Order, order: let the speaker proceed.

FOOTE.—All is fate.

KIRKWOOD.—In the dark all men but ourselves are villains, and I have not yet so enlightened this subject but there may be present him who thinks I have base motives concealed in these flowers of speech.

FOOTE.—No, no.

KIRKWOOD.—The regard of my collegiate overcomes me: I pause to wipe a tear from my notes. Ladies and Gentlemen of the league, shall we discontinue our official organ that the editor, who is grass, has abused his trust? our official organ, without which our league must ever be as barren as a history of the American-Spanish war without Admiral Dewey, the Father of glories.

FOOTE.—Bravo; hear, hear!

KIRKWOOD.—Shall we be a cause without hands? a principle without an organ? a truth without communion? a prophecy without a trump? a light without a throne? Shall we lose our splendid pre-eminence for this slight default? Shall Rome go down from her seven pleasant hills and dwell in the valleys? Shall the end be there where our love thought the beginning was?

MEMBER.—The ballot, the ballot.

FAIRFIELD.—Are you ready for the ballot?

MEMBER.—Ay, ay.

KIRKWOOD.—Now may eloquence be the father of good works.

FAIRFIELD.—As many as are in favor of discontinuing our official organ will stand. [*Garland stands.*]

FOOTE.—The Fates win.

FAIRFIELD.—The motion is lost: all is fate.

BERNICE.—(*Aside to Kirkwood*) Thanks, thanks, Kirk; you have saved my position: with the discontinuance of the official organ my occupation were gone.

KIRKWOOD.—(*Aside*) But this is dear eloquence to me; I must pay the printer for this same official organ: I am the bank of my own eloquence. And, sure, I must ban-

quet the Chair for keeping me on the floor : a cold bottle and a hot bird for the Chair.

MEMBER.—I move this assembly adjourn till next Friday.

FAIRFIELD.—Meeting adjourned.

[Exeunt Garland, Foote and Members.]

Why does Garland seek to discontinue our official organ? This editorial was a mistake of the editor, and can easily be corrected. It does not shame us.

KIRKWOOD.—I think he wishes to kill the league.

FAIRFIELD.—Why so?

KIRKWOOD.—He may know I initiated him. O, it shames me that I did not beat him openly, but he is a pillar of Hercules beside me. What do you think of my eloquence?

FAIRFIELD.—Go to the Senate, son.

KIRKWOOD.—Why, there you say; the world doesn't know half of my versatility. Yes: I would make a rare orator; just enough misjudgment to concientiously abuse; enthusiasm to damn extempore; wit enough to corrupt my opponent's coming on and impeach his going off; Scripture enough to bring the devil home to 'em; history enough to be dangerous; can give truth a holiday at a minute's notice; can make 'em think they are thinking with an epigram; miscellany enough to pass for learning; humor to heap ridicule on my opponent, overcoming the man, not the question, for the public always confounds the man and the question; and, in conclusion, leave 'em in the clouds riding some blazing figure, and there's my ballot home.

FAIRFIELD.—May I see you home, Miss Prescott?

EDITH.—I thank you: you may.

KIRKWOOD.—Lead on, lead on. Bernice, let me whisper a secret in your ear: this is a very sweet league, i' faith, but, dear heart, there is no destiny but woman.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene 3.—A drug store.

Clerk, with newspaper, discovered.

CLERK.—She hasn't thrown the vitriol yet; we are about to lose a good advertisement.

Enter Maurice.

Colvin, what can I do for you?

MAURICE.—I have a headache in the front and eyes, obscuring the sight. Have you medicine to cure that?

CLERK.—Ay, here 's what will mend that fault. (*Gives Maurice medicine*). Have you read the morning papers?

MAURICE.—No. Why?

CLERK.—A whole scandal. I'm looking for a case of vitriol throwing in high life.

MAURICE.—How comes it?

CLERK.—I'll tell you ; talk 's cheap. A fashionably dressed woman, heavily veiled, stepped in last night and wanted to purchase some oil of vitriol. Now what, in the name of all that 's reasonable, does a woman want with vitriol if it be not to throw at a rival?

MAURICE.—So!

CLERK.—Well, I told her it is against the law to sell vitriol—I'll not sell a woman vitriol—but I could sell her a good substitute for vitriol. Told her if she should spill a drop of this substitute on her hand, it would produce

all the effects of oil of vitriol, but without danger or pain; draw and discolor the skin; ruin the hand for life. Be careful.

MAURICE.—Well?

CLERK.—Why, man, she jumped at the stuff. Here's a merciful vitriol thrower.

MAURICE.—You may be mistaken.

CLERK.—Mistaken? I don't keep the article. Look you, I charged her ten prices for the stuff and she paid it without demur—a woman! There's conviction. She wants that stuff to throw at some pretty face that's playing fast and faster with her lover.

MAURICE.—And you are looking for the item?

CLERK.—Tut, I know what side o' public opinion a man can laugh on. The stuff's as harmless as salt; it's a volatile stain that will vanish in twenty hours with the toilet, but bad, bad till it fade. What a consummate advertisement it will be if it's in high life and the papers get it vitriol and I can buttonhole a reporter. The firm should cut ten per cent for the event.

MAURICE.—So.

CLERK.—Foh! I know what I know. Where's your headache now? All gone: I know 't.

MAURICE.—Beauty is frail.

CLERK.—True: but here's a wholesale catalogue of beauty creams: I'll cut 'em ten to forty per cent with the war tax: let 'em mend it.

MAURICE.—Bah!

[Exit.

CLERK.—I believe he thinks I'm mistaken about that woman. When I get the item I'll not say anything, but I'll send him a marked copy.

[Exit.

Scene 4.—A lawn before Belmont's house.

Enter Frances, heavily veiled.

FRANCES.—

O now I feel, whene'er I ope my lips,
I'll pour contempt and scorn upon the world:
Being contemptible I hate all things.
Then beauty was all my boasted charity,
That when my beauty's gone my pity dies
And all my gentleness is rooted out:
Then I was kind that I was ever fair;
Not that my heart is gentle, but in my fairness
I pitied others till that pity born
Of pride had grown to be a charity.
Indifference is the charity of men
And pride of women, I have heard it said;
And pride, I see, has been my charity;
Pride and contempt. O I am stript indeed:
My heart's no better than gross flattery
Which praised my beauty till I grew most kind
Through fulsome satisfaction with myself
And mere contempt for others.

Enter Hale.

HALE.— Miss Belmont,

Is this veil a beauty mask?

FRANCES.— 'Tis naught, 'tis naught.

HALE.—

Then put it by for it becomes you not.

I'll pluck it off.

FRANCES.— No, no!

HALE.— In faith, I will.

FRANCES.—You are uncivil, sir.

HALE.— How now, offended?

FRANCES.—You might divine as much.

HALE.— You speak as grieved:
How may I make amends?

FRANCES.— Go; leave me here.

HALE.—

Come, let me see your eyes; what 's sparkling there
Of laughter or disdain.

FRANCES.— I'm serious.

Let that be registered with your beliefs.

HALE.—

Then in your dreams I have offended you:
Let me be true in dreams. Last night it was
You laughed at me in dreams; your look was like
Your absence and your presence in one brow
Crowned with your sunny hair.

FRANCES.— This was a dream.

HALE.—

Dreams paint you fair, but daylight paints you fairer.

FRANCES.—

If you have any brain to see I'm vexed,
Leave me alone awhile.

HALE.— My brain 's all heart.

If I can find the reason why you're vexed
I'll kill vexation though it be my love.

Adieu: I am dismissed.

[*Exit.*

FRANCES.—

I know my heart must put your name away
And no more must be heard of with my own.
Then farewell, Philip; I am not myself;
My face is as hideous to look upon
As vitriol's cruel; all loathsome and deformed :
The deed is done that cannot be undone,
And now I fear it was not wisely done
For where there is no honor there's no end :
His evil mind may seek revenge for this
That overleaps all fear.

Enter Laura behind.

Alas, alas,
I would I had my beauty back again
That now is lost forever. (*Turning around.*) Laura,
is 't you?

Why do you steal upon me thus?

LAURA.— Here's ado.

You have not lost your beauty that you're veiled?
Is all transformed beneath?

FRANCES.— What do you mean?

I wear this veil i' the sun.

LAURA.— You can speak false

As well as play coquette : I heard your speech
Confessing your beauty lost.

FRANCES.— Leave me alone.

LAURA.—

If tears are company, you're not alone.

If grief is company, you're not alone.

Your veil is wet o'er the eyes.

FRANCES.— It is not so,—

I mean, not for that cause : I weep for you.

LAURA.—O sweet religious tears.

FRANCES.— For shame, Laura.

LAURA.—

Now will you make a gentle housekeeper,

For 'tis the occupation of the plain.

No more a candle is your beauty's soul,

But it lies deeper ; it is gentleness ;

For you will make a virtue of homeliness.

Your beauty now lies too deep for accident,

'Tis moral ; beauty that the blind can see :

While patience shall become a second nature.

Write down these homilies within a book

Sacred to housekeeping receipts.

FRANCES.— You prate

As wide as jealousy may err from truth :

I suffer no detraction.

LAURA.— Speak direct.

You suffer no detraction ; you may add

In height or weight, and ease your conscience so :

But if I think your beauty suffers none

Then my belief has made a falsehood here,

For as you'd have another take your words

Even so they're spoke.

FRANCES.— I will not ope my lips.

LAURA.—

Your silence will convict you, but your speech

Will perjure you ; and you are honorable.

Well, 'tis the occupation of the plain.

FRANCES.—

I cannot understand so narrow nature:
My heart would smother were it cramped like yours.
How can you be yourself and enjoy aught?
And yet the spider creeps not at itself
But to itself seems liberal as the rose.

LAURA.—

And so your beauty 's lost; 'tis strange, 'tis strange,
'Tis passing strange:
And yet 'tis lost: I am assured of that.
Ah, Frances, do you know how fair you were?
But all is lost.

Enter Maurice at a distance.

Look there where Maurice comes.
What part of woman have you fed him on
To root out faith and constancy in him?
What but your beauty: but that 's gone from you:
Then let him come and mock, himself most mocked.
'Tis not he cares for you; you are his toy. [*Exit.*

FRANCES.—

Let 's come to misery without delay,
Speak face to face.

MAURICE.— Stay, do not lift that veil.

FRANCES.— Why will you have me veiled?

MAURICE.— Many thanks are due
That I cannot see your face.

FRANCES.— What do you mean?

MAURICE.—

I was a soldier once: I am not now;
I have my dishonorable discharge.

FRANCES.— 'Tis so.

MAURICE.—

And once I thought myself a gentleman,
But that's gone too.

FRANCES.— 'Twill find your honor out
And keep it company, united still.

MAURICE.—

Yet, since the evil's not beyond recall,
I am content.

FRANCES.— You mean—

MAURICE.— I mean you're free.

I here release you of this compulsory marriage.

FRANCES.—That! that!

MAURICE.— I've wrestled and have overcome.

Enjoin what it shall please you for this deed
And you shall find me prompt.

FRANCES.— But I am free?

MAURICE.—I've said.

FRANCES.— O me! you have repented this?

Why do you speak so late?

MAURICE.— It is my best.

Yet naught is past recall but your distress.

FRANCES.—O blind, blind, blind!

MAURICE.— Stay, do not lift your veil,

There is a temptor there; a word or two
Till it is put away.

FRANCES.— I'm dumb: speak on.

MAURICE.—Where is your father?

FRANCES.— He is not at home,
Nor will be for two days.

MAURICE.— Then tell him this :
That Colvin whom he shot by accident
Recovered of that wound ; he did not die,—
Your father was mistaken when he fled,—
And that same Colvin 's my uncle. At a word,
I bring him before your father in his home
To sweep aside the rancor of these years
And greet your father as his dearest friend.

FRANCES.—Justice is come again.

MAURICE.— 'Tis even so.
If you will say you pardon me this deed,
Why, it were kindly said.

FRANCES.— I'll lift my veil.

MAURICE.—I have disarmed myself ; 'tis all alike.

FRANCES.—

You 're right, you 're right : I will not lift my veil.
Why should I so ?

MAURICE.— But you will pardon me ?

FRANCES.—Pardon you ? no.

MAURICE.— Why, then, 'tis even so.

FRANCES.—Stay ; I do pardon you ; 'tis all alike.

MAURICE.—

I thank you, I thank you.
I might have numbered you amongst my faiths ;
I choose to number you amongst my doubts.

FRANCES.—

But for this pardon there is yet one work :
Laura believes that I have injured her
By selfishly estranging you from her :
She may have overheard some part of this

And speak as from abuse and circumstance.
Go tell her that I still was innocent,
And deal with my poor friend as honorably
As remorse may move you.

MAURICE.— I will do so. [Exit.

FRANCES.—

My father freed ; and part is due to me,
Which is some comfort : and I too am freed :
My friend recalled whom I would cherish still,
Put to distraction by deep jealousy :
And half of sorrow an experience.
But O ! I am disfigured till the end,
And now must stand apart and look on youth
Who might have played the sweetest part therein.

O had I known of this but yesterday
All night I had stayed awake to paint this day
The consummation of my maiden hopes,
This day which issues in the worser dream.

Ah, what a waste of spirit 's human life. [Exit.

Scene 5.—Beside Belmont's house.

Enter Kirkwood and Lambert.

KIRKWOOD.—Now, Lambert, remember "all the world loves a lover", and love has no other name. See, I have set up a ladder to the window of your lady love, and when I tell you to mount, mount.

LAMBERT.—But not till then.

KIRKWOOD.—Swear by your honor that when you elope you will not play this trusting Lucretia false.

LAMBERT.—What, have I not an authentic marriage license in my pocket?

KIRKWOOD.—And the ring?

LAMBERT.—Likewise the ring.

KIRKWOOD.—Good: let your faith reach around the ring and meet in a glorious marriage knot. But can you speak the sentiments without halting in the very presence of Lucretia?

LAMBERT.—I can speak anything in ten tongues when she speaks of love in one: I 'm all fire.

KIRKWOOD.—With the warp of your love I have mingled the woof of my own. But you must not halt in these speeches; she is romantic to her readings.

LAMBERT.—I bear wings, not crutches, in love.

KIRKWOOD.—You're flint o' gold to-night.

LAMBERT.—

Lo, Dian, on yon silver crescent mount,
Has lit sweet Even to her orient chambers,
And Night—

But I say, Kirk, there is no mount;
only the moon behind your stable tower.

KIRKWOOD.—Let love be the scenery, the painting and the poem. In your lady's eye are Tempe and Arcady; there is the day-spring and there the twilight. It was Mohammed who went to the mount when the mount would not come to Mohammed, but the lover talks on.

LAMBERT.—Shall I throw this pebble against Lucretia's window?

KIRKWOOD.—What, will you wake your lady love from dreams of you with a base pebble, a pebble perchance that little cunning, homely Ethiopian wench has

tread upon? No, take these: I have de-stoned my cabinet of specimens, black diamond and white chalcedony, smoky topaz and opal, obsidian and moonstone, jet and pearl. Take these and cast them at the window of Lucretia. What if they are lost i' the morning, did they not serve i' the night?

LAMBERT.—Jove, all black and white: give me 'em.

[Receives the stones from Kirkwood and casts them against balcony window.]

KIRKWOOD.—There was a Hero and a Leander once, a Laura and a Petrarch; but they are bright exhalations fallen into the dawn; they are eclipsed by Lambert and Lucretia. There are two new chords in the lyre of Venus, and their clear divinity shall never be mute. Who henceforth would wake the hymn of love must strike these two master chords. Ha, you are food for poets.

Enter Lucretia above on balcony, veiled in white and partly screened from below by vines and trellis.

She comes!

LAMBERT.—She comes!

Lo, Dian, on yon silver crescent mount,
Has lit sweet Even to her orient chambers,
And Night, Night regal, comes midst falling dew
And breathes the Venus on the upland hill.
O, mine, enamoured, come out in the night;
Beauty was made for night, such night as this,—
Heaven is fine and free of idle rack
And Summer is enamoured of the dusk:

Then come thou out, beloved as thou art ;
Come o'er the dews, my Queen, come o'er to me
With kisses thick as evening's starry count.

KIRKWOOD.—Good, good.

LAMBERT.—I think so : good accent ; sound discretion.

LUCRETIA.—

O spent 's the arrow, bent the golden bow ;
And I am gentle Love's fond prisoner :
Upon my cheeks two evening roses blow,
Still watered by my happy cadent tears.

LAMBERT.—Jove, now will I devour roses.

KIRKWOOD.—A rose is a lover's grape, and here 's a
whole vineyard.

LAMBERT.—I'll have her.

KIRKWOOD.—You may ; that little god, Love, has
pierced her to the white.

LAMBERT.—

Since when upon a golden eagle's wing
Love hung o'er hymned Olympus like a star
And sailed upon that winged argosy
Over a golden bar of melody
To dales of Tempe where Psyche sojourned,
Never has Love rejoiced to such a pitch
As he rejoices in this summer night.

KIRKWOOD.—Never, man.

LAMBERT.—Never.

LUCRETIA.—

O bind not Love, or he will grasp his bow
And make such discord with the golden string
That morning's budding dew may never blow,
The rose will die and birds' shall cease to sing.

LAMBERT.—What do you call 'em, album verses?

KIRKWOOD.—O come away—

LAMBERT.—

O come away, my Love, to summer dales ;
The bee shall get his honey from thy lips
To feed another race of woodland gods :
The butterfly shall take thee for the rose
Or for the lily or the goldenrod,
And bring his love to circle 'round thy eyes :
The doe shall share with thee her crystal well
As with some gentle spirit of the vale :
The buds will blow when thou shall sing of May:
The Hours shall come down around thy feet
And dance unto the music in thy heart.

KIRKWOOD.—Courage; we are doing famously.

LAMBERT.—Famously is not the word—admirably.

KIRKWOOD.—Come, come; don't split hairs i' the dark.

LUCRETIA.—

Thou hast troubled deep my clear Pierian spring,
A fountain of your Loves 'tis issuing;
And Plato's bird is amorous with a name
That Plato banished with its load of shame.

KIRKWOOD.—She 's as wise as she is beautiful.

LAMBERT.—Will she sing to me?

KIRKWOOD.—Why, you must ask her. (*A dog howls.*)
Plague take that cur of unutterable woe. O, Love, the
nightingale—

LAMBERT.—

O, Love, the nightingale has closed his song,
And bends in evening for the echoes sweet:

Sing, and he shall mistake thy voice for his,
Thrown back from waters where bright Venus sleeps.

LUCRETIA.—

Ah, Love, I am a tender song to-night,
Stirred by sweet yearnings for my Love's delight.

(Sings)

O there 's a dulcet blackbird thrilling,
And thrilling but for thee:

O there 's a darkling blackbird rilling
In golden ecstasy.

Sweet, sweet, sweet,
The world is ours
And love is ours,
And dews are at our feet.

O there 's a black rose midst the cream ones,
That 's blowing but for thee:

O there 's a waked rose midst the dream ones,
That Love shall soon set free.

Sweet, sweet, sweet,
The world is ours
And love is ours,
And dews are at our feet.

LAMBERT.—Ah, it is to love.

KIRKWOOD.—Ah, it is to love and be loved.

LAMBERT.—But, Kirk, what makes her voice so mellow?

KIRKWOOD.—'Tis love.

LAMBERT.—I sometimes think I have heard her voice before, I mean before I met her; yet I cannot place it. Jove, where have I heard her voice before?

KIRKWOOD.—Does her voice haunt you as from eternity? as from some anterior existence? as from some other life you seem to have lived?

LAMBERT.—It's something that way; far off; spiritual.

KIRKWOOD.—Why, then, she's your affinity, and in eternity, that is in some anterior existence, you have heard her voice, perhaps rilling this self same song. This is too heavy to discuss at present, on eggs, as it were, but doubt not she is Psyche, your Soul. Mount.

LAMBERT.—Jove, the hour is come!

KIRKWOOD.—Is the lover ready?

LAMBERT.—Ready.

KIRKWOOD.—Mount, and remember “faint heart never won fair lady.” (*Lambert mounts to the balcony.*) Now let the stars reel. Soft, I will throw down the ladder; they might actually elope. (*Throws down the ladder.*) Blessings on my heart.

LAMBERT.—Have I caught you, Psyche, my Soul?

LUCRETIA.—La, you may buss me now.

KIRKWOOD.—La, she's as warm as a 'possum.

LAMBERT.—What makes your voice so mellow, Love?

LUCRETIA.—'Tis joy.

LAMBERT.—What makes your lips so thick, Love?

LUCRETIA.—O 'tis from kissing your picture every hour I live.

LAMBERT.—Your cheek is rough, Love. What's this? a veil! and these? gloves! Come to the light and let me see your face. A veil!

LUCRETIA.—O love is blind: stay here i' the dark.

LAMBERT.—No, let me see your face; the hair o' gold, the violet eyes. O come away.

LUCRETIA.—(*Laughing.*) Then kiss me twenty times i' the dark.

LAMBERT.—A hundred. (*Kisses her.*) Now come to the light: from kisses to light, from light to kisses.

LUCRETIA.—La, I am “nothing loath.”

LAMBERT.—I am passionately, madly, in love with you. Jove, I will devour those roses in your cheeks.

LUCRETIA.—They are white roses.

LAMBERT.—White roses! come to the light, come to the light; let me see 'em.

[*They come from behind trellis, etc.*

LUCRETIA.—Love is blind.

LAMBERT.—Ay, Love is blind.

KIRKWOOD.—O, Lord, what if he 's color blind.

LAMBERT.—(*Taking off Lucretia's veil.*) Spiders and toads, it is a negro wench!

LUCRETIA.—I am no wench; I am a lady, sir: this color (*touching her cheek*), I assure you, is but skin deep; besides Cleopatra was dark.

LAMBERT.—Are you Lucretia Floyd, with whom I 'm in love?

LUCRETIA.—I 'm Lucretia Floyd, me honey; that pearl of Ind, that well of love. (*Throwing her arms about Lambert's neck.*) La, how romantic!

LAMBERT.—Now I see how I 'm abused; now I see it all. I 'm no ass, I 'm no ass. Let me be gone; let go my neck, you soot-hen, you soot-hen.

LUCRETIA.—I 'm no soot-hen; I 'm a cake-walk belle.

LAMBERT.—O hell!

LUCRETIA.—They told me love is blind!

LAMBERT.—Ugh!

LUCRETIA.—Is our romance ended?

LAMBERT.—Ugh!

LUCRETIA.—Then, take that (*slapping Lambert*), you gross, unromantic thing. I am too fair of face for you.

[*Exit.*

LAMBERT.—Damn, damn, damn, damn!

KIRKWOOD.—O, Lambert, Lambert, what joy, what bliss, what rapture, if the lady had just been Chinese.

[*Exit.*

LAMBERT.—Where 's that ladder? fallen down! I must jump. I wish he was beneath. (*Leaps from balcony.*) My pictures! letters! Jezebel! I have set a price on my head and the prince of fools has bought me. I will go hunt Andree.

[*Exit.*



ACT V.

Scene 1.—A room in Belmont's house.

Enter Frances, heavily veiled.

FRANCES.—

Long since I read how that a lady fair
First saw her image in her daughter's face,
The only glass the Spirit could not enchant;
But I shall never see my image more,
That uncorrupted image of myself;
Nor have I heart to look upon what 's marred:
Once did I look, most swooning at the sight,
And rather than look on this brow deformed
Or have another mark what ruin 's here,
I shall go veiled. Who calls it cowardice,
Let her drink of this cup of bitterness
Of which there is no bottom; let her drink
And learn what beauty is when it is lost.
Yet if I cannot be a beauty veiled,
I'll strive to be a heart behind a veil. [*Exit.*

Scene 2.—A pathway.

Enter Maurice and Laura.

MAURICE.—

Gather her innocence from these few words
Which come so tardily. Her fault was mine.
Your name was very near to tears with her
When coupled with misjudgment: go to her,

She is your friend and this is your mistake,
Which known, your rancorous words are all forgot.
I have o'erstept my honor in so far—
Which I may not explain nor never will—
That I must lose your love.

LAURA.— What have you done ?

MAURICE.—

I have done naught but have attempted much
That is not sweet for me to think upon.
Let it go by : only the deed 's not mine
But the temptation.

LAURA.— I'm as fair as she,
And can converse as reasonably as she ;
Esteemed as much by those who know us well :
And though she 's witty she abuses that ;
A virtue more for evil than for good ;
Quite out of concord with that cadence sweet
When virtue waits on virtue, none in extreme
Passioned from merit to default.

MAURICE.— Well said :

But let 't go by.

LAURA.— O, I can speak right on,
And show that Frances Belmont has her faults
Which need a critic who has eye and brain.
Besides she 's a coquette and I doubt not
That you did see some lightness in her 'havior
Which led to this, for men are men we know.
Fie ! she shall not estrange your heart from mine :
I love you better for this slight trespass.
Come, never think of this ; Maurice, forget.

MAURICE.—No, you misjudge her. But you'll be her friend?

LAURA.—

There 's time for that. Enough of this to-day.

Come, we shall spend the evening at a play. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene 3.—Grounds before Garland's house.

Enter Kirkwood and Bernice.

KIRKWOOD.—O, Bernice, do you know the true Promethean fire ascends to heaven and not descends from heaven? and that your love has taught me this?

BERNICE.—From the same book, Kirk, is it not possible we have learned the same lesson?

KIRKWOOD.—Let me not complain, Bernice; but your love is like a white rose i' a church and blows too near the sacrament.

BERNICE.—Can love be too near the angels?

KIRKWOOD.—Ah, Bernice, I know myself, and—I am grieved to say—there is little of the angel in that knowledge; though, as the world goes, I can turn to satisfaction and content in myself on both hands. No; I keep no record of my sins but my enemies; no remembrance of my virtues but my friends; and I cannot show you the book of my deeds, unless you can find that book in my friends, who exceed my enemies. But, dear heart, when I forget the angels believe I am scheming some kindness for this lesser breed.

BERNICE.—I know you are a noble hearted gentleman.

KIRKWOOD.—Why, there you say: I would have said

the same myself had not modesty forbid. Add now the adage—How much dearer is the husband than the lover.

BERNICE.—I have learned the adage differently, Kirk.

KIRKWOOD.—Bernice, I will allow you exactly an hour to dress for visiting: bring all your art to bear on your toilet and, dear heart, wear something white at the throat.

BERNICE.—Where will you have me go?

KIRKWOOD.—I will tell you: my father will return home exactly at four o'clock; Frances has golden news for him which, I doubt not, will make his heart mellow: she will break this news at a quarter past four: five minutes after the quarter you and I will present ourselves before that brave old gentleman—nay, nay, do not deny me, Bernice; I saw his blessings in 's eyes.

BERNICE.—I will not deny you, Kirk.

KIRKWOOD.—Thanks, thanks. Why, what a thing this is I must be hedged in with parental approval. Let me not think on 't; I'm bitter at times. Will you go in, sweet? meanwhile I will walk up and down here and, while I smoke, endeavour to grasp a new virtue.

BERNICE.—An hour is my privilege?

KIRKWOOD.—What, an hour for a toilet, an hour? then you are of the roses, red. (*Exit Bernice.*) Time was I was a very dependent young fellow; but that was before my aunt died: time was, I heard the pealing of the spheres more often than the ringing of golden dollars; but that was before my aunt died: time was, I had so run in debt my creditors would not trust me with this same Spanish deficit; but that too was before my aunt died. By this good day, I was still beholden to this lady, yet

without the knowledge. But are we not all most beholden where we least conceive? There is Garland, for instance; is he not under infinite obligation to me for that drubbing I gave him? and he conceives it was Fairfield—perhaps. Well, to God be the praise and to men the light. [*Exit.*]

Scene 4.—Parlors in Belmont's house.

Enter Hale and Frances, heavily veiled.

HALE.—

Will nothing move you to undo this veil
That I may mark the workings of your face
And know when scorn is scorn, when jest is jest,
And gather some faint clue to irony.
I cannot find your humor in your voice
But it will stand inverted in your face.

FRANCES.—

If you cannot distinguish by my words
How I have spoken, think not in my face
To find it out.

HALE.— Your face is the better part

Of conversation; poetry of speech.
I rather have one accent from your eyes
Than twenty from your tongue.

FRANCES.— Is my voice harsh,

Jarring upon the ear? then what remains
When beauty and when melody are lost?

HALE.—

Neither is lost, yet neither can be found.
Your face I have not seen for forty hours—

FRANCES.—

Nor have I seen my face for forty hours.

Then how may you complain?

HALE.— Your voice, to me,

Is like a throstle singing in the Spring,

But whose locality cannot be found,

'Till that sweet voice without a body to 't

Becomes a pain.

FRANCES.— O much remains to woman

When a sweet voice remains.

HALE.— What veil is this?

Of what religion or fanaticism?

Or is it but your humor showing thus?

Or is there reason in 't?

FRANCES.— Consider it:

Why should I wear this veil; to shield my face

From the rude sun? or that I grow more pale?

Or make this fairness dear by rarity?

Or do you think 'tis humor showing thus?

Or is 't religion or fanaticism?

Or have I lost my beauty in a dream?

Or is there reason?

HALE.— There is reason, sure,

If 'tis but lack of reason; reason still

Of strong prevailment.

FRANCES.— You grow bitter, sir.

But there is reason here; yet what it is

I will not say, but leave it to your wit

To search and know, and when the truth is found

I'll speak at large.

HALE.— It is fanaticism
To veil that glory and that touch divine
That has no name below but “maidenhood,”
And none of this commingles with your blood :
Nor can I think you wear it 'gainst the sun :
Nor yet to pale the lily on your brow :
To make your beauty rarer, there 's no need :
That 'tis your humor is most probable :
And last, that you have lost your beauty—no,
It cannot be.

FRANCES.— Is beauty invulnerable
That there 's no reason in this last and worst,—
Beauty that 's but skin deep ?

HALE.— Believe it not.
The contour of your face denies the text,
Your eyes call to your hair to witness that,
Your hair laughs in the light.

FRANCES.— There are some men
Who admire deformity in womankind ;
And men of sensibility oft do so :
Perchance you would admire a violet eye
Within a brow deformed ?

HALE.— If the eyes were yours.

FRANCES.—Yea, if the eyes were mine.

HALE.— Why, then, I would.

FRANCES.—And would you so ?

HALE.—(*Aside*) Her drift is evident ;
She would plummet me by swearing beauty lost.
The more she swears that she is hideous
The more I'll swear my love.

FRANCES.— Why do you pause ?

HALE.—

That you were beautiful the world well knows,
That you are beautiful the world believes ;
And yet—

FRANCES.— Ay, there 's the doubt.

HALE.— Is 't possible ?

FRANCES.—What possible ?

HALE.— I'll not believe 'tis so.

FRANCES.—Believe what ?

HALE.— That this divinity is marred
Even at its consummation ; that all 's marred
Which was so wonderfully made.

FRANCES.— 'T is even so.

HALE.—Ha !

FRANCES.—

O all 's undone ! Speak not so graciously :
You never spoke so sweetly, but the sweet
Is come when it is but a mockery.
Ask me no more.

HALE.— Alas, dear lady, alas !

FRANCES.—

You have a suit with me: now I am freed
To answer whether I will be your wife
Or no.

HALE.— You 're free, sweet Frances, to reply ?

FRANCES.—Yea, I am free.

HALE.— What answer shall I have ?

FRANCES.—

If I were what I have been it were, Yes ;
Since I am what I am it must be, No.

HALE.—

If you were what you have been it were, Yes;
Then she who is my love shall be my bride,
And she who is my bride shall be my wife,
And she who is my wife shall be my all.
Upon this veil I seal my perfect faith:
All 's mine beneath.

FRANCES.— You know not what you do,
Not knowing, are absolved.

HALE.— My love 's my knowledge,
And all the knowledge I would have.

FRANCES.— No, no.
By accident—for call it accident—
My face is as hideous to look upon
As oil of vitriol 's cruel.

HALE.— O pitiful!
Sweet Frances, let me sympathize more near,
As husband sympathizes with a wife.

FRANCES.—
Too much I love you ever to unveil.
Think on me as you saw me at the dance,
And let us say “farewell”; yet not “farewell”,
But “farewell love”. My very noble friend,
Your hand to that.

HALE.— Why, look, I am misjudged
Even when misjudgment touches honor's height
By one above all others I looked to
For hope of perfect judgment. What is this!
Your beauty lost and I must say “farewell”:
Do husbands say “farewell” to aging wives?
To those who meet with some cruel accident?

No, sorrow sees another face beneath
Like which the angels see ; nor grief is grief
And sorrow 's but a name when it is kin
To love and spirit. Now out of hand, sweet Frances,
I take you for my wife.

FRANCES.— You have not seen.

HALE.—Unveil.

FRANCES.— Never ! I rather lose your love.

HALE.—Yet I will take you so.

FRANCES.— Are you sincere ?

HALE.—I loathe a trifling mood in serious state.

FRANCES.—

How shall I act ? O this confesses me
If nothing else. I know not what to say :
O I cannot forget, yet cannot wrong,
And I have not the courage to unveil.
Yet do you love me for my character
And not for my face ?

HALE.—(*Aside*) Were this not Frances, why,
I'd 'gin to doubt that she was acting here ;
But this is she : I'm not so credulous
As she believes. Sweet Frances, for them both,
Both for your face and for your character,
As one esteems twin jewels.

FRANCES.— O no, no, no !

HALE.—

What if one jewel 's lost, the other 's mine.
I fixed my hope upon a double jewel,
Whereas one was inestimable : then let one go ;
I shall not cast the other after it
But seize upon the most I can enjoy.

I seem to find you there where half is lost ;
Your character more lovely now appears
In standing by itself ; 'twas cheated still.
Sweet bride of character, intemporal love,
O gentle lady, in whom still appears
An outward image of an inward face
Whose very smiles are deeds of gentleness,
Whose light is not uncertain with the years ;
Which ever grows from fair to dearer fair
As grows the rose unto the poets' praise,
O, Frances, now my love is perfected
Which freely throws away the temporal part
And seizes on the part intemporal.
Nor think hypocrisy is uttered thus,
But that your character has found its due
By standing thus apart. Give me your hands ;
I'll take you as you are.

FRANCES.— Can you love that? (*Unveiling.*)

HALE.—Glorious!

FRANCES.— O shame! (*Hides her face in her hands.*)

HALE.— How now ; lift up your face.

Alas, Frances, alas!

FRANCES.— I do absolve you, Philip.

HALE.—

In faith, you shall not : I love you all the more
In very pity. Now I have your hands ;
You cannot hide your face. O this would break
A heart of stone.

FRANCES.— You look on me
And speak of love?

HALE.— Come, let that witness me. (*Kissing her.*)

FRANCES.—Your love exceeds all thought.

HALE.— You'll be my wife?

FRANCES.—

If, seeing, you will take me for your wife
I'll be your wife. 'Tis little that I bring
But I will teach 't to grow.

HALE.— Sweet Frances, no;
You come like Summer when all buds are blown,
Nor art can teach another shoot to bud.

Ah, Frances, do you know how fair you are?

FRANCES.—O let me go: you shall not mock at me.
My veil.

HALE.— Look here. (*Leads Frances before a mirror.*)

FRANCES.— Ah!

HALE.— Get you from me:
What mean you by thus marrying from your art?
Go on the stage; within your veins there runs
Dramatic blood right royal.

FRANCES.— What does 't mean?

HALE.—A mirror cannot flatter, only deceive.

FRANCES.—

Then it is no such thing; I was deceived;
My face is not disfigured for my life;
'Tis as it was before the—accident.

HALE.—Ay, play a sixth act out.

FRANCES.— Ah, Philip, Philip!
This is the sweetest hour of my life:
I have dreamed out the dream and now awake
To know reverseless evil was a dream.

HALE.—

Well played. Go, take the measure of a stage
And learn how wide your coming honors are.

FRANCES.—(*Laughing*) Philip, I know you now.

HALE.— What, do you so?

FRANCES.—

Thinking my face deformed, you yet were steadfast.
'T is worth it all.

HALE.— This was your method, then,—

You vowed your beauty lost to plummet me?

FRANCES.—I will not answer that: only, I know.

HALE.—

Why, what a work of credulity is love!
Yet for all that I guessed you played this part
And spoke out of that guess.

FRANCES.— What, did you so?

You thought I was deceiving you in this?

HALE.—Ay.

FRANCES.— Then this is not constancy in you;

You would have scorned me had this thing been true!

You would have scorned me were my beauty lost!

HALE.—I surely should have.

FRANCES.— Oh, I know you now

As God before me knew you. Go your way.

HALE.—

I cannot win your love by so gross cheat
Or else I had been silent on my guess.

Why, no, if it were so I'd none of you—

A homely wife 's a husband's heaviness.

I cannot part your beauty from your grace

And take you for your grace, though, I confess,

Should any accident destroy your grace
I'd take you for your beauty: even so.
And yet, sweet Frances, had this thing been true,
I might have acted even as I did:
I do not know, I am not brought to test.

FRANCES.—Ah, well, let 't be; let us be human, Philip.

HALE.—Frances, "the human."

FRANCES.— With her "droppings of warm tears".

I do forgive you, Philip, for that mind;
It is the very pattern of my own;
I never could endure an ugly face
In woman, nor can I endure it now.
Find me a new praise for beauty; 'tis your charge.

HALE.—I make it mine.

FRANCES.— O that the gentle world
Had but one tongue and that was given o'er
To beauty's praise. Look out the window, sir:
My father comes; go, send him in to me,
And, if you have regard for my contempt,
Tarry five minutes hence.

HALE.— Five seconds? well. [Exit.

FRANCES.—

I'll send a jeweled scarf to that drug clerk
Who sold me some weak stain in substitute
For oil of vitriol—though 'twas his mistake—
And pull down blessings on his decent top.
And I'll be woman, I'll be human, I;
I will not see a lesson in my grief
Nor will I be a heart behind a veil.

[Placing herself before a mirror.]

I'll make my neighbors envious as of yore
With this same beauty which I thought was lost.
Sure, I must have a care; I grow too good:
Yet one more kindness to my brother Kirk
And then, in truth, I'll do some naughty trick
In fear I grow too good, and therein proud,
Which chokes the very source of charity.

[Quitting the mirror.]

I'm certain Philip thought I spoke the truth
Until I unveiled to him, then, like a man,
He turned it off to hide his sentiment.
Yes, he would love me though I were not fair,
But being fair, why, he will love me more.

Enter Belmont.

What time is 't, father?

BELMONT.— A little after four.

FRANCES.—

'Twill serve. I have some golden news for you:
One favor ere I speak.

BELMONT.— What shall it be?

FRANCES.—

Withhold not your approval from my Kirk;
It is an honorable marriage which he seeks.
Dear father, am I not your favorite, I?
Then for my sake grant me this sister kind,
I mean sweet Bernice. O, be sure, you will.

BELMONT.—

Come, come, I have no favorite in my house.
But what 's the news?

FRANCES.— This lightless history
Must be re-written by a wiser pen
And Providence let in: that Colvin, sir,
Whom you still think was killed by accident—
He did not die.

BELMONT.— Not die! impossible!
You've seen the brother.

FRANCES.— I have seen them both.
Believe it, for you must by evidence.
Look, look! 'tis he without the window there;
He comes, he comes!

BELMONT.— If this be true!

FRANCES.— 'Tis true.

BELMONT.—

I'll never reach the bottom of this cup
Your hands hold up to me. Who told you this?

FRANCES.— His nephew, Lieutenant Colvin.

BELMONT.— My thanks to him.

FRANCES.— Ay, give to him his due.

Enter Colvin.

COLVIN.— Robert, Robert,
What have old men to do with bitterness;
Give me your hand: the fault was wholly mine.

BELMONT.— Richard, is 't you?

COLVIN.— You see the scar; look here.
This never was a badge of bitterness
But was a book wherein I read our love.
Your silence has become your only sin.

BELMONT.— I am dumfounded.

COLVIN.— I have lived this o'er.

This is your daughter?

BELMONT.— This my daughter Frances,
Who tells me that you live.

Re-enter Hale.

This is my friend

Philip Hale.

COLVIN.— I've known the Captain these two years.

Enter Kirkwood and Bernice.

And this, I'll swear, is your son.

BELMONT.— My only son.

COLVIN.— What's this, another daughter in the home?

BELMONT.—

No, this is not my child; but she shall be

If you will give her to my son.

COLVIN.— (*To Bernice*) Sweet lady,

Let me give you away.

BERNICE.— I thank you, sir.

COLVIN.— (*To Kirkwood*) Have her of me, young man?

KIRKWOOD.— Sir, she is mine:

But now I have her twice.

COLVIN.— (*To Belmont*) Do you hear this?

He has her twice.

BELMONT.— His father makes one more.

So now, sweet daughter, 'tis a triple bond.

All happiness go along!

(*To Colvin.*) Let's take these gray beards to the

And leave youth in the parlor. [library

COLVIN.— Even so.

[*Exeunt Belmont and Colvin.*

FRANCES.—Dear Bernice, you shall be my sister now.
I've known it these two years.

HALE.— Kirk, by this same grace,
You are my brother.

KIRKWOOD.— Ha! so I've known two years.

FRANCES.—

And may I ask how you have been so wise?

KIRKWOOD.—

Let be, we 're kin; let 's not approve that bond
By discord. I'm right glad you 've cast that veil;
I'd not endured it longer.

FRANCES.— Would you not?

Come hither, Bernice; stand before this glass.

*[She places Bernice before the mirror,
then stands beside her.]*

Pray, gentlemen, which is the fairest bride?

[Curtain.]





HARRIET KENYON.



HARRIET KENYON.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KENYON.....	
SPENCER.....	
JOHN, brother to Spencer.....	
BREWSTER, a Physician.....	
CLAUDIUS, son to Spencer.....	
BURKE.....	
DRAKE.....	
EDMUND, son to Mrs. Hartland.....	
CURTIS.....	
TODD.....	
LIVINGSTONE.....	
BURRILL, a Reporter.....	
Another Reporter.....	
A Critic of Letters.....	
Two Poets.....	
Mrs. Kenyon, wife to Kenyon.....	
Mrs. Hartland, sister to Mrs. Kenyon.....	
HARRIET, daughter to Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon.....	
VENETIA, daughter to Spencer.....	
IDILIA, daughter to Mrs. Hartland.....	
ROSE, daughter to Livingstone.....	
A Matron, friend to Venetia.....	
A Hostess.....	
Nurse to Rose.....	

Several Literary Men and Women, Officers,
Maids, a Child, &c.

Scene—SAN FRANCISCO.



HARRIET KENYON.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

ACT I.

Scene 1.—Parlors in Kenyon's house.

Enter Kenyon and Brewster.

KENYON.—

Now, sir, since duty springs with prophecy,
Advise me how to deal with Harriet;
This heavy transformation must presage
Some sickness of the body or the mind.

BREWSTER.—

'Tis true your daughter's changed, yet with this
change.

No bodily distemper goes along;
So, happily, you need not look beyond
The difference of deed and temperament.

KENYON.—Looking no further, what of looking so far?

BREWSTER.—

She seems indifferent to life, yet cleaves
To no particular peculiar thought;
Nor her affection 's in another world;
Foregone society without hate or malice;
In duty sees no soul; and blessed is
Neither to wake nor sleep.

KENYON.— There is a time
Her natural self looks out to be addressed
And to address: that time is when she writes.
In literature she finds a kind of joy
That ministers to her inverted mind
And moves her to engagement.

BREWSTER.— Give her way:
The appetite of sickness is its cure
In many instances.

KENYON.— I doubt it not;
Nor hold it wise that natural bent be checked
Which makes for health; but, sir, her mother chid
The subordination of society
To literature; nor ever did deny
The credence of her literary art,
But begged she make society her care:
To which our daughter briefly made reply,
“Well, mother, as you choose,”
And therewith ceased to write.

BREWSTER.— Has she ambition
In literature?

KENYON.— Quite empty of ambition
That makes accomplishment of revenue.

BREWSTER.—Has she belief in her ability?

KENYON.— Even now she has belief and now has not.

I counseled her, Belief is inspiration ;
And in my counsel she was half resolved
Yet with a mind most mutable at best.

BREWSTER.—She 's mutable to argument?

KENYON.— One who sees
The eternal truth within the instant beauty.
But, sir, in your ability we rest ;
You have the true physician's inner light
We nothing doubt, and shall be ruled by you.

BREWSTER.—

Since ability has the privilege of silence,
I'll nor beget opinion but remedy.
Suffice you quiet your fears for Harriet,
Then, sir, give her consent to literature
And draw her out to her validity ;
Therein she'll lose this ennui and be healed.

Enter Mrs. Kenyon.

KENYON.—

Madam, our speech is touching Harriet :
Take comfort, free yourself from heaviness ;
There 's nothing serious and what 's disjoint
Has remedy.

MRS. KENYON.— 'Tis comforting to think.

Ah, sir, the patient herein cures herself
Whenever she shall learn obedience
And duty to the deed.

BREWSTER.— Obedience

Attends on health as surely as arrives
At health ; and therefore, madam, I advise

That Harriet have the privilege of letters,
In which, I'm given now to understand,
She has peculiar interest, and as interest
Is not particular in this respect
But leads to interest, madam, we will trust,
Still patient, that within a little time
Your daughter will o'er top expectancy
And flatter your ideal.

KENYON.— I think it well.

MRS. KENYON.—

Why literature, and not society?
Ah, sir, she 's obstinate in some degree—
I must say that and yet I would not say it;
But reservation with the physician, sir,
Is often death with the patient—obstinate:
She need but say, "This is unprofitable",
And without indirection or entreaty
'Take up the jewel of society
And wear it on her brow.

BREWSTER.— This obduracy
Is even as a canker on the brow;
A breach of nature which my art must heal.
'Tis palpable to a physician.

MRS. KENYON.— I grant you right.
And through respect of letters Harriet
Will gather interest, by which indirection
She will return into society?

BREWSTER.—

Health will make love to uncongenial labors,
While sickness often loathes the native talent.
I take my leave.

MRS. KENYON.— We'll cherish your advice. [*Exit*
I'll importune our daughter to attend *Brewster*
This evening's gathering of the literati.

Enter Mrs. Hartland and Harriet.

Look where she comes. Harriet, this afternoon
You honor Mrs. Carthage's invitation,
And school yourself to grasp her latest poem
Which she will read; and I am very sure
Harriet can make defeat to the syllable
Upon this work.

KENYON.— Harriet, I've faith in you.

MRS. HARTLAND.— Surely my niece cannot then doubt
herself.

HARRIET.— (*Aside*) A little more of doubt would be
more kind.

MRS. KENYON.— You will attend?

HARRIET.— If you desire it, mother,
I shall obey.

MRS. KENYON.— I knew you would say so.

HARRIET.—

I shall obey. Pray you, was't Stephen Burke
That quit the room? I would return a book
If he's about.

MRS. KENYON.— Not Stephen, Harriet.

Can you conceive—or is't not possible—

How cruel it is you still repel his love?

Therein you spurn our own. Are you not bound

By all the commune of an earlier day,

By interchange of vows, by understanding,

By the unwritten covenant of your honor,
To surrender up yourself to Stephen Burke
As his sweet wife?

HARRIET.— Yes, mother, I can conceive.

KENYON.—

It is a subject, daughter, I cannot shield
The comment on.

MRS. KENYON.— Then why continue unmoved,
Or moved to contraries?

HARRIET.— I'll tell you why,
And repetition may be good for truth.
It pleased you in a better time, when past
The immediate bound of mewed maidenhood
I yet had ventured scarce one syllable,
To move me to consent to be his wife:
But I have grown from childhood—O so long!—
And found this must not be though *this* must be,
For I respect him not.

KENYON.— Harriet, take thought,
And cabin not this ample spirit thus.
Out, wretched penury of bachelorhood!
With no philosophy but selfishness,
What altar may its prayer find comfort at?
Where may it kneel for grace? Then be resolved.
I chide you not the less, but love you more;
A father's blessing take your duty up
And compass you about. [Exit.

MRS. HARTLAND.—Let us believe
That you are troubled, not divided, niece.

MRS. KENYON.—

She takes no thought of the morrow, Harriet,
That maiden who no thought of a husband takes.
Confess you'll be the wife of Stephen Burke,
Thereby the name of Burke be firmly knit
To that of Kenyon in alliance meet.
How fit in action 'tis our elder houses
And forefirst should by marriage be united
And incorporate descend. Come, Albertine,
Our niece and daughter loves us ; love is final.

[Exeunt Mrs. Kenyon and Mrs. Hartland.]

HARRIET.—

O fie, fie, mother, to plot with flesh and blood !
Shame on you ! ah shame ! you cannot care for me ;
It is unnatural—and it will not prosper.
O God ! why was I born ? or being born,
Why did I not die in my infancy ?
Or why am I a woman ? O heavenly powers !
What is a woman if her all in all
Is still to yield herself in marriage up
That she may feed and clothe and bourn herself
Free from the unkind, rude and enslaving mart,
Or quicken her family in the social tides,
Or live in idle, wanton luxury—
A mistress, a purchase, or a beast ; no more.
And who calls Harriet that ? not Harriet
But Harriet's mother ! and one—O religious choice !—
That would be Harriet's husband and in her child
Point out his brow ! I'd rather be a worm

And feed on dust than be allied to him:
But suffer still for I am but a woman.

Enter Idilia.

IDILIA.—Come into the conservatory, Harriet.

HARRIET.—I was thinking, Idilia, thinking.

IDILIA.—You think too much of late: Lord keep my daughters green.

HARRIET.—Could not I—consider it for me—by the ingrafted loves of the time, by youth, by talent, by temperament, by willing sufferance, and by that special providence in will, earn an humble yet honorable living as a contrite poet?

IDILIA.—Nay, sweet Harriet, you cannot milk the stars. Alas! a man will starve at poetry, and a woman will marry at it: therefore, since you may not insinuate you are a man and stand with those spirits to whom hunger are riches, and since, as a woman, you are sworn to continue a bachelor-maid, I pray you divide your inspiration amongst the quick, lay no perjury to your free soul, and come into the conservatory.

HARRIET.—I am resolved.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene 2.—A club room.

Enter Claudius and Drake, meeting.

CLAUDIUS.—Rodman!

DRAKE.—Claudius!

CLAUDIUS.—You were near and I thought of you.

DRAKE.—

You are right welcome back to San Francisco.
But what occasion hastens your return?

I thought on you as taxing yet the North
With rod and gun in search of quality
That bends the spirit up: yet am right glad
We have you back again.

CLAUDIUS.— I'll tell you, Drake :
There was a kind of fever in my blood,
And an electric dilatation in my brain,
That plucked the soul from my employment,
And, compulsive in the solitude of hills,
Encamped beneath the multitudinous pine,
Drove me to take my heart into my bosom
And come again, for, sir, in single truth,
I have conceived a work, an epic poem,
And fain would make essay.

DRAKE.— Then on the vast
Of epic we shall hail your spirit bark,
That sea along whose shore the poets walk,
And dream of airs from heaven's concave hill.

CLAUDIUS.—
To be, and have the attributes of man
That wait on the human heart and instrument
Its finer purposes, lending to a thought
The quality of action, and to a dream
A form and nature palpable: to love,
And have an imagination and a scope
Of light of largeness and of beauty filled
With all the loves of nature and of man,
That shall not fall into the lees: to write,
And have the "vision and faculty divine"
To rear nature to art and art to nature,
Making imagination and heroic truths

An almost universal inheritance
Through resolved and expressed beauty : to die,
And in his ever-living native language
Renowned dwell, a generation and
A race of truth, bequeathing downward still
Unto the heart that will not see it die,
For the poet is a spirit, the legacy
Of some most noble poem that has resolved
The spirit of his country and his age
For all time : this is the epic poet's part :
And what more noble can the mind essay
That is of letters and inheritance ?

DRAKE.—There 's no beam in the mind's construction
to weigh two equal parts and find one wanting : I must
stand indifferent, neither heat your pride nor cool your
hopes ; your courage equals the difficulties, but the work
is as great as your art.

CLAUDIUS.—There are tears for the thought, toil for
the work, and ambition for the utterance.

Enter Burke and Curtis.

BURKE.—Spencer ! how wears the world with you ?

CLAUDIUS.—As with yourself.

BURKE.—Then you grow strange. (*Introducing Curtis*)
My friend, John Curtis : sir, Claudius Spencer.

CURTIS.—One who knew you first in spirit.

CLAUDIUS.—I must invert that speech with you.

Enter Todd.

TODD.—Is the excellent Claudius returned ? Zounds !
you come tardily off ; your book has been published these

three weeks, and the critics go still unchallenged. Queerquill, who makes oblivion his occupation, has made an impious feast of it, and, as for the public,—why, gentlemen, you must shock the public or the public will shock you.

CLAUDIUS.—

He 's not a fool but a dishonest man:

I cannot answer fools and dishonest men.

TODD.—Yet sometimes honor the liar for his English.

CLAUDIUS.—

Soft, ere you go: I pray you say to him

The God that made Queerquill did not make me.

Say that I spoke thus far.

CURTIS.—

Who is this critic?

CLAUDIUS.—

One that has made a kennel of a trust

To make him feared.

TODD.—

'Tis true he 's better known

Through hate than love, abuse than compliment:

Yet 'tis a kind of honor to be damned;

The damned are always gifted.

DRAKE.—

Shall we say

Among these gifted you are numbered, Todd?

TODD.—Faith, every one to his opinion, Drake,

And every opinion to its truth.

CLAUDIUS.—

Why, so,

It is a liberal and a fair reply.

My book, you say, is published?

CURTIS.—

Even so.

Your name 's the better title, and this work

Has made your name more rare.

BURKE.— The fount
Of Helicon is rising in your brain,
Pellucid and undefiled.

DRAKE.— The masters and
The reverence direct you still.

TODD.— Zounds, sir,
But how have you the conscience to have reverence
In such opposing times? Take heed of that:
The modern 's born for reform, an iconoclast
Knocking old order from its pedestal of flesh,
With laughter for a banner 'gainst the wind.
But fare you well; I hold that hour lost
That is not given o'er to politics. [Exit.]

CLAUDIUS.—A fool and his silence are soon parted.

CURTIS.—Who is this portly gentleman?

DRAKE.—Why, he 's a kind of mocking spirit who
divides his time between poetry and politics; but a mere
bubble in the sea of literature. He will know you better,
Curtis, and swear it takes many kinds of fools to make a
world.

BURKE.—

My leisure is engaged; but, gentlemen,
Let 's drink a toast within these rooms to-night
With letters more or less.

CLAUDIUS.— Content: good day.

[Exeunt Burke and Curtis.]

Counsel me not to give my project o'er,
Lest I grow idle and blasted at the top
With ennui following enthusiasm
Barren of works.

DRAKE.— I would not be so rude
As rend what beauty thus has joined in you.

CLAUDIUS.—

Remember then that certain suit of mine,
Which ended only in your readiness
By reason of my absence and what else
Has come between my purpose and its act.
I would be introduced to Harriet Kenyon,
Whose yet unpublished lyrics I have read,
Under your friendship and your courtesy,
And greatly pleased am moved to know the poet.

DRAKE.—

Your works are not esteemed the less by her,
Nor is she less desirous of your friendship.
This afternoon I will effect your suit
If leisure wait on opportunity.

CLAUDIUS.—

I'll wait upon you with the afternoon.
Nay, come, let 's go together.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene 3.—Room in Kenyon's house.

Enter Harriet and Idilia.

HARRIET.—

There 's nothing I may call my own but doubt.

IDILIA.—

O for a lover's voice to lure you back
From that long road that turns not in the grave.
I'll weep that you find true divinity
In the text of tears; I'll go unto the babe
And learn to weep that Harriet amend.

HARRIET.—

Nay, but to be a picture and no more,
A picture merely, for the weary world
To gaze upon.

IDILIA.—

O you attentive spirits,
Steep me in patience even to the lips.
Why need you hasten hence unto truth's end
To do the biddings of extravagancy?
If you will follow some peculiar art,
Make me your practice and your recompense.
If you will be a lawyer, speak the faith,
And I will be your fee-apparent still:
Yea, if you'll be physician, out of love
I bear you wholly, I'll be lunatic
And fee you like a queen.

HARRIET.—

To be a puppet
Of rotten strings!

IDILIA.—

Alas, alas!

HARRIET.—

A sponge!

IDILIA.—

The heavens make you better company:
Till then, I will be absent from your side.
But soft, I'll break my mail; this journal is
Dan Cupid's calendar, who, I pray God,
Will quit his mother's side a summer's eve
And drop from Venus like a falling rose
Into my Harriet's study. *[She reads apart.]*

HARRIET.—

O understand me.
My mind is changed, and, like the sulphur bed
That turns the stream to wormwood, my galled brain
Will bite the sweetest spring to bitterness.

IDILIA.—

O, Harriet, you are injured! look on this.
Who has outraged my cousin? Shame on him,
Ah, shame!

HARRIET.— Beseech you.

IDILIA.— Look here: (*Giving Harriet a*
[*paper*]) afar and yet

That has in it a June and scent of orange

You 're betrothed to Stephen Burke.

HARRIET.— Let 's see: so, so.

Who, think you, was so kind and generous

As to publish this? (*Aside*) My mother: yes.

IDILIA.—I do not know; indeed, I do not know.

HARRIET.—

O I smell method in each syllable:

The instigator is not far away.

O, God! what is the use of anything?

IDILIA.—

Nay, cousin, take it not so serious;

But profit by denial of this thing.

HARRIET.—

Believe me, it was I who did this thing:

Ay, even I, Idilia, even I;

Then let 's be merry. (*Knocking within.*)

Hark, who 's there! let 's see. (*Opens the door.*)

Enter Edmund.

EDMUND.—

Cousin, your mother seeks to speak with you.

Idilia, come.

IDILIA.— Away! you do offense.

EDMUND.—

How now, there 's something has offended you.
What can it be ?

HARRIET.— Ah, sir, I have been wronged,
Grievously wronged.

IDILIA.— I also have been wronged.

EDMUND.—May not I serve you, then ?

HARRIET.— A jest, a jest.

Away, sir, you are dull : we shall obey.
Come, who would not obey.

IDILIA.— Harriet can do no wrong.
[*Exeunt.*]

Scene 4.—A room in Spencer's house.

Enter John and Venetia.

JOHN.—

My gentle niece, your absence grieves me much,
And with yourself my daughter goes along,
For so you are to me ; yet I rejoice,
Ay, even to the limit of my heart,
You soon shall leave us to endow your voice,
Schooling yourself through several studious years
For the operatic stage.

VENETIA.— O say no more ;
I yet shall tarry many, many days :
Nor teach me of what stuff farewell is made
'Till farewell 's ripe, lest I repent of that
Which merely to imagine is so painful.
I pray you tell me this.

JOHN.— As I have grace.

VENETIA.—

Have I not builded merely on my hopes?
My hopes, slight things, like high spun spider
threads,

With every vaunting wind aspire to fix
Their ends within the clouds to fall quite down
When vanity no longer stays them.

Dare I aspire to stage my barren voice
Where plaudits echo still?

JOHN.— Freely you may.

Your voice by nature is endowed to compare
With many still renowned, and through that art
Which you shall gain at the academy
May court renown.

VENETIA.— Adieu: I'll busy myself

In the voice of counsel. [Exit John.]

A long farewell to doubt;
I'll send it begging for a burial
That from this moment I may court renown.
But come, prophetic studies, with stern thoughts,
And allay the ecstasy that 's in my blood
Lest joy should make that seem a holiday
Which needs be studious and full of care.

Enter Spencer (blind.)

SPENCER.—

How secretly could I thank adversity,
Which like the brackish pool where we must drink
Wears yet within it the sweet face of heaven,
If but adversity would wrack those means
That buy my daughter tutorage abroad

And steals her from the winter of my life ;
For I shall miss her as the heart but can
When age has rooted deep its last affection.
Ah well ! she has my dear consent and speed,
And I am loath to make of youth a crutch
That age may go more upright in its carriage.
So should it be : and I'm advanced in years,
Too old to fellow with her darling youth
Which is not youth but in companionship
Of equal years ; too old to recompense
But never too old to grieve.

[*Exit.*

VENETIA.— O, Venetia !

What have you dreamed about that never yet
You dreamed of this ? He grieves to have me gone,
Yet ever smiled me off in love. Alas,
I did not look so deep ! I saw but joy
Where utmost sorrow is. Yet all is well ;
I'll give the stage back to the stage of dreams,
And here at home will ever cherish him
Forgetting there 's another star than love.
O thanks to that which taught him self commune,
That gentle habit of an earlier day,
For it has tutored me. Then, farewell my dream
That made the night a heaven and the day
A dream full of ambition, fare you well ;
Although that I were gifted at the throat
Above all women that have gone before
In the most sweet list of recorded singers,
The reverence and obedience I owe
Must throw ambition out and leave me mute,
Quite, quite mute.

Enter Claudius.

Brother! Claudius! you!

You did not send us word: why have you come—
You are not sick?

CLAUDIUS.— Not sick, Venetia,
I have not tasted of this fitful cup.
Be then assured health brings me again
In certain occupation, of which anon
I'll speak about. Are you at leisure, dear?

VENETIA.—What would you have me do?

CLAUDIUS.— O come away
And take the hour with pleasure; even there
Where one shall introduce us to a poet
We ever wished to know, Harriet Kenyon.

VENETIA.—

Late at a musical I met this poet:
A certain grace dwelt like a friend in her
That I may almost say, 'This is my friend;
Although she looked through me and saw my kin,
For I am but a glass to Claudius
That you are never absent and myself
Yet never present. So oft it is, indeed,
Some do but hold the mirror to their kin
And in themselves are nothing.

CLAUDIUS.— Speak not thus.

You are a glass wherein the world doth see
The sweetest flower in the May of song.

But come, the afternoon is almost spent. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene 5.—A room in Kenyon's house.

Enter Kenyon and Mrs. Kenyon.

MRS. KENYON.—

Husband, I'm wondrous light, and you can read
The language of my feelings to that text.
Comes Harriet to my room upon a word
From cousin Edmund, and there takes my hand
And saying thrice, "Mother can do no wrong,"
Embraces and kisses me a world of times :
O most, most dutiful.

KENYON.— Believe me, Hazel,
This little privilege of literature
Has moved her from contraries to respect.

MRS. KENYON.—

Ah, husband, let the rude world doubt its fill,
Our children are indeed the top of grace.
There're times when we are troubled deep, and yet
A little patience and our hearts are cheered
Even then in the extremity of their dolor.

KENYON.—The doctor shall be thanked.

MRS. KENYON.— The parent faith
Was shaken at the root ; but all is healed.
We shall attend our daughter's wedding yet,
And live to give a fair grandchild a name.

[Exeunt.]

Scene 6.—In private parlors.

*Hostess, Claudius, Burke, Drake, Curtis, Harriet, Venetia, Idilia,
and several literary Men and Women discovered.*

HARRIET.—

Persuade no more; you do me wrong, my friends,
To beg I publish. Let me not be moved

To sharp repentance for these things set down.
I 've writ me down a sadness, friends, in that
I 've published to the eyes of gentle friends:
Yet therein I may happily perceive
The largeness of silence and henceforth be moved
Unto mute numbers.

CLAUDIUS.— Our works are then in vain,
If not in vanity.

BURKE.— 'Tis chief in this,
The little writers die upon neglect
When great ones publish.

HARRIET.— Believe me, Mr. Burke,
Your speech is something to be thought upon
If not to be believed.

HOSTESS.— I 'm very sure
Miss Kenyon will not let us lose our prayers.
In silence there 's no art.

HARRIET.— Nay, there 's great art,
For silence, madam, goes before discourse.

IDILIA.—
But in this silence there 's no literature.
O be assured I will press this suit,
And if there 's argument in a woman's tongue,
I shall convince you publication 's wise;
If there is music in a woman's tongue,
I'll so attune it to the ears of doubt
That heresy dies in music.

HARRIET.— I am firm.

CLAUDIUS.—
Allow me to speak—not in authority
But sorrow: it were all alike in grace

If we had never written what we bring
To letters should we, by a drift of thought,
Withold from publication for the world
That which we write, for beauty, rarity,
And truth are in communion, not in thought.

HARRIET.—

O silence that dreadful logic, lest it put
A conscience in delay. Believe me, friends,
I cannot stand against moral persuasion :
Confounded with belief and sick of doubt,
My heart cries mercy and my pen is armed
Against delay, and O, no doubt, good friends,
I'll leap my pause.

Enter Critic of Letters.

HOSTESS.— But look, who 's he comes here
To smell the burning of his criticisms?

HARRIET.—

Forbear, lest you should bruise the head of peace.
O welcome, sir,—if I have voice at court
That 's heard above the triumph of ingratitude—
Thrice welcome to the guardage of this court.
Dimmed is the precious jewel of content
Or wholly lost, by flatterers despoiled
Even from the gracious brow of constancy :—
They have persuaded me to throw myself
With all my music on the multitude,
To publish what is written and what 's to come ;
Then you are welcome that your heart grow kind
To stamp approval on my published works
And glance my latent powers.

CRITIC.— These are good works.

Out of the godless yet good works shall come,
Though peace may never enter in to dwell.

O, dear lady, you seem to welcome me selfishly, yet it is to make me doubly welcome ; while for these vipers of review, they either mistake me for a fellow critic who runs his losing race alone, or assume I wrong them and support the assumption on the belief ; for, indeed, I am the mildest of a most gentle school, a turtle amongst doves ; one who would not mock their dullest thought, for He who made truth also made silence.

HOSTESS.—Ho ! entertainment for the witty.

LT. MAN.—

Originality is a long lost art,
Else had our critic not been thus indebted
For his initial scorn to Shakespeare's works.

CRITIC.—You do me wrong ; I borrow scorn of none.

LT. WOMAN.—

Shakespeare? some say his authorship 's a thing
To make a question of.

HARRIET.— O believe me, madam,

Were I not out of credit with the time
There were a book hanging upon my lips—
For out of that dear love I bear to truth
I'll not subscribe myself to compliment,
To write but in the beaten way of pens
Forbearing discourse touching what is new
In fear of slander dwelling in the new ;
So, were I well in credit with the time,
That not but publication come of it,

I would set down how that Elizabeth
Conceived these dramas that mount each on each
Until the whole seems greater than its parts
That climb so high, and make for all the world
A new world, madam, and a new Shakespeare
For ages.

LT. MAN.—There 's nothing true but "gentle Will."

HOSTESS.—

Miss Spencer, I beseech you to sing to us;
And, friends, the passing evening shall be closed
With reading of a sonnet by Miss Kenyon.

HARRIET.—

I'm not in sonnet humor; let it go by,
And read your ballad to this gentleman
Who comes so tardily.

HOSTESS.— Pardon me:

I am not flattered that he still delays
To freeze a period to applause.

CRITIC.— You're kind.

HOSTESS.—Miss Spencer, sing to us.

VENETIA.— Since love is dead
Between you two, I'll bury love in song.

SONG.

Come from the sunny South, O Spring,
'Neath ever-golden skies,
Come from the swallow on the wing
Through bloomy spray that flies;
Thy bud of love on dewy brier
Was all in vain;
Thy heart of pure seraphic fire
Is slain.

Crown not a lover rare, O Spring,
On happy bridal day;
Fly not upon the swallow's wing
Through falling almond spray;
But brush thy dews from chalice'd morn
And come again,
And weep beside the grave forlorn
Where Love is lain.

CRITIC.—A sad world, my masters, and not half acted. Believe me, Miss Spencer, your voice is excuse for this lyric of your brother's, and for its excuse, rendered with infinite grace, may it live.

VENETIA.—Ah, sir, you have no compliments but upon paper.

HARRIET.—And has no reasons but upon paper.

DRAKE.—By his criticisms we know him: he has praised the singer; he knows what is graceful: he has denied the song; he envies what is graceful.

HOSTESS.—

You have spoken all. Miss Kenyon, look on this:
Say that I found it—how I came by it,
You are to learn—and since the thing is found
It shall be read.

HARRIET.— I pray you, give it me,
And I will read it in pure courtesy.
What 's this, a sonnet?

HOSTESS.— Honor unto him
Who framed the sonnet, or rather did it grow,
Fed on Arcadian dews and sylvan light,
And song Provencal.

HARRIET.— That asks too much. (*Reads*)

Lady, thy daughter is a glass divine
Wherein thou seest thyself as God sees thee,
For thou hast nurtured her till visibly
She is become those actions which were thine :
The light upon her forehead doth enshrine
All virtue, gentleness and charity,
All love, all faith, all hope, which graciously
Thou didst with thy sweet motherhood intwine.
Her face lifts up thy deeds to heaven : and thou,
Who shall be visited, ah, never more,
Until that season sweet thy dead restore,
By airs from thy departed husband's brow!
Mayest look upon thy daughter's face and see
The father's eyes which keep eternal watch o'er thee.

Our failures were tolerable were it not for our defenders,
else would I ask if there is not present one who can look
deeper than all the schools and edify me why it is that
mine and mine hostess' sex has never produced a master
spirit in poetry.

CLAUDIUS.—(*Aside*)

It has not in its heart the love of woman,
Whereby to mount the heights of inspiration.

HOSTESS.—

Lo! there she stands, a self-made infidel
To Grecian Sappho and that lovely twain
That sang in England's front. O for a blush
That would not fade, that shame might never down
From that apostate brow.

HARRIET.— Pity me then ;
Or make the golden rule the golden deed
And turn me going.

HOSTESS.— Yet not unchallenged
Shall you deny the sex. O dear, my friends,
Even as twilight falls come this day week,
And I shall answer this unkindest charge
And make misjudgment more than judgment yield.

LT. WOMAN.—O doubt us not.

HARRIET.— Then come : I'm sure each guest
Has spent a pleasant evening ; for myself, most so.

HOSTESS.—I live to receive my friends ; my friends
make it my choice. Come out beneath the palms ; mid-
summer's twilight long lingers the parting guest.

CLAUDIUS.—(*Aside*)

She moves with the arch of beauty on her brow
And in untroubled youth ; and I, who love
The very name of woman, must love the truth.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II.

Scene 1.—A public square.

Enter Burke and Curtis.

BURKE.—Mark you, Curtis, here is a familiar spirit who, since he must be beaten by brains, will have them his own.

Enter Todd.

Well, Dugal, shall you pluck that gilded honor? One of our papers, Curtis, has offered an handsome sum for a novel polling the major vote of its literary committee, at which prize Todd has made his endeavor.

TODD.—Gentlemen, you see before you an illustrious poet and novelist made in the image of himself, yet, as I make literature, o'er-crowed by neither an author nor the son of an author. Ah, gentlemen, the god and the dream have come to a sad pass since the hope of American letters rests with one man and that man living from debit to dun.

BURKE.—Well, nothing succeeds but success, you know—in literature.

TODD.—O I shall keep my injury rolling till 'tis bigger than a church door and grosser than the nose act, I mean the riot act. Why, what a thing it is, gentlemen, that a book should be a fever! I read this successful work on principle, but it was damned poor principle.

BURKE.—At least my cousin decided in your favor? he is on this committee of twelve, a critic of critics—and, sure, I approached him in the matter.

TODD.—I thank you, Burke, heartily, heartily; but you know the proverb—Good kith hath poor kin.

BURKE.—Is 't possible he denied me?

TODD.—Very like, very like. But here 's my consolation—there 's no divinity in numbers; twelve asses' heads don't make one god-head. By 'r noses, gentlemen, since this award was ratified by noses, if ye will stand by me I'll have a plaster o' paris cast of our noses forwarded this committee as a petition to reconsider the award. O Lord, this will be a moving petition if ever there was a moving petition. Courage, gentlemen, where there 's an American there 's a way. [Exit.

BURKE.—I never may be in love with my state till hearing a foolish fellow discourse. Surely Providence made fools for wisdom's content, and made no two fools alike.

CURTIS.—

I understand you have a suit with me:

What is it, Burke?

BURKE.— Ay. You know Claudius Spencer?

CURTIS.—Why, so I do!

BURKE.— He 's passionate, sensitive, proud;

A man to famish on opinion 'fore

He 'll feast on faction: charitable to give,

But not to take in way of charity;

And every gift has in 't a soul of insult

Howsoe'er the giver clothe it with the grace

Of equality: a man of sterling parts
Deserving a wider adulation and
The means to ply his art.

CURTIS.— All 's granted here.

BURKE.—

He 's poor, and comes report that he has lost
The humble means he had. In faith, I think
God keeps the poet poor to find him tender.

CURTIS.—Your suit.

BURKE.— Now, sir, out of this poverty

Leaps pride, that, yoked unto the rest of him,
Makes him a very bundle of offences—
Since there is no offence but in our thoughts—
And cannot but smother up his art in chaff
At the enslaving mart unless he is relieved.
And how much he does herein play the fool,
How much contraries, is for fools to say;
Suffice I cannot be open in my love,
And needs must go about it covertly.

CURTIS.—Well, very well.

BURKE.— Curtis, you are my friend,
And silence approves that bond.

CURTIS.— Let 's hear your suit.

BURKE.—

Sir, you have edited within the East
And must have knowledge and authority
Touching my project. Is 't not possible,
For certain sums which lie at your command,
To buy our worthy friend into the staff
Of any literary magazine
That would afford him living near his art

And throw time in his way, that he effect
His clear poetic ends, nor be the wiser
In manner of procurement?

CURTIS.— 'T is possible.

BURKE.—

Why, so I think ; nor be penurious,
And, for your recompense, my hearty thanks.
He oft has wished position in the East
Where his collegiate friends are under yoke.
Then let my charity fail not in this.

CURTIS.—

In New York City I can place him thrice
In office for the which he 's qualified.

BURKE.—'T is open charity.

CURTIS.— But I'm engaged :

Appoint a time.

BURKE.— To-night, at eight o'clock,

Spencer and several others will attend
Within my rooms ; and there we may essay,
Indirectly, the disposition of himself
Nearest our means.

CURTIS.— You're kind : I'll come : adieu.

[*Exit.*

BURKE.—A speculation and a charity it is.

Good acquaintance here is artifice enough ;
Good acquaintance makes good riddance of Claudius
Who 'll draw my Harriet on to leap that line
Her parents have chalked forth on honor's field,
Losing me her and testament enough
To breed abundance in an Indian famine ;
For sure they have been married in their minds,

This poet and this melancholy girl,
And should I fail to separate them soon
That marriage will have a corporal body in 't.
[Exit.

Scene 2.—Parlors in Kenyon's house.

Enter Kenyon and Brewster.

BREWSTER.—

She has disputed me—which is good sign
She mends within—and has the irritability
Of health.

KENYON.— She labors wholly at her book:
She has collected what was written down
And edits it for press.

BREWSTER.— Occupation 's good.
The dubitable honors and indubitable labors
Of literature may soon persuade her back
Into society, when once inured
Unto this growth of spirit and physical ripening;
But in the meantime leave her to herself.
Good day.

KENYON.— We 're much beholden to you, sir.
[Exit Brewster.

Is not the best physician charity?
Is Harriet strange but in the matter of
This union we would have with Stephen Burke,
Which aim her mother still unhappily keeps
At the top of all occasions and discourse?

Enter Mrs. Kenyon.

MRS. KENYON.—

Husband, I think obedience is dead,
Or fixed in the parent and declining brow

Accounts in an inverted order, for, sir,
I ask my child, as duteous as her hand,
When she will marry Stephen and approve
The honor of her parents and herself :
Then she desired to know what length of time
Her mother will extend her wedding day.
Almost upon my knees, I point to her
That marriage is a question of person, not of time ;
To which she answers, " I will be his wife
When I am hearsed."

KENYON.— This is a strange 'havior : ay !
And makes me loathe her. What, her mother ! hush !
I'll speak with her.

Enter Harriet.

MRS. KENYON.— Look where she comes alone.
Let us go hence : too much we have of late
Given her presence. Come, let us not stay ;
Less parent love may prove larger child love.
Be swayed by me.

KENYON.— This can, at least, have trial.
[Exeunt Mr. and Mrs. Kenyon.]

HARRIET.—
Whether in nature there 's divinity
That shapes belief, resolving in our thoughts
And in persuasion that weighs on the heart
A soul of inspiration, which, obeyed,
Leads on to purer truths and better days
Through that ideal preceding still the real,
Fain would I know that I might know myself.
And when I look in nature with a mind

Which is of nature, nature I perceive
Is most divinely shaped, and who so rude
As to attempt to sever thought from nature
That not this outward pressure and sequence
Give inward thought ; which, of divinity
Directing us, needs be divinity
To direct us still. And this should give us faith
That there 's a parentage in all who breathe,
And none so humble but that, being moved,
Should make him an engagement of belief,
Though yet his deeds have part with accident,
For accident of flesh is argument
Of spirit till the consummation is
Or custom 's overthrown. Then let it stand
I shall not marry without perfect love,
That I may cherish still the pure ideal
That 's never lost; losing myself for love.

Enter Idilia.

IDILIA.—Has my cousin a wish?

HARRIET.—Ay.

IDILIA.—What is 't?

HARRIET.—I would you were my husband.

IDILIA.—Why?

HARRIET.—I would kiss you.

IDILIA.—I will weep.

HARRIET.—What is love, cousin?

IDILIA.—A poet and not comprehend love!

HARRIET.—The poets are not vessels of comprehension
but vessels for comprehension. Come, what is love?
Ay, answer me that and I will answer the sphinx.

IDILIA.—That kind of love we are never to touch upon, neither waking nor dreaming?

HARRIET.—Ay.

IDILIA.—Surely the master passion has beginning and end, height and depth,—I have loved: is qualified by time and circumstance,—I have sounded its depths and shoals: and has much about its mystery that is of nature,—I have looked on its mortality: yet I know not what in nature it is.

HARRIET.—Very likely it is as gold in nature, having, as yet, no analysis. And shall we not discover the philosopher stone of love, as 't were, subduing nature with nature even to the top and bent of will?

IDILIA.—Nay, gold is the philosopher stone of love, love the philosopher stone of gold.

HARRIET.—So, so! gold is the philosopher stone of love. I could make merry now with an onion: I see an old friend in this argument. O there are great days toward, cousin, or nights rather, wherein we shall draw the moon to approved brine with subdued loves. I would I were alive.

IDILIA.—You are not in love; you are too melancholy to be a lover.

HARRIET.—Only the melancholy know how to love; which is to say, only a lover knows how to love: but I am not in love. Were you ever in love?

IDILIA.—Who wreathed my hair with orange blossoms at four, and brought crushed lilies to the mimic altar?

HARRIET.—But yesterday subdued to all sacrifices for love: to-day jocund and big with mocks even in the per-

son and matter of your passion. Teach me, is it thus? and with new knowledge comes new appetite.

IDILIA.—Speak of sin and be a prophet.

HARRIET.—True; slander riddles us all. 'Tis strange, 'tis strange, 'tis material strange. Then, why should we not cast out love when it weighs with more palpable stuff? If love but serves its little day and is no more, should we not make its absence a kind of sickness and recover? I will think on 't. Pray you, loved you ever where you formerly detested?

IDILIA.—Not I, Harriet. But truly I am a better lover for my loves.

HARRIET.—No: the lover is not wiser by experience nor perfected through practice.

IDILIA.—Let me think.

HARRIET.—Where does all true love go to, cousin?

IDILIA.—Lord Love, defend me.

HARRIET.—What is the end of love?

IDILIA.—Marriage.

HARRIET.—I know how to take you, cousin, but I know not how to take the difference. And love is not enduring; love 's a dream; love is nothing, begot of nothing, nourished by nothing, nourishes nothing, and returns to nothing; more than peace and less than dust; the beauty of romance, the folly of flesh and blood; the jewel of the lips, the canker of the heart. Then, if you love, love on: for myself, I will put love away and live for what remains; but without love I will never marry.

IDILIA.—I will give you to drink new wine from an old bottle and intoxicate the spirit. Some are born

for marriage, some achieve marriage, and some have marriage thrust upon 'em. Go to, you were born with a veil.

HARRIET.—Hark you, Idilia, if you will have the pity of 't. Some are born for bachelorhood, some achieve bachelorhood, and some have bachelorhood thrust upon them. I am one—well, we mingle our innocence apace.

IDILIA.—I dreamed about you last night.

HARRIET.—Ay, what did you dream about me? I would like to know the tricks I play in dreams.

IDILIA.—I dreamed you would grow to be a mocker.

HARRIET.—Dreams oft have some soul of prophecy, for dreams are oft of uneasiness; now uneasiness is of fear, fear is of respect, respect is of judgment, judgment is of reason, and reason is of probability. Therefore, I do not marvel at prophetic dreams. I myself, but an indifferent dreamer, have dreamed of things that have come to pass:—yea, I have fulfilled a dream purposely that these things come to pass. This is prophecy by incitation. And love is not enduring?

IDILIA.—I fear Harriet has journeyed into that world out of which but dreamers come.

Enter Edmund.

HARRIET.—Cousin Edmund, you are very welcome. What is your philosophy of life? tell me that, cousin.

EDMUND.—My philosophy in life—is to live right on.

HARRIET.—O, you men, you men, how tough your sides are! I envy you earth and allow you what 's to come.

EDMUND.—Yes, man is well attended in his passage; a philosopher and inheritor of two worlds. About what

he is, he needs no assurance ; by the faith of what he is to be, he cheers up the rosy hours.

HARRIET.—Heaven and earth ! to be tethered by your own sweet will and commendation ; not to dream but to do ; to be more than a picture and not less than modest. O for the apparel of a man ! to speak right on ; for a custom that is not. But, indeed, the graceful are the free, and what I lack in freedom I lack in grace. I think, cousin, I have something of a man's philosophy but a woman's heart, and between the two I am neither woman nor reason.

EDMUND.—Neither rhythm nor reason ; for woman is the rhythm, man the reason.

HARRIET.—And what is rhythm without reason?—mere prettiness without truth.

EDMUND.—And what is reason without rhythm?—mere knowledge without beauty.

HARRIET.—The conclusion is, man and woman are equal but different ; but the conclusion is not always the world.

EDMUND.—That is true.

Enter Mrs. Kenyon, Claudius, Venetia, Drake, and Burke.

MRS. KENYON.—*Alter ipse amicus.*

HARRIET.—O you are welcome, welcome all. I have here some poor company that has its hour and departs ; my thoughts, my thoughts. Welcome : shall we play at life ?

MRS. KENYON.—Miss Spencer is your only visitor. The gentlemen are come to have returned Mr. Spencer's manuscript and depart.

HARRIET.—By your leave.

[*Exit.*

MRS. KENYON.—

My daughter's writings end with this forenoon:
Her book shall go to press immediately.

BURKE.—To know the author is to know the work.

MRS. KENYON.—

Harriet inherits her father's charming talents,
Her mother's sympathy and intuition.

Re-enter Harriet.

HARRIET.—(*Giving Claudius manuscript.*)

I've but one art and that has lost its heart
Amidst a world of worth.

BURKE.—(*Aside*) 'Twill "blast i' the bud:"

A tool's a prophet.

CLAUDIUS.— The difference is all.

My verse is rough hewn and audacious; yours
As light as airs that haunt the lyric muse.

MRS. KENYON.—In truth, there's much in that.

HARRIET.— I never can

Read what exceeds my powers but I'm obscured
For many hours: and even as the artist
Looking against the noontide's sun's confounded
In all design, I, in the pens of ages,
Lose art and action, mocking what is written
And despairing of what's to come.

CLAUDIUS.— A noble despair

And seizes oft on all that write.

BURKE.— 'Tis so:

Yet frequent reading these transcendent works
Finds us all poets and keeps us so.

HARRIET.— Ay, sir.

And all great works are multitudinous ;
Not one lone meaning do they yield us up,
But every line rewrites the work again,
For beauty is legion, and where one is blind
Another has eyes and understanding.

DRAKE.— Much upon these thoughts
Still hang the miracles of the master poets:
And there 's a soul in nature that with time
Inverts the spirit, that from satire springs
Reverence, from humor, pathos ; in history
We see what 's hideous grow wondrous fair,
What 's fair grow hideous.

HARRIET.— I've noticed that.
O you've a spirit for infinite toil,
And poetry seems but another name for duty,
To write this worthy poem, Mr. Spencer,
But to resolve you in the kind of epic
You shall set down.

CLAUDIUS.— I am resolved therein :
And what is ancient here grows modern.

HARRIET.—I chiefly admire Conselus' speech when he returns from the mountain of Iona, where he was one, "Not dead, neither sleeping, but learning," and discovers his country divided against itself ; thereupon to plead in the name of his country's dead hero, who lies buried on Iona's summit, for instant and perpetual peace.

MRS. KENYON.—I'm very sure Mr. Spencer will read us this.

CLAUDIUS.—If you choose, I will.

MRS. KENYON.—I choose, sir.

CLAUDIUS.—I will come without additional circumstance to the speech; suffice the hero Miss Kenyon speaks of and the prophet herein are one. (*Reads*)

Impassioned rose Conselus in their midst
And fulminated o'er the plumed hosts :
Lo, where Iona glory-capped climbs the dawn,
High o'er the sable pageants of this earth
The shocks of empire and the pride of man,
A sacred covenant 'tween heart and heart,
Thy prophet's bones have been forever laid.
How hath the hills aspired with their dead,
Visited but by the day star's peaceful beam ;
Yet not among the untrodden ways of woe
Dwells the immortal spirit of those bones,—
Grim-visaged war, upon the prophet's head,
Tiptoed to heaven shakes her bloody star,
And sweeps the vulture to prophetic feast ;
Troubling that prophet's spirit that did stem
The tides of prophecy and prophesy
A drunkard throned upon our cedared hills
When to our hearts our hands should prove untrue :
A prophet whose sincerest spirit taught,
Perfection is a dream, truth is a work ;
A nature that arises with clear voice
When truth's divinity is given man
Borne on the widening and prophetic years:—
And yet a little while was in our midst,
But now is sleeping in the sacred vault
Hewn in the glory of the eastern steps.
He was the spirit of our fond desires;

The North was in his bosom and his love
Came like the smiling morn upon the East
After the black sulphurous storms of night,
And, filled with the blush of morning, from the hills
Pulled down the thunderbolt and crowned Peace there.
By his so gracious hand the martial East
Has ceased to thunder, and the bounteous West
Brings forth its foison to the harvest feast:
By his so gracious works there sits no court
In open session and in secret shame;—
Hath flown the winged wolf from the Capitol,
And from the gates is razed the bloody shield:
By his so gracious heart and genial mind
The arts have flourished and the truth has sprang ;
And from the field a path leads to the court
When humble loins uncommon metal yield,
Nor is unknown a glory o'er that path:
While from our hearts his spirit looks on law,
Whose face is the most green and bounteous fields
That none so low but Justice stoop to him.
And shall divided sons, in pride of hate,
Rear war between his nature and his rest,
And earth seat winter in Elysium's fields?
Never, whilst there is gratitude in man!
Peace is the victory thou shalt acclaim
Unto the radiant rack o'er Iona's hill ;
Peace is the besom that from heaven's hill
Shall sweep the vulture with his carrion wing.
Then shall this azure vault be all for God,
For truth, and for our country's steadfast star;
And alien darkness and barbarous horde

Never shall be on our most divinest land,
Nor blood be our frontier, nor Chaos king.

MRS. KENYON.—There 's persuasion in it.

HARRIET.— There 's music in a name;
And he, who is the hero of these lines,
Is worthy his persuasion. An impassioned speech
Of large repose.

BURKE.—(*Aside*) Nay, depose ; mark, depose.

CLAUDIUS.—

Your praise is very dear in my regard.

Adieu.

BURKE.—First congratulating Miss Kenyon on the
completion of her book.

HARRIET.—Pray, sir, do not mention it. Good day,
gentlemen. [*Exeunt all but Harriet and Venetia.*]

Hark you, Venetia, I'll play the counselor :
Fortune 's a fool to give you these sweet lips
And not the world : God-gifted at the throat,
But Fortune 's mute, unknown and unadored,
You stand drooping.

VENETIA.— Hush ! do not praise my voice.

HARRIET.—

Nay, do not praise the dead that should have wrought
Intemporal beauty from a temporal seat.

How golden is your hair ; mine is as dark
As strangled midnight. I hate it !

VENETIA.— Say not so :

It becomes you well.

HARRIET.— Have you no wish a master
Would train your voice up in the way of art
As high as heaven ?

VENETIA.— Alas, alas, alas!

HARRIET.—(*Fondling Venetia's hair*) Venetia, will
you daff these locks for art?

VENETIA.—

Fie, not for any art beneath the sun!
Nor for all that which has the power to shake
The soul of woman, and evil angels essay.
Methinks I scent the morning of high madness.

HARRIET.—

Ye angels that mew your feathers for charity,
And line the darkness of this faithless world,
Make me as rich as is this hair-proud maid.
Briefly, Venetia, when that sun is set
Your star is risen.

VENETIA.— And in its sweet influence
Draws up a sea of hearts?

HARRIET.— Be not like Absalom
And let your hair undo you. Shall the hair
Make war against the music in the soul?
What 's in the wonder of a woman's hair?
What 's in the color of a woman's hair?
Where tides the man to whom these curls are law?
There is no certain spider in your eye
That you should hold this golden web so dear,
Spun by the careless years.

VENETIA.— Your hair was ever dark,
And has the passions in 't.

HARRIET.— 'Tis a university
And hath an hundred scholars, Venetia,
Wasting their revenues as they grow wiser.

VENETIA.—

When you are angered, what a frown is here;
When you are glad, 'tis studded with sunbeams;
When you are studious, it is all of thought;
When you are injured, it leaps up a crown;
But when you 're plotting, I think on Lucifer
And stand aloof.

HARRIET.— A starry throne is stooping,
Be steadfast.

VENETIA.— Ah me, dear friend, this is attainment
Of all my fondest sighs; then come, cruel shears,
And shear away these threads of sincere gold.

HARRIET.—

Look now, I make a plummet of a hair
To sound your heart and learn the depth of it.
'Tis deeper than my thousand broken hearts—
For I break heart with every day I live—
Mine own, mine own; and they come easily.
Venetia, I humbly press my suit
Never to pause that this melodious voice
Come unto seed of sorrow, but take the hour
And give me leave to furnish you with means
To school your gifted voice.

VENETIA.— You 're kind indeed.

HARRIET.—

Still Fortune's minions are her instruments,
Then may I be your patron and buy art
For one of nature's stars—for such you are—
Knowing your voice and musical discourse
Travailed through art to go upon the stage,

A star to rain influence on the arts:
And let success—if it must be, Venetia—
Make patronage a loan.

VENETIA.— I dare not think on 't.

HARRIET.—O dare all thoughts, consider all deeds.

VENETIA.— No, no.

And yet I thank you for your kind intent.

HARRIET.—

Nor never dream a patron's purse string serpent
To eat your pride away. Sure, human gifts
Like your clear voice are not particular
To pause at wing. Who sees a beauteous fall
Suckling twin rainbows at her lucent breasts
That smiled at dawn, but in him stirs a covenant
To guard her brood, whose accident man is heir to,
Nor craves but that her womb ne'er bear less freight?
Who tastes the odor of a morning rose,
That has a memory in 't, but treads the worm,
Nor craves but that the rose still glut on dew?
Who eats a rare fruit candied by the sun
But gathers up the seed and arms the bough,
Nor craves but that in season they bear bud?
Who hears the sweetest singer of the field
Make melody that 's something more than song,
But has some hand to shield it from the thorn,
Nor craves but that its heart be born each hour?
And shall it be the less with human largess
That touches us more near? O no, sweet friend,
Who treasures beauty treasures her own soul:
Let other largess be not guarded less

But human more. Then may I be your patron,
And you my nightingale.

VENETIA.— For this intent
All thanks, heaped to my eyes; but hush, O hush!
'T is ill I dally with the thought of art
Who late renounced the deed, and these sweet hopes
Have passed for aye from the face of all but dreams.
'T would make my father grieve in his old age
To leave him childless, for my brother Claude
Being a man, later or earlier,
Must go his way, and while my father lives
'T is my renunciation and my duty
To minister to him. After, there's naught.

HARRIET.—Ah!

VENETIA.—Harriet, *au revoir*. I have to visit many
parishioners of my heart this afternoon: *au revoir*.

HARRIET.—Adieu, Venetia. Our remembrance to
that revered minister, your father.

VENETIA.—Father's and mine to yours. Once more,
adieu. [Exit.

Re-enter Idilia.

HARRIET.—'T is wrong, Idilia, 't is wrong—I say 't is
wrong—wrong to do, wrong to ask: a thousand times
wrong. Ah, but it is beautiful!

IDILIA.—What is beautiful, cousin?

HARRIET.—Why, life, life, honors, adorations, art, self;
yea, self. O to deny the truth of many things.

IDILIA.—What would you deny the truth of?

HARRIET.—I would deny the truth of renunciation.

What is a poet but a mere child wreathing scented blossoms in a scented world! Bah! Shall this large scope and faculty for truth be lost in an exquisite sonnet after the Italian? I shall take to prose of large utterance and absolute: yea, and utter in example always.

IDILIA.—Who fed you on shadows? 't was not your cousin.

HARRIET.—Where do we get our pity, cousin?

IDILIA.—From the miserable. I pity ye.

HARRIET.—And after we have it, we spend it liberally on the miserable—we pity them. I pray you tell me this: what becomes of that woman having no trade, no means, no strength, when suddenly thrust on the world?

IDILIA.—She has nowhere to lay her head.

HARRIET.—Nay, ever a woman has where to lay her head.

IDILIA.—Where is that?

HARRIET.—Where it ache.

IDILIA.—O stay at home! there 's rest at home.

HARRIET.—Would not the drapery of this room, look you, these matchless robes that hang priceless thread by thread, house the houseless within the radius of a mile? The tranquil in heart see beauty; I often come where I hear of it but cannot find it.

Enter Mrs. Kenyon.

MRS. KENYON.—

My gracious Harriet and gentle Idilia,
A present from your mothers in dear love,—
Two necklaces o'er-wrought with chosen pearl.
I'll compass you about.

[Clasps a necklace on Idilia, then on Harriet.]

Be ever happy, and take this to heart—
If mothers grow fretful and seeming harsh
'T is not we hate our children but are old.

I'll not stay thanks. [Exit.]

IDILIA.— So choice and appropriate gift
Deserves my thanks. I'll search my mother out.

HARRIET.—Now I am alone. [Exit.]

Enter Mrs. Hartland.

Now I am not. Dost know the proverb, aunt?

MRS. HARTLAND.—Which, niece?

HARRIET.—Why, speak of marriage and a gracious
widow appears. Alas, why do you not make some
single gentleman happy?

MRS. HARTLAND.—Niece!

HARRIET.—Shall love outlive marriage, tell me that?

MRS. HARTLAND.—Niece, niece, niece!

HARRIET.—And good, marry an elderly gentleman,
dear my love; I love elderly gentlemen, "sapient sirs."
Does not my necklace of pearl become me passing well?
I am a disputed national beauty.

MRS. HARTLAND.—Where is Idilia, niece?

HARRIET.—Idilia is searching for Harriet's aunt.

MRS. HARTLAND.—I thank you, niece, I will go to
her. Pray, will you not marry Mr. Stephen Burke?

HARRIET.—Ay, when you doff that cap and be a maid
again. Good night, dear, good night, dear; good night,
good night, good night. (*Sings*)

Love 's a shepherd,
Memories his flock;
And its step is music,
And its step is music,
To his heart,
To his heart.

[Exeunt.]

ACT III.

Scene 1.—A room in Spencer's house.

Enter Claudius.

CLAUDIUS.—

I should have known ; there was the means to know ;
Question there was and opportunity,
And yet I did not know, nor sought to know :
There was but her and this great love I bear ;
No more ; and now she is more glorious
And I more lost. No more to dream her mine
Through flattery of hope and fortitude
To slave the beating tide ; no more to hope
Yet still to remember ; no faint star to preach
Sweet patience to a soul new hurled from bliss :
The promised bride of Stephen Burke, my friend !
O, happy, happy friend, whose bride shall be
The sweetest lady in the walks of youth !
And wretched me with whom all good is o'er
And naught to come ! Then farewell, sweet Harriet,
May love, beauty, and truth be with you still ;
One last farewell, and then in exile drear
I take my duties up to find this life
A fevered span betwixt thee and oblivion.

[*Exit.*

Scene 2.—Conservatory in Kenyon's house.

Enter Harriet (with a harp) and Idilia.

HARRIET.—Idilia, I am your lover ; I will sing to thee.

IDILIA—What pretty is.

HARRIET.—Take this morning rose and wear it in

your hair ; I have a song for it. Does not my lover's melancholy become me very well?

IDLIA.—Why, no more than reason.

HARRIET.—O reason, reason, if I ever dwelt with you, it was in Erebus ! (*Sings: harp accompaniment.*)

My Love dwells not in faint dreams
That haunt the lover's night
Where sleeps the silver moon;
Her hair 's a bank of sunbeams
Where springs a bud of light,
The clear red rose of June:
And sweeter far than darkling wine
Is the love light in her eyne.

IDLIA.—

Lo, up the silence come the steps of song,—
A maiden singing with double heart for lips;
Sweet Harriet singing where the wild bee sips,
Sweet Harriet singing 'neath the lilac tree
With dulcet lips still washed in climbing dew.

HARRIET.—

Will you still mar my poetry with your readings?
This was sweet Pauline, Lady of my Muse.

IDLIA.—

Beseech you, cousin, give to me the harp,
That I may knot it with some simple spray
Of orange, or this bloom of nameless sweet,
Whose amour with the wanton sunbeam is
The sweetness of the casement.

HARRIET.— Take it up;
It has a chord that 's crossed in love, heavy
As my sad heart strung with a string untuned.
The price of happiness is eternal pain!
And yet I care not to be happy, I;
Happiness is a nuisance withal, Idilia.

IDILIA.—
I think my cousin 's an æolian harp,
And mournfully is moved in some deep grot
Haunted with lovers' sighs.

HARRIET.— That I am sad,
I 'll not deny out of a truth-whole-heart,
Making a legacy of heaviness
Unto the gentle; that I am in love,
You have the testimony of darling youth,
Of manhood—and no time so barren but
Has manhood—and moreover certain verse,
But I have that within, Idilia, which
Without the substance can the shadow cast.

IDILIA.—
You speak of manhood, speak of yesterday :
'T is gone ; the time has fallen into shapes,—
What door the spirit made its exit at,
I am to learn—and now there does not breathe
An heroic man.

HARRIET.— You cannot plummet me ;
I'm deeper than did ever woman sound.
I'll praise no man, that thereby you may guess
Who has made me melancholy and passing strange.

IDILIA.—

I understand you not, nor will I so.
I say that the heroic is no more,
And for the past I live : tiptoe on story
I watch its heroic pageantry go by.

HARRIET.—

Let me live for the present, not the past ;
Nor spend the pith and marrow of my day
Erecting from the bones of the departed,
Long since resolved into the milk of nature,
Brave giants to counsel Jove at his own court ;
Most profound sires, whose glory was welfare,
Whose honor unanimity, whose willing works
Were human nature's benign and mounting stuff ;
Young men almost to be linked with the Best ;
Heavenly matrons and daughters all like Ruth ;
And children every one a cherubin ;
To the rude pulling down and quick reproach
Of living mortality : and, least in that,
Deny to-day with an Utopia future
Wherein man's every attribute is like
A soul of excellence and dwells harmonious ;
For I am sure within the forward hour
There is a glory whose like is not before,
Whose sweetness still shall woo the tenderness
And bards and song.

Enter Mrs. Kenyon.

MRS. KENYON.— Idilia, hence, for shame.
Put down your harp ; attentive spirits 'tend
The airs of your step : go into the garden, love,

Your sweet schoolfellows brush away its dews
Thrice giving you o'er.

IDILIA.— O rarest spirits all! [*Exit.*]

MRS. KENYON.—

Daughter, you too are called; then come your ways.

HARRIET.—I pray you, mother, is Stephen Burke
within?

MRS. KENYON.—Ay, so he is.

HARRIET.— Therein I am engaged,
And begged to be excused.

MRS. KENYON.— Answered is Stephen:
And how shall I be answered?

HARRIET.— If truth 's a dream,
Why, then, I am a dreamer in her dream;
If truth is not a dream, pity me then,
And pray it were.

MRS. KENYON.— Why this digression? speak.

HARRIET.—

That Stephen Burke is not fit company
For me, my father's daughter.

MRS. KENYON.— Merciful heaven!

HARRIET.—

That Stephen Burke is not fit company
For me, my mother's daughter.

MRS. KENYON.— How speak you thus?

HARRIET.—

As one having no purpose in her heart
That dulls the finer edge.

MRS. KENYON.— This is my daughter!

HARRIET.—

Pray, mother, do not bear me every day:

I am aweary that I was once born,
And that at the beginning.

MRS. KENYON.— He loves you.

HARRIET.—

Hook not affection to his hollow heart.
Besides, were he as perfect as may be,
His love infinite as the love of man,
Unless my heart unconstrained had gone
With his along I would not be his wife.
I owe to you my birth and education,
My food, my clothing and my body's needs;
I'm bound for the care you give and love you bear;
But there's a divinity greater than these,
And can I halt with that divinity within?

MRS. KENYON.—

Soft! you impeach my Stephen through mere judg-
And not report? [ment,

HARRIET.— Yes, mother.

MRS. KENYON.— O such a deed
As dulls the finer edge of human respect,
And makes me give o'er faith.

HARRIET.— O hear me out.

MRS. KENYON.—

I will not list one plea: Stephen's my son,
And you have slandered and abused my son,
Slandered his honor and abused his love,
Slandered my honor and abused my love.
Stephen's my son and you have slandered him;
Denied the best young man in all the world,
Who is more dear to me in his great wrong

Than he was ever in a better day.

I leave you and go to him.

[*Exit.*]

HARRIET.— 'T is vain to talk.

Mother will never understand ; father

Must needs be grieved and cannot shape it else.

Orphaned of spirit in nativity

I still must stand alone.

Enter Maid.

MAID.—This for you, Miss Harriet.

[*Gives Harriet a Card.*]

HARRIET.—Show Mr. Spencer here, Martha.

MAID.—Yes, Miss Harriet.

[*Exit.*]

HARRIET.—

What can it mean ? he seeks to speak with me !

To say farewell ! to-morrow leaves the city !

Where does he go ? will he not come again ?

Farewell, alas !

Enter Claudius and Maid.

CLAUDIUS.— Miss Kenyon, pardon me.

If I intrude upon a private hour

Let that I may not see you else be pardon.

HARRIET.—Will you not be seated ? [*Exit Maid.*]

Do you say farewell,

Or that more kind *au revoir* ?

CLAUDIUS.— It is farewell.

A position in the East is tendered me,

In New York City, and, indeed, dear lady,

I cannot choose but say farewell.

HARRIET.— Ah, sir,

We lose you without warning.

CLAUDIUS.— It must be so :

We find friends but to lose.

HARRIET.— No ; that 's the cynic,
And doubts the poet. He has his calling and
His call, yet may that name not cling to you.
Believe me, sir, mere distance never yet
Severed true friends, and are we not twice bound—
By friendship and by letters ?

CLAUDIUS.— Speaking of letters,
I trust, dear lady, every year to come,
Or other year, to read some living work
By Harriet Kenyon.

HARRIET.— I, by Claudius Spencer.

CLAUDIUS.—In all my best, Miss Kenyon.

HARRIET.— As I may.

CLAUDIUS.—
Miss Kenyon, when that I am absent here,
May not we correspond ? I then shall write
To one remembered not the less by me
Than my own kin, my friend, your fiance,
And my most dear friend, Rodman Drake.

HARRIET.— Mr. Spencer,
It is untrue ; believe me, untrue.

CLAUDIUS.— Beseech you ?

HARRIET.—Are you persuaded any bears to me
The relation of betrothed ?

CLAUDIUS.— Why, Stephen Burke.

HARRIET.—
I do not hold him in the name of friend,
Nor have for months. He knows my company

But through respect to others. If you have seen
Such import in a journal, it is false ;—
A most grievous mistake.

CLAUDIUS.— Why, then,
I cast an ingrate and a coward off :
And that I speak of this is owing you.
'T is true I read a journal to the effect ;
And but this morning Stephen Burke expressed
That you and he have been betrothed for years
And are to marry in the Spring.

HARRIET.— O fie !
When we were children mother still was fond
In this alliance, and I was betrothed
Unto this man ; but this was long ago,
And has been broken since I have attained
The years of judgment which have found in him
An outward excellence to an inward corruption.
Sir, I am not betrothed at all.

CLAUDIUS.— Thank God !

HARRIET.—
Claudius Spencer, if ever you loved me,
I loved you not the less.

CLAUDIUS.— Pardon me.

HARRIET.— Ah, sir,
I am not blind ; I know your noble mind
And pride that will compare your state with mine
Unto farewell : one whose ungrasping hand
And finer art may never come to fortune
Nor fortune come to you : and rather, sir,
Than mar the beauty of two lives I thus
Have overstept one custom.

CLAUDIUS.— Forgive me, sweet lady ;
I see the world where still I saw my heart.
This must not be ; it would but wrench you from
The beauty and the comfort of dear wealth
Unto necessity and unhappiness,
And make your parents chide you or debar
Some richness of their favor to your pain.
Farewell.

HARRIET.— And yet you love me ?

CLAUDIUS.— I should not.

HARRIET.—

O what to me is this unyielding wealth ;
These needless riches ; this base pageantry ;
This light without, obscurity within ;
These fading pearls ; these jewels in my hair
That set my forehead in the dust and light
The way unto farewell.

[She plucks off her jewels and casts them down

There let them rust !

I am awearry of jewels. I love you.

CLAUDIUS.—

Then hence, false measure ! I will seal that bond
Perpetual at the lips. O, gentle lady,
There is a glory to the earth returned ;
I loved you ever from that sweetest night
When first we met in gracious intercourse ;
And had my hopes proved baseless you had been
A passionate memory about my ruin,
Too dear to fade, too heavy to be borne.

HARRIET.—

Besides, you know, my noble Claudius,
Since I will play the artist, I need have
Some scope of beauty, and your love will plant
Immortal possibilities in my heart.

Yet fain I am the woman, first and last,
Your loving wife who has infinite love
To squander in your bosom, teaching you
How that a woman moved can love.

CLAUDIUS.— O we have met

Upon the verge and the extreme of all
Never to part again. O, Harriet,
I'll cherish every bramble in the field ;
Naught, naught so slight but your sweet face will glow
A covenant between my heart and it
Unto its lasting love.

HARRIET.— Have I not learned

She dies who never loves? Look, Claudius,
This harp, wreathed with a spray of fragrant orange,
The sweetest buds that ever blew to heaven,
How happily prefigures our happy love,
Long lasting as our lives.

CLAUDIUS.— Undeserving that I am.

HARRIET.—

Far, far too worthy for unworthy me :
I'm but myself.

CLAUDIUS.— O, Harriet of Harriets ;

Deserving all a lover sighs his love,
And poets win from the infinite heart.
Darling, my love is almost blasphemy ;

You are so pure, so sweet, so delicate,
So radiant in your glow of virgin fire ;
I all a-stain and muddied in the world :
Yet trust me, sweet, this hour shall be a wing
Whereby I climb into a clearer air
Never to be sullied more.

HARRIET.— O know your Love,
Who knows you're honorable as grace is wide,
And wide as her allegiance.

CLAUDIUS.— My dear heart,
In this uncorrupted glass you hold to me
My disproportion shows great indeed, and I,
For your sweet sake, would be that fair proportion
For which I strive. I shall not say farewell,
It were a waste of sorrow.

HARRIET.— O be it so :
And where you are I am beside you still,
Thridding the eye of dark and crooked death.

Enter Maid.

But look where comes my maid. What do you bring ?

MAID.—A message, Miss Harriet: the messenger, a
little girl, waits to be answered. [*Gives Harriet a paper.*

HARRIET.—'Tis very strange what is written here.
Where is this child ?

MAID.—I seated her in the hall, Miss Harriet. Shall
I dismiss her ?

HARRIET.—No : go before : I will come to her.

[*Exit Maid.*

CLAUDIUS.—I trust you have received no ill news.

HARRIET.—'Tis strange, 'tis strange, 'tis very strange; yet I am persuaded to respect it to our instant parting.

Dear Claudius, when evening folds the leaf,
I pray you come again, and I will make
Music for my betrothed, whose gladness is
A twice told tale.

CLAUDIUS.— Sweet Harriet, I will come. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene 3.—A hill overlooking the Golden Gate.

Enter Drake and Venetia.

DRAKE.—

Let's pause, Venetia; this is the top
And crowning climb. When June is come again,
We follow in the flight of yon clear sun
That still in glory goes upon its dawn,
Which, going 'fore us still, will deep inlay
The liquid avenue of our bridal journey
With panels of bright gold. O, dear my love,
Your look is like the West when it is lit
By yon bright star, in liquid ecstasy
Low hung o'er the Golden Gate, and these sweet locks
Have in them that divinity to make
The sunset eloquent long lingering here.

VENETIA.—

That you are honest I in part believe,
Yet swear you paint my beauty o'er again.
Still, I am of a nature that does believe
'T is not what should not be, and I'll believe
You paint me true who should not paint me false.

DRAKE.—Doubt me, Venetia?

VENETIA.— I doubt,—condemn me
Yet understand me,—I still doubt your love,
And I will make a plummet of pure doubt
And sound your heart.

DRAKE.— O sound my heart with faith,
That has in it a gracious memory,—
Which, pardon me, I mean not to discover :
Yon white sail ripened it. Do you recall
A day upon these waters, when our yacht
Dropped idle in the warm still tide beneath
Yon cliff? a day I was a part with and
An evening.

VENETIA.— Trust me, Rodman, I recall
The very cliff that, jutting o'er its base,
Wore rough hewn in its front a human face ;
The genius of the overhanging rock,
And guardian of the Gate.

DRAKE.— This should teach us,
Before man was his image was a piece
Of nature and mortality, silent along
This æolian shore ; mutely prophesying
With brow of stone lifted to parting day,
The coming of that multitudinous soul
That 'd pull down lightning from the thunder-rack,
And, enamoured of the zenith, would leap upward
And suckle at her suns.

VENETIA.— O wonderful !
Was human face ne'er new beneath the sun ?
But this word " faith " and 's gracious memory.

DRAKE.—Pardon me, Venetia.

VENETIA.— Not for a sea of grace.
We are such stuff as memory, and Rodman
I never may possess till I possess
His memories.

DRAKE.— Ay, tender me your memories.
Venetia, let your memory play the diver,
And from the sunny sea of past events
Win me some precious jewel.

VENETIA.— O 'tis but little
Which I have asked, and when that little 's mine
Mayhap I'll hang some jewels in your ear,
Fond stones, which shall become you passing well.

DRAKE.—
Have me, Venetia, have my memories.
But come, that I discover this to you
On the sunny beach wedded to wave and shore.
Sweet spot, salt with the West, 't will gild a tale
And make clear silence eloquent as love.
Spirit of memory, come
And walk beside us down unto the sea. [Exeunt.

Scene 4.—A room.

Rose (on a bed) and Nurse discovered.

NURSE.—Hush! when the lady comes—lay back once
more—

I'll turn you to her face. Hush! do not speak.
(*Aside*) Poor thing, what can it be hangs on her soul
And stays its flight? The lady will not come;
Great ladies do not look on stricken things.
Hush, hush!

ROSE.— O lift me up: the stairs, the stairs.

NURSE.—Hush! 'tis not time.

ROSE.— O lift me up: the door;
I see her there.

Enter Child, Edmund and Harriet (veiled).

NURSE.— Kind lady, have you come?
I am the nurse. She wears her heart quite out.

ROSE.—O come more near.

HARRIET.— What would you say to me?

ROSE.—
Is this the lady? Let me see your face.
I know her face.

HARRIET.—(*Lifting her veil.*) Yes, strangely, I am she.
Why do you send for me? I know you not:
And yet I listen. Can you speak right on?

ROSE.—
O let us be alone; I dare not speak
With any by.

HARRIET.— She begs you both retire.
I pray you pass into the other room;
But leave the door unclosed.

NURSE.— She's part delirious,
I think, my lady; and I nurse her not
For any price, for she has naught on earth
But cureless troubles.

HARRIET.— She motions you away.

NURSE.—
And, lady, her father eaten of a cancer
About the heart, and cannot buy her medicine.
You see, 'tis a pitiful case.

EDMUND.— I like not that :

But I must be content. (*Edmund and Nurse retire.*)

HARRIET.— You may speak now.

What is't you have to say? Yes, speak right on.

ROSE.—

O, lady, I am dying—cannot live
To see again my little babe that 's dead :
I'm dying, and forgive him who made me
This ruin you look on from a happy girl
That loved and knew not what it was to doubt
Until he turned me out into the streets—
And I was deathly sick, and my father found me,
And knew not face from face, for all was dark :—
For I was not his lawful wife, but Oh !
When my poor babe was born if I had had
A little comfort 'twould be at my breast ;
But the father laughed at me.

HARRIET.— Alas, alas !

ROSE.—

O, lady, I am low-laid in my grave,
But I forgive him all the wrong he did.
O save him ! tell him to rise up and flee ;
Let not my father take his life. O speak !

HARRIET.—

Rest now a while and when you can speak on
Tell me who 'tis has wronged you thus. O rest !

ROSE.—

O, kind, kind lady, when my father learned
He was to marry you,—O please stoop down !—
To kill him, and before my God he will
Unless you warn him. I am dying now :

O when I looked upon my dead babe's face
I could not hate him more.

HARRIET.— O speak his name!

ROSE.—

Look! I have worn it ever since that day
He promised to marry me. You do not look:
It is his ring.

HARRIET.— O me, I gave it him,
And he did lose 't. His name is Stephen Burke?
O speak!

ROSE.— Stephen Burke! Stephen! Stephen!
O save me! O I die! [Falls back.]

HARRIET.— You heavens look down,
And pluck some fleeting comfort to her heart,
Poor wretched piece of marred humanity.
O shame, shame on the difference of debt
Making the innocent bear all! O, God!
Shall women suffer this? The dead are living,
The living are dead!

[Re-enter Edmund and Nurse.]

See, see, O see!

ROSE.—(Arising on the bed) I die, I die!
O my mother! wife! God! [Dies.]

EDMUND.— 'Tis good you go now.

NURSE.— 'Tis just as I expected; she is gone.

HARRIET.—

Yes, she is dead. I pray you go before;
I'd be alone with her a little while.

EDMUND.— We'll wait upon you in the entry way.

[Exeunt Edmund and Nurse.]

HARRIET.—

O now I look on death! 'Tis this to die!
O God, is 't this to live? Then death is best!
No, no, no, no, I 'll not believe it is,
Doubting the mortal avouch. Poor testimony
That justice is a dream, may perfect rest
Raze out what 's written too harshly on your brow:
May it write other matter in that book
Such as a father might find comfort in.
Why am I here?
Ah, disdeluding truth, you have marred all!
No, I 'll not warn that ruffian Stephen Burke
Against the father's hand; but rather may
The redounding vengeance strike ere words can spring.
This has he done, and may he follow his works.
For this polluted ring fallen from her hand,
The sea shall hide it ere the night is come
And hide no deeper shame. Farewell, O farewell,
Your age was on earth, may your youth in heaven
dwell. [Exit.

Scene 5.—A club room.

Enter Todd and Two Poets.

FIRST POET.—Come, come, Spencer keeps no appointment here.

TODD.—Gentlemen, if I wrong you may I make a bottle of a wrong. The excellent Claudius was to meet me here an half hour since, and, though he comes not, yet have patience. In the interim I'll discover an Alp of policy in my eye of State and prove myself the father of an illustrious line of American poets and prologue to

the palmy day of arts. Look you, I am tendered by the Administration—God save the colonels!—an office i' the municipality, and thereby hangs appointments.

SECOND POET.—God help the office! the ballot forbid!

TODD.—Go to, this was no ballot, this was an appointment *per se*.

FIRST POET.—No: and if it had been, it had been a ballot o' tears. Well, you can now keep a coach and six with a poet for tiger; the first gentleman of America.

TODD.—Friends, a man's opinions should be his appointments that his principles survive, since there are honorable men in all opinions and parties.

FIRST POET.—Ay, there's the salt of it.

SECOND POET.—True, the devil hath opinion.

TODD.—O, my sweet friends, to-day the devil is not even painted. Hark ye, gentlemen, at each ear—"pulls" are short and life is long.

FIRST POET.—Excellent, i' faith.

SECOND POET.—Good, good: the tune the old politician died on.

TODD.—Gentlemen, were I a Republican, a Democrat, a Populist o' the Socialistic Party, or one of these who builds his hopes on almighty returns, I were not with you this afternoon; were I a party man I were about my party's business. No, sweet friends, I am a poet, a minstrel who was wont to harp his harp in heaven's eye, and poets shall be my appointees.

SECOND POET.—The poet in politics: well.

TODD.—Look you, here is the list of the seven first poets—this is not grammar, friends, but human nature—

thought most deserving to act as my deputies. Shall I appoint these? have you better? do you assent?

FIRST POET.—Come, the list. (*Reads*) Roger Cambridge, Cashier. I know him, Philip; a white-haired elderly gentleman, hale and hearty, looking forward to when he shall be a boy again.

SECOND POET.—Honor him; he is a high priest of God's English.

FIRST POET.—(*Reads*) Robert Queerquill, Clerk. Alas! poor fellow, he has learned a bad name is the only thing that can be in two places at the same time.

TODD.—Except a good name, and an illustrious name, like mine. He wrote that rare epitaph for the sot when he ran a church in Calaveras. Soft! let me see, let me see,—He is dead, pity him not—yes—

He is dead ;
Pity him not ;
Death can long be borne.
He is dead ;
Let him rot ;
Stranger, do not mourn :
He 's doing his duty now
Is this sot,
God wot ;
And the whole duty of a dead man
Is to rot.

Ha! I wish I had written that.

SECOND POET.—Honor him.

TODD.—He cannot be a bad man at heart; he loves a Welsh rarebit. But, gentlemen, I have reserved the

worthiest place for Spencer and trust he will honor me with an acceptance, and, while you study this milky way of poets, I will pace softly towards his home and bring him on his way. The spirit moves me.

FIRST POET.—We stay his pleasure. [Exit Todd.
Come to the sideboard and toast him to the very toast;
the Poet loyal. [Exeunt.

Scene 6.—Parlors in Kenyon's house.

Enter Mrs. Kenyon and Burke.

BURKE.—

Madam, the mind that made your daughter great
Will surely keep her true.

MRS. KENYON.— Stephen, my son,—

For, sir, you are my son, being so like
Him that is dead,—yet to a mother's heart
Her child is never dead : and I have learned
Not to forget but to remember with
A tempered heart : being so like, I say,
Him that is dead ; and since our nature leaps
To grapple to our heart that issue which
Has attribute and part with some dear loss,
I call you son. And once more, yet once more
I call you son, in that from childhood forth,
Even to the transformation of Harriet,
My daughter was betrothed so unto you
That when her father looked upon your loves
And saw your budding future, he would cry
It made contemplation young in thrall
Of elder winter : and take comfort, sir,
When Harriet looks upon our grief awhile
She'll look upon her duty.

BURKE.— Herein you cheer
The heaviest hour that I have ever known.
Quietness, yet without peace ; ease, without rest ;
Wealth, without beauty ; affection, without hope ;
Rank, without love ; truth, without inspiration ;
This, madam, is the charm which keeps back death,
For ever death abhors the miserable.
Nor night has set division 'tween my days,
Nor day between my nights ; believe me, still
The nights are troubled with the troubled days,
The days are troubled with the troubled nights.
Yet from your counsel and your shrewd insight
I pluck some hope, and hope 's a kind of work
Unto my saving.

MRS. KENYON.— Then be resolved : in thought
There's a divinity that sways the minds
Of those we come in touch with to our likes
And our dislikes ; and, as the running tide
Bears in its current all that comes in touch
Which does not overpeer its strength of flood,
So our belief sweeps on another's heart
And bears it in its current to our ends
A thousand times repeated.

BURKE.— I in part believe
That I again shall win your daughter's hand ;
Nor doubt shall keep the watches of the night,
Nor be a sentinel o'er my inner heart
That it may never pass into the light
Without a challenge.

MRS. KENYON.— 'Tis well, 'tis very well,
Exceeding well; and cast it out at once—
The commune of the heart unto itself
Is half our destiny.

BURKE.— Though love, unrequited,
Has ceased to be an inspiration and
Has become a curse, I yet will not despair.

MRS. KENYON.—
And I have one more comfort: in idleness
The mind begets strange brood, which few will own
At later time, and Harriet is idle,
Or has been idle, and 'tis this that gives
Denial and crooked motion; but henceforth
Idle she shall not be, and this unthreads
These heavy times.

BURKE.— Now truth 's a precious jewel
That fable gave to fact, since with the truth
Your daughter will return into the light:
And I, whom you call son, out of dear love
Fain call you mother: one who has no kin;
Yet in my wife the dusty vault shall gape
And give me back my dead.

Enter Mrs. Hartland and Kenyon.

MRS. KENYON.— Husband, Albertaine,
Let 's wrestle pleasure from the forward instant,
Pull down our daughters from their studious star,
Unroof these thrice-walled students that they tread
A measure in the circle of delights.
They hang like mirrors reflecting all they front,
Enjoying naught.

MRS. HARTLAND.—Harriet is returned.
She will be here anon.

Enter Idilia.

Idilia comes.

KENYON.—She looks unwell: I think it good she travel.

IDILIA.—Who cries out “travel” to a soul at peace?

KENYON.—

You ’ve put the day to the decision, niece.
Hence, you shall travel and o’er Harriet
Commission have to make her such a mate
As broke from your society this hour
And took my heart with envy.

IDILIA.— That ’s the universities,
Whither young men and women flock to drink
The milk of arts and eat Promethean fire,
And over and beyond the intellect
Instruct the body in all the throws and kicks
That find it true and leave it benefited.

Enter Harriet.

KENYON.—Daughter, will you not play for us some favorite and brighter composition?

BURKE.—(*Approaching with music*) Miss Kenyon, the privilege of this song in accompaniment.

[*Harriet regards him with scorn:
hesitates: quits the room.*]

She is unwell. Sir, I will take my leave.
I deeply tender her apology:
Bespeak me thus.

[*Exit.*]

IDILIA.— O, believe me, she is not well:
 I say to you she said she was not well.
 How pale she is. [Exit.]
 KENYON.— Sickness that stoops so low
 Lies deep. [Exit.]
 MRS. KENYON.— Ah me! sister, what shall I do?
 I had a daughter; have I buried her?
 Search out her grave that I may weep there.
 O come away: all 's lost but motherhood. [Exeunt.]

Scene 7.—A street.

Enter Claudius and Drake: Curtis at a distance.

CLAUDIUS.—
 Stay, Rodman, look where Curtis is addressed:
 He shall with us along to Dugal Todd,
 That sleek-headed, affable, and portly man
 Who distinguishes literature from a handsaw.
 Why he has summoned me, I take no thought;
 Suffice I am denial-dumb to-day.
 Question me not; I rather show my heart
 Than speak what language it has fed upon.

DRAKE.—Give me your hand, Claudius, brother. I
 trust it is even so with you as it is with me. What!
 have I moved you? Nay, leave off wringing my hand
 that I wring yours, since I am indeed your brother, hav-
 ing won your sweet sister, Venetia.

CLAUDIUS.—
 You wrap my thoughts up in a deeper maze.
 O be it so.

DRAKE.— Heartily, heartily.

CLAUDIUS.— Venetia !

O I can lend the fondest lover art
To praise Venetia ; but that 's your pleasure,
And I'll mark you straight? Then must you speak
of one

Who has more heart than art, not that her art is less
But that her heart is more.

CURTIS.— Spencer, farewell :

Public report bespeaks you quit the West.
I take the personal way to say farewell.
New York, I think.

CLAUDIUS.— So once I thought myself ;

But new occasions old affections warp.
A farewell not to purpose ; I'm not hence
Upon so instant note : delayed or over-ruled.
Come, go with us and waste a merry hour.

A Funeral Train approaches.

CURTIS.—

Forbear : let's pause the passing of this train
That draws apace.

DRAKE.— Within the forward hour,

Yon hearse will rattle o'er the stony street
In harsh return, and he that sleeps within,
Deaf to all languages beneath the sun
That not the motion of the linguist's tongue
Can stir one jot, inclines toward the worm
In dank oblivion.

CLAUDIUS.— May I be cremated !

Why should a man thus lay him down and rot ;
To be the food of vermin and a comb
For thridding worms: this express tenement

And form of alabaster to fall into
A loathsome mound : this top and arch of thought,
The soul's high crescent, to be pulled quite down
And dragged into the mire of decay,
That not the rudest mind can glance his end
Nor smother up the heart : this tabernacle
Of largeness and of pride to be up-dug,
And oft our nature's frame be jarred about
With no more concern than the very beast's.
O fie ! my I respect myself in death,
And from my derogate ashes never spring
An insult to the spirit.

CURTIS.— This was a man
Who was a study and a mystery.
Living, he thought to communicate with the dead,
And climb into another atmosphere,
Leaving all untenanted the natural frame
Of any reasonable and conscious soul.
Which life speaks for a mounting spirit and
A peep beyond philosophy and art.

CLAUDIUS.—
Why cannot man commune with the departed—
Leap o'er his grosser nature, spirit-thwarted,
O'erpeer the level of this wholesome air,
And, in some world to which the dead are heir,
Hold commune, clipt about by golden fire,
With souls whom here from earth did late aspire.

Enter Burke.

BURKE.—
I'll accompany you and stuff the hollow hour
To some true shape.

Enter Livingstone and Todd.

LIVINGSTONE.— Turn, Stephen Burke, turn
And look on death !

*[He draws a pistol on Burke. Todd grapples
with him : the pistol explodes : Claudius falls.]*

CLAUDIUS.— O, pluck it out, pluck it out !

DRAKE.—

For God's sake grapple with him ; he is mad.
Take 'way that pistol. Help me, friends : look here,
Spencer is shot !

TODD.—

I have him, gentlemen.

Budge now, you scoundrel, and let Hell hold 's peace,
I'll not !

CURTIS.—

Quick, some one bring a surgeon here ;
Spencer is shot.

DRAKE.—

Look up : where is it, Claude ?

What man, no blood ? then never think it : courage,
We'll help you straight.

CLAUDIUS.—

O, I die, I die, Rodman.

Justice !

[Dies.]

DRAKE.—

Before my God, Spencer is killed.

Brother, look up : it cannot work so fast.
Where are you shot ? ha ! in the temple : aye.
I say he 's killed ; are you all deaf ?

TODD.—

Tut, man,

No more than reason.

Enter an Officer.

Come, sir, here is the man.

He 's but a rag.

OFFICER.—Hold back his hands.

[*Manacles Livingstone. A crowd gathers.
Enter three Officers.*]

Call a patrol to the station. [Exit an Officer.

Look to the man there. What, dead?

CURTIS.—I think so.

DRAKE.— Ay, shot in the temple: look.

Come, help me, friend: Curtis, go bring a coach.

[Exit Curtis.

Before my God, I cannot think him dead;

It is too sudden for the soul of man.

Why in God's name came you before him, Burke?

Would I were dabbled here.

BURKE.— Tush, he is mad.

I know him not.

TODD.— He's killed a better man.

OFFICER.—Who witnessed this shooting? Mr. Burke?

Mr. Todd? (*To Drake*) this gentleman here? Answer all who witnessed.

BURKE.—I.

TODD.—And I.

DRAKE.—And I.

Re-enter Curtis, with coach.

And he, Curtis.

OFFICER.—Who else?

BURKE.—This is all: the streets were empty.

DRAKE.—Make way there, let us pass; I'll take him home. Help, Curtis, help to lift him in the coach.

OFFICER.—(*To an Officer*) Mount the coach, and make your report.

[*Claudius is lifted into the coach: Drake and Curtis enter: an Officer mounts the coach: the coach is driven off.*]

OFFICER.—(*To an Officer*)

Here on this side; we'll lead him to the station.
Gentlemen, you shall be summoned.

BURKE.— Go on before.

I think he's a lunatic, so have a care.

TODD.—

On to the tanks, McPherson; we'll follow after.

He'll answer for it; while there's rope there's reason.

OFFICER.—Back, back, back!

[*Exeunt Officers with Livingstone: crowd follow.*]

TODD.—

I tell you, Burke, that man is stricken dumb
That did the shooting.

BURKE.— Do you believe so? ha!

TODD.—

Very like, very like; but froth will answer you.

Well, let it go; the law's the criminal's best friend.

Enter Burrill.

BURRILL.—What's that forward, Mr. Todd,—an arrest?

BURKE.—Are you a reporter?

TODD.—Ay, to his faults. One I brought up from a boy; a politician should see to these things.

BURKE.—Come, go with us, we witnessed this.

TODD.—Now, Burrill, every man for himself and truth take the hindmost. Come, sir, no lies, no lies; he was my friend—and I was unworthy him.

Whaur's Claudie Spencer noo? 'Before my God,
Though I live out the six-score years of man,
I shall not see so piteous fall again.

Come softly on.

[*Exeunt.*]

Scene 8.—A room in Kenyon's house.

Enter Harriet.

HARRIET.—

O, you just heavens, have I wrought honorable
In keeping silent that this Stephen Burke
Have judgment meted him? O compass me,
You that my steps thus far have led aright,
And direct me still.

O what a piteous unhappy ruin was there
When this most trusting woman was betrayed!
And shall that faithless ruffian live on
To blast the weak, and not one make redress?
He did these things—and do I know he did?
How do I know but she has spoken false,
Or she was but an animal, a beast?
How do I know which is the guilty one
That I should seal my lips till vengeance strike?
Mercy! I know not what it is I do:
I'll make myself a guilty instrument
To a guilty deed: and one may blab these things,
And through my silence drag my father down
And my poor mother; bruise my Claudius;
And turn my life to outward hideousness.
O now I see all silence here is foul:
Then up, give warning, and, if no evil fall,
Let this delay strike at my single self,
And I'll pluck its sharpest thorn unto my heart
And suffer wisely what I unwisely wrought. [*Exit.*]



ACT IV.

Scene 1.—A room in Spencer's house.

Enter Spencer and Venetia.

VENETIA.—O, dear my father, is your sight restored?

SPENCER.—

Ay, even as the coming on of day
After thick night; at first the grey approach,
And then the sliver-laced breaking, then clear dawn,
And last the bright consummate noon..

VENETIA.— O heavenly powers!

SPENCER.—

I see you with embraces, yet in form
As clear and level as the general eye.

VENETIA.—

Look, sir, where John is walking in the garden:
I'll call him hither; you will know his face,
Though mine but feelingly, for I have grown
Quite from that earlier image which was wont
To fill your eye. *[Exit.*

SPENCER.— She has the mother's brow,
The self-same brow that I resigned to Death
When I was dragged beneath the wheels of dust;
And I am as new risen from the dead
And look upon the mother with the Blest.
Heaven has heard my prayer, and chiefly Him
Whose sorrow was the gladness of the world,
Who is my Captain, and whose faith has been
The only manna in the wilderness.

Re-enter Venetia with John.

JOHN.—Brother Paul, can you see me?

SPENCER.—

Are you near or far? But let me touch your face,
That I may feel 'tis not a stranger : so.
It is my brother, and our hair is white.

JOHN.—

Sweet niece, your father has regained his sight.
My hair is white.

VENETIA.—

O, it were brave indeed
Were Claudius here. Yet I may search him out.

[Exit.]

SPENCER.—My cot is simple but my age is free.

Enter a Maid.

MAID.—O, sir, here 's a gentleman to speak with you.

[Exit.]

Enter Drake.

DRAKE.—

Pardon me, sir, I have brought Claudius home
For he is hurt.

SPENCER.—

My son is hurt?

DRAKE.—O grievously hurt.

JOHN.—

Alas! where is he?

DRAKE.—Hush! he may die.

SPENCER.—

My son may die?

Bring me to him.

DRAKE.—

Sir, he is dying.

SPENCER.—Dying!

DRAKE.—

O think of Venetia,
And hide your grief.

SPENCER.—

He 's dead.

DRAKE.—

Even so.

I may go now. I pray you, look to him;

We 'll bring him here.

[*Exit.*]

SPENCER.—

He tells me my son is dead:

He tells me my son Claudius is dead:

Make way, I 'll go unto him ; I can see.

Re-enter Drake with Curtis and an Officer bearing Claudius.

DRAKE.—

Hush ! he is dead. He died by accident,

And never better fell. We were with him,

My friend and I, conversing in the street

On many things, and sir, when Claudius fell

It touched us near.

JOHN.—

Brother, hear this young man,

You have yet one sweet branch to droop with you.

How did he die ? by accident, you say ?

I'd tell him all.

DRAKE.—

Sir, even thus it was :

Claudius, my friend, and I stood in the street

Conversing, when to us came up a friend,

A friend to us all, who was no sooner by

But from behind a madman shot at him

And killed your son. This man is held for compt.

Our tale is brief, our loss is without end ;

Yet may 't remember the living.

SPENCER.—

He is dead !

O, Claudius, my son, my son Claudius,

I builded heaven's glory on stairs of sand !

O God, here was a son born for the race

His father's still prophetic heart would run ;

He had the mind and the compulsive fires
To shape the heart into the living truth
That this recorded and peculiar dust
Go upright in its passage; but fleeting, crooked
 mischance

Has reaved the light of him and him of light.

He was the very purpose of my age,

And he is dead!

[*Exit.*

DRAKE.— Beseech you, look to him;

He treads the verge: and let his woe not reach

Your gentle niece.

[*Exit John.*

Let 's bear him thither, friends:

Yon room is not so open to the hall,

And leads where uninterrupted we may speak.

The sister must be told, and to that end

I'll call a lady from the neighbor-way:

'Tis fit a woman tread these steps with her.

Once more take up the body.

[*Exeunt, bearing off Claudius.*

Scene 2.—A room in Kenyon's house.

Enter Harriet.

HARRIET.—

'Tis five o'clock; he has my warning now;

And for my own pride and his dear release

He knows not who has warned him of this man,—

Only that he is warned and has a care.

But O, my fearful heart, in the interim

From four to five o'clock what accident

May have befallen his untutored steps,

Which might not be had I disarmed the father.

Laughter has been a knell unto my soul.

[*The clock strikes five.*]

Hark ! that strikes from heaven ; he is warned.

Enter Idilia.

Idilia, is 't you ?

IDILIA.— O, Harriet, sweet cousin,
Why are you strange and undivulged of heart ;
A walking mystery ? I will kiss you for it.

HARRIET.—I pray you, touch me not.

IDILIA.— Where have you been
This heavy hour ?

HARRIET.— An hour is very brief :
'Tis scarce an inch upon yon ancient piece
That strikes the fearful moments. In so brief span
Naught of great import could take place, think you ?

IDILIA.—
Cousin, I think—and this that you are strange—
To-day is not the morrow of yesterday
But quite apart.

HARRIET.— It is a day, Idilia,
Without a morrow or a yesterday.

Enter Mrs. Kenyon.

IDILIA.—Dear aunt, what are your thoughts ?

MRS. KENYON.— I think strange thoughts
Whilst you on old affections dwell.

HARRIET.— O, my mother,
Why do you look so moved upon me ? speak !
And talk so strange ? Has aught befallen ? O speak !

MRS. KENYON.—They have not told you—no ?

HARRIET.— Have told me what ?

MRS. KENYON.—

What if I told that that noble gentleman,
Who but this hour went bitter from my door
That Harriet denied him courtesy
That 's shown unto the meanest servant here :
What if I told that such an one as this
Is now low-laid beneath the linen mound,
Killed by a madman in the public streets—
What if I told you this?

HARRIET.— O no, no, no!

I will fall down and never rise again,
Making a shroud out of my whitened hair.

MRS. KENYON.—

It is a bait that but the guilty take.
O Harriet loves Stephen, yet she will deny it.
It was a custom when I was a maid
To still deny the lover and his love,
Until the wedding bells rang out the lie
So full of guiltlessness and bashful ways.
O ho, I told your father that your love
Is boundless as romance, and that our child
Is different as two books from the rude world.

HARRIET.—He is not dead? not hurt?

MRS. KENYON.— No, be assured :

Though foul attempt was made upon his life.
Forgive me, daughter, that I moved you thus.
Now will I serve you Paris, Harriet,
Upon a golden plate for your bridal feast.
But soft! I sent for Stephen to attend
That all my household bespeak congratulations
In his escape.

HARRIET.— O, I'll congratulate him.

Ay, I'll congratulate him.

MRS. KENYON.— There Harriet spoke.

Yet 't was exceeding sad what did befall :
Still all must die : death hangs upon our lids
And mars the sight ; it weighs upon our dreams,
For dreams also have their mortality,
A toad that croaks in every living spring ;
Yet, since it is a mystery, our hearts
Not being assured should incline to beauty
Weighing the hope above the doubt, believing
That hope has still some soul of prophecy.

HARRIET.—What do you mean?

MRS. KENYON.— Your father brings report,
Which is as true as it is pitiful,
That the bullet that this unknown madman aimed
At Stephen Burke, O still unhappily,
Struck in the temple Claudius Paul Spencer ;
And he is fallen never to rise again.

IDILIA.—O look at Harriet! [*Harriet swoons.*]

MRS. KENYON.— I'm fond and foolish
To follow thus so sudden in my tale :
My heated brain o'erleaps the cooler period.
The joy, and then the heaviness of grief,
Has all forespent her, even as it should.

IDILIA.—

Look where she stirs again : she will revive.
I'll chafe her hands. O, Harriet, look up :
Wherefore, sweet cousin, have you sunk so low?

HARRIET.—(*Reviving.*)

What was 't you said to me that I am here?

IDILIA.—Claudius Spencer is killed.

HARRIET.— Ay; so I thought.

Claudius Spencer is dead. He was a man
Greater than all his works. Some men twice die,
Die in their self and in unfinished works,
And oft the works mortality cuts off
Is the greater death; but here a man has died.
Now I stand.

MRS. KENYON.—

I'll fetch some cordial; you are as pale—

HARRIET.—As death. Stay, who will comfort Venetia?

MRS. KENYON.—I know not who.

HARRIET.— This grief may be her death.

Besides this is report, which I will doubt
Till I have spoken with Venetia.

MRS. KENYON.—Be over-ruled; your health is very dear.

HARRIET.—I'll go to her in human sympathy.

MRS. KENYON.—As you will. [Exeunt.

Scene 3.—An ante-room to police station.

Enter Todd and Burrill.

TODD.—A plague on your trade, Burrill, a plague I say. May not a poet and a gentleman grapple with a lunatic o' the old school, but a legion o' straining lead-snappers, I mean reporters, sweep down on him as though he had the North Pole in his breeches pocket? An' had I been lean I had been an agitator.

BURRILL.—Why, you heathen barbecue.

TODD.—Heathen barbecue!

BURRILL.—Ay, sir, all flesh and no grace.

TODD.—Come, Burrill, there are times when hell is sacred. Why, what idle work is a man that an ounce of lead is gross enough to thrust him out o' question! what trifles raise him to eternity! O frailty, frailty, I 'gin to think there 's vanity even in office.

BURRILL.—Held you any opinion to the contrary?

TODD.—Faith, Death is cheap enough to entertain; but I flattered myself there was red tape in office to make him think twice before checkmating a politician. Now I see something rotten lies that way.

BURRILL.—Sure, the poets lie that way, and there 's living in that lie—for the poets.

TODD.—I hate a punster, and a poor punster is an abomination.

BURRILL.—All your 'great men have made puns in their day, and poor ones at that.

TODD.—Zounds, to emulate the bum o' greatness to be accredited with its better parts.

Enter a Reporter.

REPORTER.—These are the times that try the press and reporters. He is cut off of all tongues; language sleeps and will not be waked.

TODD.—Yerk it in the ribs.

REPORTER.—This lunatic who killed Spencer has fallen dead of heart disease, or drink, or what you will, as man proposes and wealth disposes. Yet the reason of this shooting shall be sifted, and if it be discovered the newspapers will discover it; the law is mighty but the newspaper prevails. Get you in, Burrill; I'd rather be a stale fly between the sheets of an old Dutch calendar

than report for your paper. Why, man, there 's columns in it. [Exit.

TODD.—I would confound him were not curses money to you newspaper men.

Enter Burke and an Officer.

Is he dead, Burke?

BURKE.—Ay.

TODD.—Why the devil did I send for Spencer to come to my rooms that he pass the way to his death. O office, O appointment, O politics, where are your honors? where is your light? But zounds, Burke, the madman called on your soul and had I not passed near to meet Spencer why you were now somewhere in the fifth dimension. I marred him and saved you, and my conscience stands in the difference of worth. You owe me a tombstone, Burke.

BURKE.—That this old man was other than mad in attempting my life, which his unbroken silence testifies to, is a matter a dog writ, a fool published, and asses quote.

BURRILL.—Here 's a large head indeed; here 's a chained scoop; here 's the Press in breeches; here 's a magnifico who can edit a newspaper on sight.

BURKE.—Go to, go to, you are too young in this.

BURRILL.—It is the mind that makes the body's age. 'Ware your austerity; I will smite you past and present: I am the Press; I am the power behind the type: I'll over-run you with brevier, I'll confute you with long primer; I'll edit your soul; I'll make an extra of you;

I'll damn you on reserve ; I'll slander your physiognomy ; I'll garble ; I'll rumor ; I'll construe ; I'll press-damn you. Zounds, sir, I'll never bury the pencil—

TODD.—Tush, you would write up your own damnation for news.

BURRILL.—Let me have done ; there 's something wants damning.

TODD.—'Sdeath, you power, you puissance behind the office cat. What, Burke, did Burrill write that this old fellow was ruined by stocks you debased? That 's a barnacle on the bears.

OFFICER.—Mr. Todd, you are called.

BURKE.—Good day, Todd : you " awoke one morning and found yourself famous."

TODD.—Good day, Burke : I awoke one morning and found myself damned. Come, sire.

[Exeunt all but Burke.]

BURKE.—

Ay, death 's the bear of bears ; it pulls all down.
Now is the organ of calumny choked up,
And cannot vent distempers on my name ;
The public front is smoothed, and death, not gold,
Has bridged a hell of truth and circumstance.
But soft, who warned me after? I'd know that,
And glance my credit by a stronger light.
Kismet, I'll give out that my health is poor,
And travel hence into some foreign land—
The brave man travels and the weak repent—
Nor come again until this slander 's spent. *[Exit.]*

Scene 4.—A room in Spencer's house.

Enter Brewster, John, and Drake.

BREWSTER.—

Youth shield her still when this comes to her ear :
Her brother's death is sorrow to the quick ;
Add now her father's death.

DRAKE.—

Sir, sir,

She must not know. Be advised of comfort and
In drift of falsehood keep her from the shock
Of her father's death.

BREWSTER.—

I will consider it.

DRAKE.—

O, sir, we must be instant in device
Or mar all comfort. Every drop of blood
Whispers the conscience to hypocrisy:
Let's tell her that her father has a fever,
And that her presence here is dangerous,
Still smothering his heart in sympathy:
So shall her love persuade her hence awhile,
Whose every hour will be a kind of lock
Letting her heart down from this fearful height;
And of his death an expectation make
From fear to determination that the end
Shall prove more of a pressure than a shock,
And she will bend, not break. It is my right,
I take it, sirs.

JOHN.—

It is a warp of mercy.

BREWSTER.—I am determined.

Enter Matron.

Look, the lady comes :

Make known your suit.

DRAKE.— Madam, please come aside;
I've a suit with you. [*Exeunt Matron and Drake.*]

JOHN.— Are you persuaded, sir,
That this will prove the security it seems?
If she be armed 'gainst this, what shall we do?

BREWSTER.—Do as we may, we may do but our best.

JOHN.—
O God! heaven is razed o'er these four walls
That was the roof, and there 's no roof o'erhead,
And I am beaten to the earth by storm.
My nephew killed! and now my brother dead,
Tripped by pure grief! I would unto my God
That we were brothers in death.

BREWSTER.— Let us go in,
And guard the body that she not inherit
To-morrow's legacy with to-day's nerves. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene 5.—Another room in Spencer's house.

Enter Harriet, Venetia, and Idilia.

VENETIA.—
O draw aside the curtains, Harriet,
And flood the room with light; it grows so dark.
Nay, draw them back; I do not like the light:
Even as before. I thank you, patient friends.

HARRIET.—

Our hearts are but as rich as your demands—
No more—and every plaint you make to us
Makes us more rich. Will you not step outside?
A little way will bring us to a grove
Of pleasant paths and restful memories ;
Where the air is like a mother on the brow.
O come.

VENETIA.— It is too far : here will I droop
And never stir.

HARRIET.— Be comforted, Venetia ;
Some days are fevers that must run their course
To madness and the past allied. Dear heart,
These first days o'er and loss looks from the skies,
Will you not make a willing pilgrimage
With Idilia and me? I know a gentle seat
Looking toward the sea, where the heavy heart
Is comforted. You must not live apart—
O list—and decline into that pallid brood
That 's more of sorrow than of earth.

VENETIA.— The sailor says
The sea gives back our dead ; while others say
The country gives us back our dead ; others,
The mountains or the night or solitude ;
But my heart whispers he will not come again,
And where I am still there my sorrow is
And he is not.

HARRIET.—(*Aside*) O heart, be stone till night.

VENETIA.—
Once more, stay by me ; leave me not alone.
It is your promise.

IDILIA.— We will.

VENETIA.— So kind, so kind.

HARRIET.—O come where the air is stirred.

VENETIA.— Teach me, you heavens,
To entertain Death for an angel.

HARRIET.— Walk up and down ;
The still heart is ever fraught.

VENETIA.— O my poor father,
I pity you then.

IDILIA.— Look, what you bear in quiet
You do not bear in vain : this self same loss
Weighs on your father's heart. Be patient then ;
Let pity comfort you.

HARRIET.— Will you pass outside ?

IDILIA.—I think not, cousin : importune no more.

Enter Matron.

MATRON.—

My sweet Venetia, you must go with me—
This makes your father sick, and, if you stay,
Your presence turns to pain through sympathy.
Come to my home.

VENETIA.— Let mourners not be divided.

MATRON.—

Ah, but you must that grief division have.
'Tis for the best.

IDILIA.— Now grief give her to me.
I'll not be parted. Come, Venetia,
And be my grief-fellow.

MATRON. God seal that choice.

IDILIA.—Then come away, Venetia, and make ready.

[Exeunt Venetia and Idilia.]

MATRON.—

Hush, Harriet, this is a blessed election,
And I have let it fall though it has grieved
The very heart of love to give it seal :
To thrust upon another heaviness
Is not a custom with me; but in this
I stand excused. Now give attentive ear;—
And you were framed for truth, not flattery,—
Election that this is of free consent
'Tis made in ignorance of what 's to come,
And only pity in a dealing with pity
Has given it seal.

HARRIET.— Yea, I am pitiful.

MATRON.—

Her father sleeps beside her brother and
She knows it not, nor must she know it yet,
Which cannot be avoided if she bide
Beneath this roof; while, too, the neighborhood
Is dangerous, and these unkindest walls
O'erlook my home; therefore I lend her you
That for a little while she may be spared
That she may be prepared.

HARRIET.— Her father dead!

O how came it?

MATRON.— Subdued by pure grief

He quit his grief. But, Harriet, do not weep;
You shall look upon his face, which is as clear
As newly lifted from prayer.

HARRIET.— Why do you torture me?

What more of horror, what new rack to stretch
My soul upon? Tell me the world is dead,

And I will mark you with attentive ear
And swear o'er every separate syllable.
I'm sick.

MATRON.— Your sympathy has made you sick.
Let's speak no more of this. Your book, I hear—

Enter Brewster.

O, sir, I have told Harriet how it stands:—
Her cousin begged Venetia go with her
Unto her home.

BREWSTER.— This is most fortunate.
How, is she gone?

MATRON.— She's making ready, sir,
And yet to go.

BREWSTER.— In parting, she must not come
Unto the father: I've left a servant there
To guard the body. It will cost some pain.

MATRON.— Hush, hush! I hear one weeping.

BREWSTER.— I do not hear it.
Where?

MATRON.— In the hallway.

BREWSTER.— 'Tis the brother there.

MATRON.— A woman weeping.

BREWSTER.— What, do you think so?

MATRON.— Hark! [*A cry within.*]

BREWSTER.—

It cannot be she has discovered this.
Madam, come with me: Harriet, go home,
You are not needed here.

Enter John.

JOHN.— Was that from here,
That cry?

BREWSTER.— 'Tis nothing.

Enter Drake.

DRAKE.— Who cried like that? O say.

Enter Idilia.

IDILIA.—
Where is Venetia? is she with her father?
I heard a cry.

Enter Venetia.

Venetia, is it you?

VENETIA.—(*Sings*)

“The Lord is my shepherd,
No want shall I know;
I feed in green pastures,
Safe folded I rest”—

HARRIET.—She is mad! Oh, oh, oh!

VENETIA.—(*Sings*)

“He leadeth my soul
Where the still waters flow,
Restores me when wandering,
Redeems when oppressed.”

BREWSTER.—

Friends, stand aside; she knows too much of death
And it has frightened her. 'Twill pass, I think.
Let's humor her: Miss Spencer, it is time
That you were going; see, 'tis six o'clock.
Your friends stay for you.

IDILIA.— Waiting, Venetia.

MATRON.—Come, let us go; it is a pleasant walk.

VENETIA.—I pray you, give me all your hearts, every one, every one: give me everything you have, O everything.

BREWSTER.—

I think my watch is right; 'tis almost six,
Almost I say, and draws toward the hour
I take my leave. Miss Spencer, will you go?
You see we stay. Come, I'm a busy man.

VENETIA.—(*To Harriet*) Are you the ninth bridesmaid?

HARRIET.—No, I am Harriet Kenyon. I would I were not.

VENETIA.—Heart o' mine, what would you?

HARRIET.—

I would that I were dead, forever laid
Beyond my troubles and my troublings.

VENETIA.—May your grave be greener for that wish with good men's tears. (*Sings*)

“ Restores me when wandering,
Redeems when oppressed.”

HARRIET.—

O, sweet Venetia, wherefore are you thus?
Was not your brother's death an intercession
Between the heavens and this fraughted mind?

VENETIA.—The first o' June, the first o' June, O the first o' June. 'Tis a good lesson and I learned it to teach, and the first o' June in the temple flattered me. Come early, children, and tread lightly, you rogues.

DRAKE.—

O God! is this the work of chance or fiends?
A first of June I was to call you wife;
What do they call you now? O, Venetia,
I will not say farewell, but I must turn
And hide my face. Ah, that accursed dog
That killed your brother, whose untimely end
Has fraught your mind and put you from yourself,
And made me but the bridegroom of a dream,
Shall pay for his trespass unto the death. [Exit.

VENETIA.—No, I will not buy your paper; my brother shall come home and all be well. I am coming, father.

HARRIET.—Pretty Venetia, cannot you throw this off by great endeavor? You are not as wont, don't you understand?

VENETIA.—I am dead.

BREWSTER.—Look on this painting and tell me what it means.

VENETIA.—(*Sings*)

The rainbow hangs on Vernal Fall,
The mist on Bridal Veil,
Where hanging walls
Drop swaying falls
To bugle calls.

Hark, hark, the bells, the bells, the bells! [Exit.

MATRON.—

May He send his beloved sleep,
That she forget.

[Exit.

BREWSTER.— Miss Kenyon, Miss Hartland, take
You cannot aid us and you clog our care. [leave:
Good night.

HARRIET.— Nay, sir, 'tis good that I am here.
If you can move my cousin, O persuade her;
But for myself I will not stir an inch
Though she grow dangerous. These two poor hands,
The method in my brain, my body's strength,
And all I am, unto this fraught heart
In service is addressed, for service is
The only jewel that remains with me.
Ah, never pluck that jewel from my soul;
But, kind physician and true gentleman,
Bear not against me your authority
Yet 'gainst my cousin.

BREWSTER.— Her strength quite o'ertops yours,
And since you linger I shall not persuade;
But if she goes you shall depart with her.
Miss Hartland, I will tempt her back again:
Quiet her if you can, humor her if you must.
I think this comes of some base treachery—
The servant gave her entry to the dead,
And now there is a funeral of method
I greatly fear. [Exit.

JOHN.— Surely the worst is come.
Beseech you, gentle ladies, do not stay;
He's very learned and counsels for the best. [Exit.

HARRIET.—
O me, this is the lightning of our fate
Striking from out a black but unseen sky.
But one brief hour and she was reasonable,
Scalding my hands with tears; grasping my hands
As though they were her heaven and her earth;
And now she has not the discourse of grief.

All is undone; the fraught and fearful brain
Is now distraction's cell, and in her eye
A white horror floats. O God! unless I serve
I shall go mad.

Re-enter Venetia, Brewster, and Matron.

VENETIA.—(*Sings*)

Laugh who will and laugh who must,
All who laugh shall come to dust.

Well, I have my heart's desire; they call me the full-throated star, and in tribute send me more flowers than the dead. Has woman known more? could woman know more? could woman ask more? No, no, call me not proud; pride is wicked. O no, no, no, no!

HARRIET.—Alas, my lost Venetia, you are not proud. Were it not that I live you were the most humble of God's creatures.

BREWSTER.—(*Aside*)

How's this; she takes the evil on herself.
It cannot be she told of the father's death;
She could not have foreknown: yet so it seems.

VENETIA.—Ah! See, see, O see, the curtain is up, and 'tis a full house to-night: they say there is not dying room. O where, where is my musician? I sing the bridal hymn to-night; yet though I marry I will live at my father's house.

HARRIET.—Mayhaps music will comfort her: I will play. O it is said that music is medicine to such as these, and has in it a soul of recognition to the disjoint mind. Let us hope.

[*She plays.*]

VENETIA.—(*Sings*)

I smell the budding moon
That makes the Love god swoon.

I am a bride to-night : shall not a bride rejoice ?

(*Sings*)

Hush ! hush ! ye golden star,
Ye blended voice and light ;
Hush ! hush ! while winds unbar
The clouded Queen of night :
Soft winds that breathe and blow
From rose-bloom laid asleep.
While Venus burn and glow
Within the azure deep.

Hush ! hush ! ye beating tide,
Ye blended voice and hymn ;
Hush ! hush ! while Love, young-eyed,
Laugheth at bridal dim :
Soft laughter of twin wings
Beating the faint moon-beams.
While golden midnight brings
Dreams, dreams, dreams, dreams.

Lift me up, up, up.

HARRIET.—

O me, what part is this ! the dead are here,
And I am making music. O, my friends,
She must be quieted; 'tis too horrible.

VENETIA.—“Thou shalt not kill.”

HARRIET.—(*Aside*)

O God, that this thrice-fevered brain would turn
And fall as low as Lethe's tide.

MATRON.—Venetia, the people are gone; in divided
way, poor child, but with undivided praise. Come now,
you must rest.

BREWSTER.—Madam, lead her away. I will give her
opiates that she sleep and cast this fraught in sleep.

VENETIA.—Thou shalt, thou shalt,—O what is it, what
is it? "Thou shalt—honor thy father and mother."

BREWSTER.—She weeps; 'tis a good sign. Come,
madam, lead her to her room. Miss Kenyon, I would go
now. [*Exeunt Brewster and Matron, leading Venetia.*]

HARRIET.—"'Tis a good sign": I will go pray.

IDILIA.—

Let us be patient. O my eyes have bled
To look upon this piteous spectacle
With but the heart and not the art to mend.
Her wants are boundless and our means are naught,
Yet when we turn our faces from distress
Let's turn to heaven. O the flower has lost
Its cadence, not its perfume; artlessly
She has confessed the marriage of her heart
With music.—Poor bride's heart, where is your joy?

HARRIET.—

Madness has been a craft to catch the sighs
Of her renounced heart; and these dear sighs
Bespeak a most brave heart; which whispers me,
Stealing and giving life, she yet may live
To lift ten thousand with her finer voice.
Some clay the potter of repentance has
To shape a prayer. O come away: weep not.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT V.

Scene 1.—A Cemetery : before the graves of Spencer and Claudius.

Enter Drake and Curtis: then Todd.

TODD.—

Ah, gentlemen, Whaur 's Claudie Spencer noo ?
I come to meditate upon that thought,—
His taking off made me philosophical,—
And that I owe some memory to his bones.

CURTIS.—

These are the graves ; the father and the son,
Cut off by accident and heavy grief :
Too sudden for philosophy. Their names
Might not be struck so swift ; ere you could bring
A shock against his name, the man is dust
Who gave that name its quality and being.

TODD.—This cannot be said of me. In this respect I am greater than my name. 'Tis a good moral that a man not thrust himself into position to be less than his name. Well, the dead have their name, the living their philosophy, and so it will ever be.

DRAKE.—

The deep iniquity before is come to compt.
He was my dearest friend, and, be it said,
His heaviest fault weighs light within the beam
Besides his worth : and none may ever know
What promise by his death was overthrown.

That it will rise again, I am to learn ;
I can but know that he is wholly down,
And much is tripped.

TODD.— Sure, yet a little while,
And one will meditate above my urn.
Leaning thus against the paling of that spot,—
I wonder where 't will be—if hereabout—
With chin in hand, he will sigh up a world
Of better days to the melancholy stone
Of my last mile : which stone he will read thrice,
Saying, “ Yes, that is true; I chance to know.”
Then will he speak of knowing me in life:
“ I knew him well; he was fraternity;
And he would have his jest, and oft would jest
Where he most cleaved: of all men in his time
He best expressed and knew that vanity
Which is of office: he found the poets lean
And left them portly: he knew himself, and loved
The sweets o' life, and thought to live six-score;
But five-score God was willing : so he died:—
Who would have thought that Dugal would go next !”
Then heaving a sigh will say, “ Lord, what are we ?”

DRAKE.—

True, we shall miss you, Dugal; let that pass.
'Tis a simple epitaph that 's graven here;
His name is elsewhere with his memory:
Here lies his ashes in a metal casket
Consigned to dust. Well done, Bohemia: rest.

*Enter Harriet, Venetia, and Idilia at a
distance, bearing flowers.*

But look, where comes the sister: let 's pass on.

TODD.—Go before, friends; I will thrust me here and there and read epitaphs till dinner time.

[*Exeunt Curtis, Drake, and Todd.*]

HARRIET.—

Humbly I lay these flowers on the turf,
And thinly scatter them that they smell sweet.
When one has lost herself, come to the grave
And she shall find herself.

VENETIA.— Alas, my dead!

I lay this wreath beside you: it will wilt.
There is a wilderness about my heart;
I would that I were dead.

HARRIET.— Let us be firm:

We come to take farewell a little while
Of these windowless and doorless tenements;
I' the morning we go southward: it is well.
O here, even here your brother Claudius sleeps.

VENETIA.—

He 'll never leave me now! I'm sure of this,
And sure of nothing else.

IDILIA.— Be comforted.

Venetia, where is your school-mate's grave?
Is 't backward or beyond.

VENETIA.— O, even here.

Give me the flowers and I will go apart
Where death 's less fearful. [*She retires with flowers.*]

IDILIA.—

O you've forbid my tears
Or, Harriet, I would weep to think him dead
Who was to be your husband and whom you loved.

O chide me not if nature show her drops ;
Your heart 's as melting but your will 's resolved.
And, dearest sister, give your grief its due ;
That heavy grief, closed in, which does not kill,
Changes the woman into stone.

HARRIET.— I told you ;
And none but you, Idilia, know of this ;—
Whether I had a right to burden you
My brain was too perplexed to rightly know—
But let that pass—I told I was betrothed
To him whose spirit I may never meet—
For who can prophesy beyond the grave ?
And though, Idilia, I still have found it hard,
O most, most hard to know that he is dead
And shall not come again—a mask it is
To wear on the soul's face;—yet I resay,
Since 'tis to bear, bear it I will.

IDILIA.— Yes, Harriet.
'Tis a quiet day.

HARRIET.— A quiet day, Idilia.
Were grief by beauty patched our hearts were whole.
Venetia comes : she looks most heavily ;
Sorrow has worn her features to the lines
And lineament that ever was the truth
Beneath this outward image and brief summer mask.
The human face is a melancholian
O'er which the painting of a joy is drawn,
That Time erase this cunning mask, put on
In mockery of youth, and teach us what we are.

VENETIA.—

Soft, let me see,—my memory 's not good,—
She has been dead three years, September bring
The autumn leaf. She was as clear and bright
And full of mischief as a holiday
In June; and never till I grieved for her
Was I bereaved of some dear friend and patiently
Stood waiting her return. Life is a gate
Whereby we stand to greet expected ones,
And some shall come and some shall not.

HARRIET.— Even so.

And could we but forget, 't were not so ill;
And could we cease to think, 't were not so ill;
And did we never dream, 't were not so ill,
For dreams are oft the hand that pulls us down
When we armed against the hand of day,
For sorrow is not single, but in dreams
Lives o'er its nature, and our waking is
The stuff our dreams are made of and our dreams
Walk with us from morn to sable eve. O come.

VENETIA.—

I 'll say farewell and go with leaden step.
This cruel affliction rises in my brain,
Forced up by tears; I dare no longer stay
Lest grief undo me. Farewell, my triple eye,
That ever looks in heaven, though the eye
In my faint brain is troubled with the mote
Of dim mortality and oft is veiled
'Neath lid of dust.

IDILIA.— O come away, heavily. [*Exeunt.*]

Scene 2.—Parlors in Kenyon's house.

Enter Kenyon and Mrs. Kenyon.

KENYON.—

Though yet our Harriet's behavior seems disjoint,
Else I have not the judgment and respect
Of which I was possessed before her change,
She 'gins to mend. The pressure is removed
Or qualified that made her singular ;
And where she erst did dream, unbuckling still
The capable and active gird in plethora of thought,
A kind of austerity has rooted itself
Bending the curve of youth into the line
Of womanhood : and now, since she has cast
The flowered vest of youth, she seems new framed
For deeds of duty.

MRS. KENYON.— I cannot find it so.

Till morning, with her cheek upon her hand,
Oft by her casement I have found her out.
About her age 'twas even thus with me ;
My vineyard was the heaven of fine stars,
Where I would feast until the envious morn
Latched up the gate.

KENYON.— Indeed, I sometimes think
Our dreams and generations are still one ;
But youth is troubled dew ; we cannot know :
It is a jewel in the rough o' God
For parents to cut ; but yet we cannot know.
And when a stone 's imperfect, who 's at fault,
Or nature or the artist? teach me that :
Why, oft it is the stone itself is flawed,
And oft we see the artist is at fault.

Our daughter much affects this new found friend
Whose loss distracted her for several hours.
She is a gentle lady, and betrothed
Unto the son of my most worthy friend,
And welcome for his sake and Harriet's.

MRS. KENYON.—

And welcome yet again, if all were known.
My arms enfold her as my heart a thought :
She is the music of my pulses, sir.
How ! do you smile as though my love was shrewd ?
And some there are that have a single eye,
And some there are that have a triple eye ;
And he that has the single eye is just ?
And he with triple eye 's a hypocrite ?
Nay, these are but the simple and the wise,
The seeing and the blind, nor more nor less.
I think there 's yet persuasion in the love
That Harriet bears Venetia—how it grew
I am to learn; but now that it is grown
I 'll profit by it—to move our Harriet
To return into society.

KENYON.— Think so ?

MRS. KENYON.—I have lived long, and the beginning
taught me that oft my heart is best reached, or is reached
at all, through another and particular heart. 'Tis even
so with Harriet.

KENYON.—

So may it prove. My time is given o'er
Until our guests arrive.

[*Exit.*

Enter Harriet.

HARRIET.— Mother, is 't you?
I desire to speak with you, though moving you
To some regret. You have mistaken me;
Grievously mistaken me.

MRS. KENYON.— Why, look you, Harriet,
Have I mistaken you? no, I have not;
I think but good of you and good you are.
Therefore I 've not mistaken you.

HARRIET.— Yet so.
And how much better 'tis I speak of this
Than allow you to build your hopes on a mistake.
If faith is dust let 's put 't beneath our feet.
The matter 's touching Stephen Burke.

MRS. KENYON.— Even so.
I 've here a letter from that gentleman;
He writes me from the South, where he has gone
In search of health, that for these many days
He 's absent from his almost-mother. What,
He has not written you? O no, for shame!

HARRIET.—But, mother, bear with me a little while.

Enter Venetia.

MRS. KENYON.—
Look where my other daughter comes apace.
Venetia, stand here by Harriet: so.
O 'tis a painting to make our noblest work,
Could it be penciled in fond similitude,
A mote to trouble the eye divine of Art.
Venetia, I lose you in the morning? What,
And Harriet and Idilia! Alas!

My brood is fledged and with a tender wing
It takes its flight from its beloved roof-tree;
And like the mother bird, when from her side
Her nestlings rise and leave her all bereaved,
I droop forlorn, and gather 'neath my wings
Three shadows, uncomforted.

HARRIET.— Hush, mother, hush!
You shall not lose us scarce a summer time.
This is the luxury and not the heart.
I say you grapple us too close for that.

MRS. KENYON.—
Nay: ere the calendar shall cast its leaves
And fall into the withered tree, ye three
Shall teach the tender roof-tree how to shoot.

VENETIA.—
I dreamed last night I ran my race and died
A bachelor-maid.

MRS. KENYON.— Go, mend your dreams.

VENETIA.—
I have a pain i' my temple and seek Idilia
That she massage it.

MRS. KENYON.— She 's in the conservatory.
Surely your journey will correct this fault:
Good health 's the philosophy of human life,
And where is perfect health your country is;
And finding but that spot sink your hearth-stone
Deeper than travel ever razed.

VENETIA.— I will.
But aside from my great loss I am most well,
O most, most well, believe me. [Exit.]

HARRIET.— Now, mother, attend,
And bear with me awhile. E'en as I am
I shall remain; I never will wed man,
And least in that wed this same gentleman
Your heart is fixed upon. That I love him,
You cannot dream; and that I care for him
You cannot think: and if you hold such thoughts,
You do me wrong; while, if you speak such thoughts,
You do me mortal wrong:—the carrion hours
Of such alliance offend the forward instant.
O single I was born, and single lived,
And single I shall die. You bear the scales,
Weigh me; but though you find me wanting still
That shall not qualify my determination
And matured purpose.

MRS. KENYON.— Child of perversity,
What dream and maiden fantasy is this?
Rebellious blazon!

HARRIET.— O, dear my mother, no.
You choosing still to look upon it thus,
I cannot help; but to this point I stand,
And more in sorrow, mother, than in pride.

MRS. KENYON.—
How true's the saying that youth is full of deaths
And niceties of feeling and of thought,
For even as the thread is fine it is entangled.
And, surely, the finer spirit being drawn
From what 'twas bottomed on more intricate
Is knitted than the ruder spirit is.
Therefore I do not give my Harriet o'er:
Patience shall bottom her upon a husband.
A bantling for this maze.

[*Exit.*

Enter Idilia.

HARRIET.—Cousin, how dost thou ?

IDILIA.—I have left Venetia swathed in the dark ; she has a pain in her temple. 'Tis an idle hour in a busy day : what shall we throw it at ?

HARRIET.—Are you wholly unengaged ? Speak as you are moved.

IDILIA.—Ay. Where have you spent this hour ? Time out o' writ, I found you by the merriest laughter, later I found you by searching, now I often come where you are, but cannot find you.

HARRIET.—I thought to sleep but was oppressd.

IDILIA.—Go to the babe and learn to sleep.

HARRIET.—But are you wholly unengaged ?

IDILIA.—Yes.

HARRIET.—Would you like I speak of a letter I received ? It cannot be said I have lived in vain.

IDILIA.—O, not one has lived in vain.

HARRIET.—No, for indeed these that live not in vanity live not in vain, and these that live in vain shall redeem that vanity in dying: so, in the end, none live in vain. That is the last time I paint another. Once it was a custom with me to paint myself as I should be and others as they were; later it was my custom to paint myself as I was and others as they should be; still later it was my custom to paint myself as I was and others as they were; but now I will make it a custom to paint myself as I am and paint so far and no further.

IDILIA.—Flattery is so evident, I will not flatter you.

HARRIET.—But come. A stranger writes me that one of my poems has persuaded her to continue in an honorable life. I see that oft a book makes life long and long life worth the while, and years shall not go unrewarded.

IDILIA.—This should flatter you, if you have a heart for flattery; the which I doubt not.

HARRIET.—Since books are foods, and by taking thought of them we can add to our stature, lengthen our life, and climb to the top of health, I am not unworthy an humble caterer, if not worthy the artist.

IDILIA.—Will you make your art a caterer? I will criticise you—and my criticism is the salt of honest tears—that you so lowly esteem yourself. Once there was a rose bush in the garden o' the gods which shook down all its roses that it be humble and meek; but the gods cut it down that it bore only leaves and thorns.

HARRIET.—That these lines were persuasive stuff and wrought so far from my purport, I am well pleased. She now is rich but honest, and her honesty is her riches; but these riches will not save her from particular insults like palpable riches. Property begets no insults.

IDILIA.—You are keen, cousin.

HARRIET.—The praise of kin is a jewel. Hark, Idilia, I have signified to my mother I shall remain the single thing I am. What follows is clear art. I am doubly forfeit to letters, not doubt. Were there less note in the art there were more matter; but as it is, it is. I have plucked a jewel from between the times: 'tis not for the world's wearing but for my wearing; to another it may be a pebble, to me it is a precious jewel. Ah, I will live

for my art and my art will make me whole. Did you leave Venetia asleep?

IDILIA.—Reclining, not asleep. She has a pain in her temple.

Enter Mrs. Kenyon, John, Drake, and Edmund.

HARRIET.—I must play a part here.

MRS. KENYON.—

Ladies, you burn your youth beneath a bushel ;
Come, you must entertain these gentlemen :
Anon Venetia will attend. In the morning
We lose you, therefore we are gathered here
To make that parting easy.

HARRIET.— Welcome all.

Ah, sir, your niece avows she is quite well ;
Then fear not for her health ; I'll stand for it
To any reasonable point.

JOHN.— I'll rest in that.

I owe yourself, your mother, and this lady,
A world of gratitude that you welcomed her
Unto your home, and showed her sympathy
In time of heavy loss.

HARRIET.— O thank us not.

Enter Mrs. Hartland, Brewster, and Kenyon.

BREWSTER.—

Now may ill health retire, and ruddy hearts
Play hostess in clear eyes. No doubt, dear friends,
I find you well? who is it can hide sickness?
Ha! where 's my little visitor?

Enter Venetia.

HARRIET.— She comes.

BREWSTER.—

No more; one more the text of comfort mars.

Miss Spencer, you look quite well.

MRS. KENYON.— And so she is.

VENETIA.—

Sir, I am well. You cannot prove I'm not—
I hid the temple cloths behind my glass.

(*Approaching Harriet*) I'd speak with you.

HARRIET.— With me, Venetia?

VENETIA.—

“And shall it be the less with human largess
That touches us more near?”

HARRIET.— What do you mean?

VENETIA.—“That touches us more near.”

[*She plucks a knife from her dress; stabs
Harriet and runs from the room.*]

HARRIET.— O help me, father! [*Falls.*]

BREWSTER.—

Quick, seek her out; she has lost her mind again.

This way: make haste.

DRAKE.— This way: restrain her: swift.

[*Exeunt Drake and John.*]

KENYON.—

O, Harriet, Harriet, what is befallen you?

Art hurt, my child? speak to your father, speak.

What is it you pluck at? let's see, let's see.

O wife, she bleeds!

BREWSTER.— Aside, and let me see.

MRS. KENYON.—

O God, she bleeds ! what shall I do ? O what ?

O lift her up and bear her to this seat.

My child, my child, what is the matter ? speak,

Speak to your mother. O what, what has she done ?

O speak.

HARRIET.— I 'm hurt, I think.

O do not move me, father.

BREWSTER.— So, so, so.

MRS. KENYON.—

O me, she 's dying here before my eyes !

You are not men who will not lift her up,

You are all monsters. O, my pretty child,

Look up and speak : i' the morning, Harriet,

You have a journey to go ;—give me your hand—

I will go with you : I 'll never leave you more ;

Never, never ! O do not look like that !

My God, my God, if thou ere didst miracle,

Save me my child !

HARRIET.— O do not move me, father.

Yes, I am hurt. O, I am dying now !

Don't tell Venetia ; say I died of a fever,

And give her my estate. O mourn in works.

She will grow well and then fulfill herself :

I thought to live but destiny is come.

I 'm dying, mother : 'tis very likely, now,

I prove the bachelor-maid : and one request,

Lay me apart.

[Dies.

BREWSTER.— She 's dead ; so easy 'tis to die.

The life was forfeit to the total pulse ;

No power could save her, being struck so deep.

Madam, look to the mother ; Edmund, lend hand.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Hartland and Edmund,
leading Mrs. Kenyon.*]

I am physician to the living and
While there is madness there is life.

IDILIA.— O, Harriet,
I will not think you dead ; you are so near,
And breath is all around. Look up and speak.
And shall I never hear her voice again ?
I will weep.

KENYON.— Hush, pretty daughter, hush.
My grief lies deepest : be you less than me.
Look, I am firm ; I have not shed a tear.
Come to my arms and be my living child
Lest my heart crack.

BREWSTER.— Farewell, sweet lady :
May brighter airs still clip your path about.

Re-enter John.

JOHN.—I suspect all.
I passed the mother swooned upon the stairs,
And Edmund nodded at my horror, I
At Edmund's horror. We came to her and spoke,—
Spoke gently, sirs,—then, putting up her hand
Unto her temple, my ever-gentle niece
Sank low as this. (*Pointing at Harriet.*)
O God, I have no home !
And life is ended when the home has end.

BREWSTER.—
'Tis so, 'tis so, 'tis so.
Let's bring the body to an inner room.

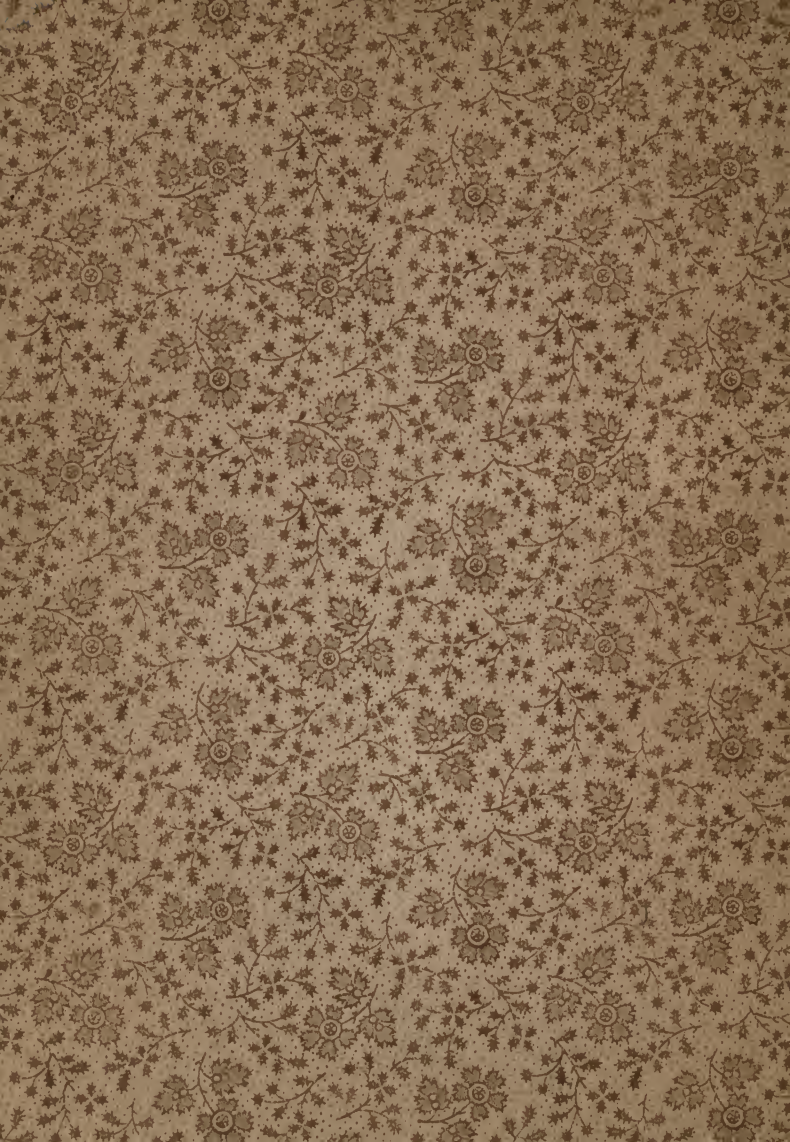
KENYON.—

My loss lights on no one;—God shield me there—
My hospitality goes with this along.

O help me, friends! I hold yet in some life,
But life's not peace, and inward stands a strife
Unto my end. Hush, bring her to her rest.

[Exeunt, bearing off Harriet.]





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